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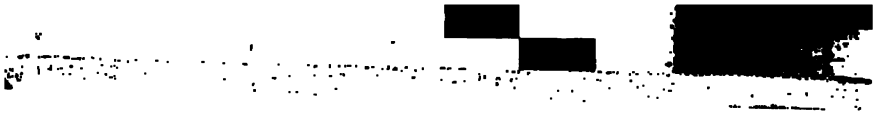

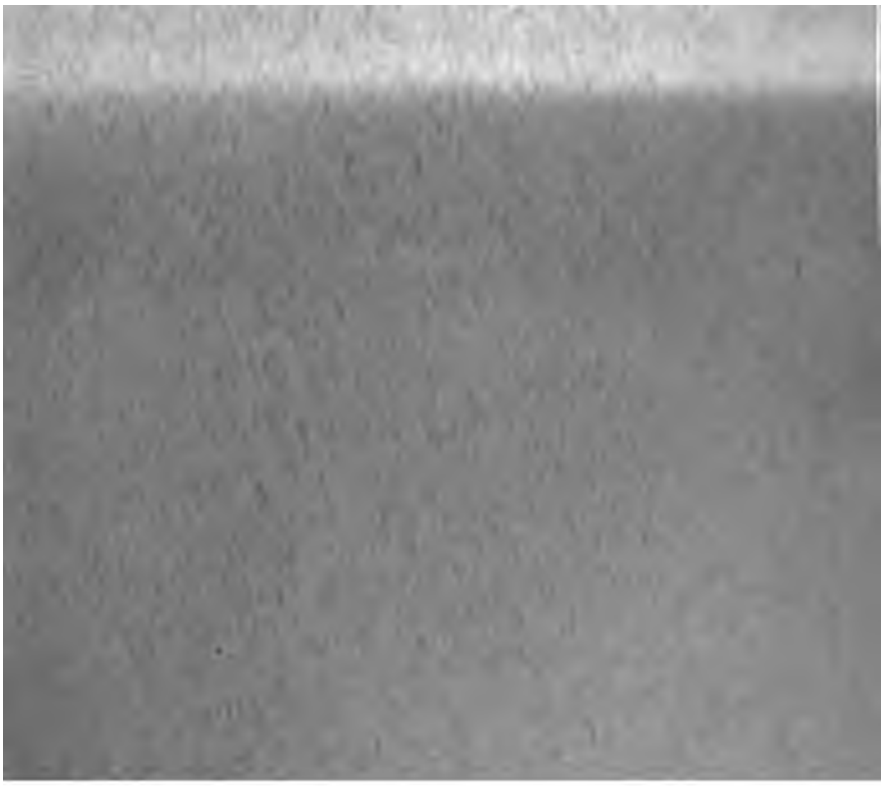

Christmas at Rosebury.

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NEWCOMES

A HISTORY of

A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY

by

A PENDENNIS Esqre

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THE NEWCOMES.

MEMOIRS OF

A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY.

EDITED BY

ARTHUR PENDENNIS, ESQ. pseud

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ON STEEL AND WOOD BY RICHARD DOYLE.

William Makepeace Thackeray
Works
v. 6

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.
1868.

NEW YORK

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THE NEWCOMES.

CHAPTER I.

AMONGST THE PAINTERS.

WHEN Clive Newcome comes to be old, no doubt he will remember his Roman days as amongst the happiest which fate ever awarded him. The simplicity of the student's life there, the greatness and friendly splendour of the scenes surrounding him, the delightful nature of the occupation in which he is engaged, the pleasant company of comrades inspired by a like pleasure over a similar calling, the labour, the meditation, the holiday and the kindly feast afterwards, should make the art-students the happiest of youth, did they but know their good fortune. Their work is, for the most part, delightfully easy. It does not exercise the brain too much, but gently occupies it, and with a subject most agreeable to the scholar. The mere poetic flame, or jet of invention, needs to be lighted up but very seldom, namely, when the young painter is devising his subject, or settling the composition thereof. The posing of figures and drapery; the dexterous

copying of the line; the artful processes of cross-hatching, of stumping, of laying on lights, and what not; the arrangement of colour, and the pleasing operations of glazing and the like, are labours for the most part merely manual. These, with the smoking of a proper number of pipes, carry the student through his day's work. If you pass his door you will very probably hear him singing at his easel. I should like to know what young lawyer, mathematician, or divinity scholar, can sing over his volumes, and at the same time advance with his labour? In every city where Art is practised there are old gentlemen who never touched a pencil in their lives, but find the occupation and company of artists so agreeable that they are never out of the studios; follow one generation of painters after another; sit by with perfect contentment while Jack is drawing his pifferaro, or Tom designing his cartoon; and years afterwards, when Jack is established in Newman Street, and Tom a Royal Academician, shall still be found in their rooms, occupied now by fresh painters and pictures, telling the youngsters, their successors, what glorious fellows Jack and Tom were. A poet must retire to privy places and meditate his rhymes in secret; a painter can practise his trade in the company of friends. Your splendid *chef d'école*, a Rubens or a Horace Vernet, may sit with a secretary reading to him; a troop of admiring scholars watching the master's hand; or a company of court ladies and gentlemen (to whom he addresses a few kind words now and again) looking on admiringly; whilst the humblest painter, be he ever so poor, may have a friend watching at his easel, or a gentle wife sitting by with her work in her lap, and with fond smiles, or talk or silence, cheering his labour.

Amongst all ranks and degrees of painters assembled at Rome, Mr. Clive found companions and friends. The cleverest man was not the best artist very often: the ablest artist not the best critic nor the best companion. Many a man could give no account of the faculty within him, but achieved success because he could not help it; and did, in an hour and without effort, that which another could not effect with half a life's labour. There were young sculptors who had never read a line of Homer, who took on themselves, nevertheless, to interpret and continue the heroic Greek art. There were young painters with the strongest natural taste for low humour, comic singing, and Cyder-Cellar jollifications, who would imitate nothing under Michael Angelo, and whose canvases teemed with

tremendous allegories of fates, furies, genii of death and battle. There were long-haired lads who fancied the sublime lay in the Peruginesque manner, and depicted saintly personages with crisp draperies, crude colours, and haloes of gold-leaf. Our friend marked all these practitioners of Art with their various oddities and tastes, and was welcomed in the ateliers of all of them, from the grave dons and seniors, the senators of the French and English Academy, down to the jovial students who railed at the elders over their cheap cups at the "Lepre." What a gallant, starving, generous, kindly life, many of them led! What fun in their grotesque airs, what friendship and gentleness in their poverty! How splendidly Carlo talked of the marquis his cousin, and the duke his intimate friend! How great Federigo was on the subject of his wrongs, from the Academy at home, a pack of tradesmen who could not understand high art, and who had never seen a good picture! With what haughtiness Augusto swaggered about at Sir John's soirées, though he was known to have borrowed Fernando's coat, and Luigi's dress-boots! If one or the other was ill, how nobly and generously his companions flocked to comfort him, took turns to nurse the sick man through nights of fever, contributed out of their slender means to help him through his difficulty. Max, who loves fine dresses and the carnival so, gave up a costume and a carriage so as to help Paul. Paul, when he sold his picture (through the agency of Pietro, with whom he had quarrelled, and who recommended him to a patron), gave a third of the money back to Max, and took another third portion to Lazaro, with his poor wife and children, who had not got a single order all that winter—and so the story went on. I have heard Clive tell of two noble young Americans who came to Europe to study their art; of whom the one fell sick whilst the other supported his penniless comrade, and out of sixpence a day absolutely kept but a penny for himself, giving the rest to his sick companion. "I should like to have known that good Samaritan, sir," our Colonel said, twirling his mustachios, when we saw him again, and his son told him that story.

J. J., in his steady silent way, worked on every day, and for many hours every day. When Clive entered their studio of a morning, he found J. J. there, and there he left him. When the Life Academy was over, at night, and Clive went out to his soirées, J. J. lighted his lamp and continued his happy labour. He did not care for the

brawling supper-parties of his comrades; liked better to stay at home than to go into the world, and was seldom abroad of a night except during the illness of Luigi before mentioned, when J. J. spent constant evenings at the other's bedside. J. J. was fortunate as well as skilful: people in the world took a liking to the modest young man, and he had more than one order for pictures. The Artists' Club, at the "Lepre," set him down as close with his money; but a year after he left Rome, Lazaro and his wife, who still remained there, told a different tale. Clive Newcome, when he heard of their distress, gave them something—as much as he could spare; but J. J. gave more, and Clive was as eager in acknowledging and admiring his friend's generosity as he was in speaking of his genius. His was a fortunate organisation indeed. Study was his chief amusement. Self-denial came easily to him. Pleasure, or what is generally called so, had little charm for him. His ordinary companions were pure and sweet thoughts; his out-door enjoyment the contemplation of natural beauty; for recreation, the hundred pleasant dexterities and manipulations of his craft were ceaselessly interesting to him: he would draw every knot in an oak panel, or every leaf in an orange-tree, smiling, and taking a gay delight over the simple feats of skill: whenever you found him he seemed watchful and serene, his modest virgin-lamp always lighted and trim. No gusts of passion extinguished it; no hopeless wandering in the darkness afterwards led him astray. Wayfarers through the world, we meet now and again with such purity, and salute it, and hush whilst it passes on.

We have it under Clive Newcome's own signature that he intended to pass a couple of years in Italy, devoting himself exclusively to the study of his profession. Other besides professional reasons were working secretly in the young man's mind, causing him to think that absence from England was the best cure for a malady under which he secretly laboured. But change of air may cure some sick people more speedily than the sufferers ever hoped; and also it is on record that young men with the very best intentions respecting study do not fulfil them, and are led away from their scheme by accident, or pleasure, or necessity, or some good cause. Young Clive worked sedulously two or three months at his vocation at Rome, secretly devouring, no doubt, the pangs of sentimental disappointment under which he laboured; and he drew from his models, and he sketched round about everything that suited his

pencil on both sides of Tiber; and he laboured at the Life Academy of nights—a model himself to other young students. The symptoms of his sentimental malady began to abate. He took an interest in the affairs of Jack, and Tom, and Harry round about him: Art exercised its great healing influence on his wounded spirit, which, to be sure, had never given in. The meeting of the painters at the "Café Greco," and at their private houses, was very jovial, pleasant, and lively. Clive smoked his pipe, drank his glass of Marsala, sang his song, and took part in the general chorus as gaily as the jolliest of the boys. He was the cock of the whole painting school, the favourite of all; and to be liked by the people, you may be pretty sure that we, for our parts, must like them.

Then, besides the painters, he had, as he has informed us, the other society of Rome. Every winter there is a gay and pleasant English colony in that capital, of course more or less remarkable for rank, fashion, and agreeability with every varying year. In Clive's year some very pleasant folks set up their winter quarters in the usual foreigners' resort round about the Piazza di Spagna. I was amused to find, lately, on looking over the travels of the respectable M. de Pöllnitz, that, a hundred and twenty years ago, the same quarter, the same streets and palaces, scarce changed from those days, were even then polite foreigners' resort. Of one or two of the gentlemen, Clive had made the acquaintance in the hunting-field; others he had met during his brief appearance in the London world. Being a youth of great personal agility, fitted thereby to the graceful performance of polkas, &c.; having good manners, and good looks, and good credit with Prince Polonia, or some other banker, Mr. Newcome was thus made very welcome to the Anglo-Roman society; and as kindly received in genteel houses, where they drank tea and danced the galop, as in those dusky taverns and retired lodgings where his bearded comrades, the painters, held their meetings.

Thrown together every day, and night after night; flocking to the same picture-galleries, statue-galleries, Pincian drives, and church functions, the English colonists at Rome perforce become intimate, and in many cases friendly. They have an English library where the various meets for the week are placarded: on such a day the Vatican galleries are open; the next is the feast of Saint so-and-so; on Wednesday there will be music and Vespers at the Sistine Chapel;

on Thursday the Pope will bless the animals—sheep, horses, and what-not: and flocks of English accordingly rush to witness the benediction of droves of donkeys. In a word, the ancient city of the Cæsars, the august fanes of the Popes, with their splendour and ceremony, are all mapped out and arranged for English diversion; and we run in a crowd to high mass at St. Peter's, or to the illumination on Easter-day, as we run when the bell rings to the Bosjesmen at Cremorne, or the fireworks at Vauxhall.

Running to see fireworks alone, rushing off to examine Bosjesmen by one's self is a dreary work! I should think very few men would have the courage to do it unattended, and personally would not prefer a pipe in their own rooms. Hence if Clive went to see all these sights, as he did, it is to be concluded that he went in company, and if he went in company and sought it, we may suppose that little affair which annoyed him at Baden no longer tended to hurt his peace of mind very seriously. The truth is, our countrymen are pleasanter abroad than at home; most hospitable, kindly, and eager to be pleased and to please. You see a family half a dozen times in a week in the little Roman circle, whom you shall not meet twice in a season afterwards in the enormous London round. When Easter is over and everybody is going away at Rome, you and your neighbour shake hands, sincerely sorry to part: in London we are obliged to dilute our kindness so that there is hardly any smack of the original milk. As one by one the pleasant families dropped off with whom Clive had spent his happy winter; as Admiral Freeman's carriage drove away, whose pretty girls he caught at St. Peter's kissing St. Peter's toe; as Dick Denby's family ark appeared with all Denby's sweet young children kissing farewells to him out of window; as those three charming Miss Baliols with whom he had that glorious day in the Catacombs; as friend after friend quitted the great city with kind greetings, warm pressures of the hand, and hopes of meeting in a yet greater city on the banks of the Thames, young Clive felt a depression of spirit. Rome was Rome, but it was pleasanter to see it in company; our painters are smoking still at the "Café Greco," but a society all smoke and all painters did not suit him. If Mr. Clive is not a Michael Angelo or a Beethoven, if his genius is not gloomy, solitary, gigantic, shining alone, like a lighthouse, a storm round about him, and breakers dashing at his feet, I cannot help myself; he is as heaven made him, brave, honest, gay, and

friendly, and persons of a gloomy turn must not look to him as a hero.

So Clive and his companion worked away with all their hearts from November until far into April, when Easter came, and the glorious gala with which the Roman Church celebrates that holy season. By this time Clive's books were full of sketches. Ruins imperial and mediæval; peasants and bagpipemen; Passionists with shaven polls; Capuchins and the equally hairy frequenters of the "Café Greco;" painters of all nations who resort there; Cardinals and their queer equipages and attendants; the Holy Father himself (it was Gregory sixteenth of the name); the dandified English on the Pincio and the wonderful Roman members of the hunt—were not all these designed by the young man and admired by his friends in after-days? J. J.'s sketches were few, but he had painted two beautiful little pictures, and sold them for so good a price that Prince Polonia's people were quite civil to him. He had orders for yet more pictures, and having worked very hard, thought himself authorised to accompany Mr. Clive upon a pleasure trip to Naples, which the latter deemed necessary after his own tremendous labours. He for his part had painted no pictures, though he had commenced a dozen and turned them to the wall; but he had sketched, and dined, and smoked, and danced, as we have seen. So the little britzka was put behind horses again, and our two friends set out on their tour, having quite a crowd of brother artists to cheer them, who had assembled and had a breakfast for the purpose at that comfortable osteria near the Lateran Gate. How the fellows flung their hats up, and shouted, "Lebe wohl," and "Adieu," and "God bless you, old boy," in many languages! Clive was the young swell of the artists of that year, and adored by the whole of the jolly company. His sketches were pronounced on all hands to be admirable; it was agreed that if he chose he might do anything.

So with promises of a speedy return they left behind them the noble city, which all love who once have seen it, and of which we think afterwards ever with the kindness and the regard of home. They dashed across the Campagna and over the beautiful hills of Albano, and sped through the solemn Pontine Marshes, and stopped to roost at Terracina, (which was not at all like Fra Diavolo's Terracina at Covent Garden, as J. J. was distressed to remark,) and so, galloping onwards through a hundred ancient cities that crumble on

the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean, behold, on the second day, as they ascended a hill about noon, Vesuvius came in view, its great shape shimmering blue in the distant haze, its banner of smoke in the cloudless sky. And about five o'clock in the evening (as everybody will who starts from Terracina early and pays the post-boy well), the travellers came to an ancient city walled and fortified, with drawbridges over the shining moats.

"Here is CAPUA," says J. J., and Clive burst out laughing; thinking of *his* Capua which he had left—how many months—years it seemed ago. From Capua to Naples is a fine straight road, and our travellers were landed at the latter place at supper-time; where, if they had quarters at the "Vittoria Hotel," they were as comfortable as any gentlemen painters need wish to be in this world.

The aspect of the place was so charming and delightful to Clive:—the beautiful sea stretched before his eyes when waking, Capri a fairy island in the distance, in the amethyst rocks of which Sirens might be playing; that fair line of cities skirting the shore glittering white along the purple water; over the whole brilliant scene Vesuvius rising, with cloudlets playing round its summit, and the country bursting out into that glorious vegetation with which sumptuous nature decorates every spring; this city and scene of Naples were so much to Clive's liking that I have a letter from him dated a couple of days after the young man's arrival, in which he announces his intention of staying there for ever, and gives me an invitation to some fine lodgings in a certain palazzo, on which he has cast his eye. He is so enraptured with the place, that he says to die and be buried there even would be quite a treat, so charming is the cemetery where the Neapolitan dead repose.

The Fates did not, however, ordain that Clive Newcome should pass all his life at Naples. His Roman banker presently forwarded a few letters to his address; some which had arrived after his departure, others which had been lying at the poste restante, with his name written in perfectly legible characters, but which the authorities of the post, according to their custom, would not see when Clive sent for them.

It was one of these letters which Clive clutched the most eagerly. It had been lying since October, actually, at the Roman post, though Clive had asked for letters there a hundred times. It was that little letter from Ethel, in reply to his own, whereof we have made men-

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Letters from England.

tion in a previous chapter. There was not much in the little letter. Nothing, of course, that Virtue or Grandmamma might not read over the young writer's shoulder. It was affectionate, simple, rather melancholy; described in a few words Sir Brian's seizure and present condition; spoke of Lord Kew, who was mending rapidly, as if Clive, of course, was aware of his accident; of the children; of Clive's father; and ended with a hearty "God bless you," to Clive, from his sincere Ethel.

"You boast of its being over. You see it is not over," says Clive's monitor and companion. "Else, why should you have dashed at that letter before all the others, Clive?" J. J. had been watching, not without interest, Clive's blank face as he read the young lady's note.

"How do you know who wrote the letter?" asks Clive.

"I can read the signature in your face," says the other; "and I could almost tell the contents of the note. Why have you such a tell-tale face, Clive?"

"It is over; but when a man has once, you know, gone through an affair like that," says Clive, looking very grave, "he — he's anxious to hear of Alice Gray, and how she's getting on, you see, my good friend." And he began to shout out as of old—

"Her heart it is another's, she—never—can—be—mine;"

and to laugh at the end of the song. "Well, well," says he; "it is a very kind note, a very proper little note; the expressions is elegant, J. J., the sentiments is most correct. All the little *t*'s is most properly crossed, and all the little *i*'s have dots over their little heads. It's a sort of a prize note, don't you see? and one such as, in the old spelling-book story, the good boy received a plum-cake for writing. Perhaps you weren't educated on the old spelling-book, J. J.? My good old father taught me to read out of his—I say, I think it was a shame to keep the old boy waiting whilst I have been giving an audience to this young lady. Dear old father!" and he apostrophized the letter. "I beg your pardon, sir; Miss Newcome requested five minutes' conversation, and I was obliged, from politeness, you know, to receive. There's nothing between us; nothing but what's most correct, upon my honour and conscience." And he kissed his father's letter, and calling out again, "Dear old father!" proceeded to read as follows:—

"'Your letters, my dearest Clive, have been the greatest comfort to me. I seem to hear you as I read them. I can't but think that this, the *modern and natural style*, is a great progress upon the *old-fashioned* manner of my day, when we used to begin to our fathers, "Honoured Father," or even "Honoured Sir" some *precisians* used to write still from Mr. Lord's Academy, at Tooting, where I went before Grey Friars'—though I suspect parents were no more *honoured* in those days than now-a-days. I know one who had rather be trusted than honoured; and you may call me what you please, so as you do that.

"'It is not only to me your letters give pleasure. Last week I took yours from Baden Baden, No. 3, September 15, into Calcutta, and could not help showing it at Government House, where I dined. Your sketch of the old Russian Princess and her little boy, gambling, was *capital*. Colonel Buckmaster, Lord Bagwig's private secretary, knew her, and says it is to a *T*. And I read out to some of my young fellows what you said about play, and how you had given it over. I very much fear some of the young rogues are at dice and brandy-pawnee before tiffin. What you say of young Ridley, I take *cum grano*. His sketches I thought very agreeable; but to compare them to *a certain gentleman's*—— Never mind, I shall not try to make him think too well of himself. I kissed dear Ethel's hand in your letter. I write her a long letter by this mail.

"'If Paul de Florac in any way resembles his mother, between you and him there ought to be a very warm regard. I knew her when I was a boy, long before you were born or thought of; and in wandering forty years through the world since, I have seen no woman in my eyes so good or so beautiful. Your cousin Ethel reminded me of her; as handsome, but not so *lovely*. Yes, it was that pale lady you saw at Paris, with eyes full of care, and hair streaked with grey. So it will be the turn of you young folks, come eight more *lustres*, and your heads will be bald like mine, or grey like Madame de Florac's, and bending over the ground where we are lying in quiet. I understand from you that young Paul is not in very flourishing circumstances. If he still is in need, mind and be his banker, and *I will be yours*. Any child of hers must never want when I have a spare guinea. I do not mind telling you, sir, that I cared for her more than millions of guineas once; and half broke my heart about her when I went to India, as a young chap. So, if any

such misfortunes happen to *you*, consider, my boy, you are not the *only* one.

"'Binnie writes me word that he has been ailing. I hope you are a good correspondent with him. What made me turn to him just after speaking of unlucky love-affairs? Could I be thinking about little Rosey Mackenzie? She is a sweet little lass, and James will leave her a pretty piece of money. *Verbum sap.* I should like you to marry; but God forbid you should marry for a million of gold mohurs.

"'And gold mohurs bring me to another subject. Do you know, I narrowly missed losing half a lakh of rupees which I had at an agent's here? And who do you think warned me about him? Our friend Rummun Loll, who has lately been in England, and with whom I made the voyage from Southampton. He is a man of wonderful tact and observation. I used to think meanly of the honesty of natives, and treat them haughtily, as I recollect doing this very gentleman at your uncle Newcome's in Bryanstone Square.

He heaped coals of fire on my head by saving my money for me; and I have placed it at interest in his house. If I would but listen to him, my capital might be trebled in a year, he says, and the interest immensely increased. He enjoys the greatest esteem among the moneyed men here; keeps a splendid establishment and house here, in Barrackpore; is princely in his benefactions. He talks to me

about the establishment of a bank, of which the profits are so enormous and the scheme so (seemingly) clear, that I don't know whether I mayn't be tempted to take a few shares. *Nous verrons.* Several of my friends are longing to have a finger in it; but be sure of this, I shall do nothing rashly and without the very *best advice.*

"'I have not been frightened yet by your draughts upon me. Draw as many of these as you please. You know I don't half like the other kind of drawing, except as a *délassement:* but if you chose to be a weaver, like my grandfather, I should not say you nay. Don't stint yourself of money or of honest pleasure. Of what good is money, unless we can make those we love happy with it? There would be no need for me to save, if you were to save too. So, and as you know as well as I what our means are, in every honest way use them. I should like you not to pass the whole of next year in Italy, but to come home and pay a visit to honest James Binnie. I wonder how the old barrack in Fitzroy Square looks without me? Try and go round by Paris on your way home, and pay your visit, and carry your father's fond remembrances, to Madame la Comtesse de Florac. I don't say remember me to my brother, as I write Brian by this mail. Adieu, mons fils! je t'embrasse!—and am always my Clive's affectionate father, T. N.'"

"Isn't he a noble old trump?" That point had been settled by the young men any time these three years. And now Mr. J. J. remarked that when Clive had read his father's letter once, then he read Ethel's over again, and put it in his breast-pocket, and was very disturbed in mind that day, pishing and pshawing at the statue gallery which they went to see at the Museo.

"After all," says Clive, "what rubbish these second-rate statues are? what a great hulking abortion is this brute of a Farnese Hercules! There's only one bit in the whole gallery that is worth a twopenny piece."

It was the beautiful fragment called Psyche. J. J. smiled as his comrade spoke in admiration of this statue—in the slim shape, in the delicate formation of the neck, in the haughty virginal expression, the Psyche is not unlike the Diana of the Louvre—and the Diana of the Louvre, we have said, was like a certain young lady.

"After all," continues Clive, looking up at the great knotted legs of that clumsy caricatured porter which Glykon the Athenian sculp-

tured in bad times of art surely,—"she could not write otherwise than she did—don't you see? Her letter is quite kind and affectionate. You see she says she shall always hear of me with pleasure: hopes I'll come back soon, and bring some good pictures with me, since pictures I will do. She thinks small beer of painters, J. J.—well, we don't think small beer of ourselves, my noble friend. I—I suppose it must be over by this time, and I may write to her as the Countess of Kew." The custode of the apartment had seen admiration and wonder expressed by hundreds of visitors to his marble Giant; but he had never known Hercules occasion emotion before, as in the case of the young stranger who, after staring a while at the statue, dashed his hand across his forehead with a groan, and walked away from before the graven image of the huge Strongman, who had himself been made such a fool by women.

"My father wants me to go and see James and Madame de Florac," says Clive, as they stride down the street to the Toledo.

J. J. puts his arm through his companion's, which is deep in the pocket of his velvet paletot. "You must not go home till you hear it is over, Clive," whispers J. J.

"Of course not, old boy," says the other, blowing tobacco out of his shaking head.

Not very long after their arrival, we may be sure they went to Pompeii, of which place, as this is not an Italian tour, but a history of Clive Newcome, Esquire, and his most respectable family, we shall offer to give no description. The young man had read Sir Bulwer Lytton's delightful story, which has become the history of Pompeii, before they came thither, and Pliny's description, *apud* the "Guide-Book." Admiring the wonderful ingenuity with which the English writer had illustrated the place by his text, as if the houses were so many pictures to which he had appended a story, Clive, the wag, who was always indulging his vein for caricature, was proposing that they should take the same place, names, people, and make a burlesque story: "What would be a better figure," says he, "than Pliny's mother, whom the historian describes as exceedingly corpulent, and walking away from the catastrophe with slaves holding cushions behind her, to shield her plump person from the cinders! Yes, old Mrs. Pliny shall be my heroine!" says Clive. A picture of her on a dark grey paper, and touched up with red at the extremities, exists in Clive's album to the present day.

As they were laughing, rattling, wondering, mimicking, the cicerone attending them with his nasal twaddle, anon pausing and silent, yielding to the melancholy pity and wonder which the aspect of that strange sad smiling lonely place inspires: behold they come upon another party of English, two young men accompanying a lady.

"What, Clive!" cries one.

"My dear, dear Lord Kew!" shouts the other; and as each young man rushes up and grasps the two hands of the other, they both begin to blush. . . .

Lord Kew and his family resided in a neighbouring hotel on the Chiafa at Naples, and that very evening, on returning from the Pompeian excursion, the two painters were invited to take tea by those friendly persons. J. J. excused himself, and sat at home drawing all night. Clive went, and passed a pleasant evening; in which all sorts of future tours and pleasure-parties were projected by the young men. They were to visit Pæstum, Capri, Sicily; why not Malta and the East? asked Lord Kew.

Lady Walham was alarmed. Had not Kew been in the East already? Clive was surprised and agitated too. Could Kew think of going to the East, and making long journeys when he had—he had other engagements that would necessitate his return home? No, he must not go to the East, Lord Kew's mother avowed; Kew had promised to stay with her during the summer at Castellammare, and Mr. Newcome must come and paint their portraits there—all their portraits. She would like to have an entire picture-gallery of Kews, if her son would remain at home during the sittings.

At an early hour Lady Walham retired to rest, exacting Clive's promise to come to Castellammare; and George Barnes disappeared to array himself in an evening costume, and to pay his round of visits as became a young diplomatist. This part of diplomatic duty does not commence until after the opera at Naples; and society begins when the rest of the world has gone to bed.

Kew and Clive sate till one o'clock in the morning, when the latter returned to his hotel. Not one of those fine parties at Pæstum, Sicily, &c., was carried out. Clive did not go to the East at all, and it was J. J. who painted Lord Kew's portrait that summer at Castellammare. The next day Clive went for his passport to the embassy; and a steamer departing direct for Marseilles on that very

afternoon, behold Mr. Newcome was on board of her; Lord Kew and his brother and J. J. waving their hats to him as the vessel left the shore.

Away went the ship, cleaving swiftly through the azure waters; but not swiftly enough for Clive. J. J. went back with a sigh to his sketch-book and easels. I suppose the other young disciple of Art had heard something which caused him to forsake his sublime mistress, for one who was much more capricious and earthly.

CHAPTER II.

RETURNS FROM ROME TO PALL MALL.

ONE morning in the month of July, when there was actually sunshine in Lamb Court, and the two gentlemen who occupied the third-floor chambers there in partnership were engaged, as their custom was, over their pipes, their manuscripts, and their *Times* newspaper, behold a fresh sunshine burst into their room in the person of young Clive, with a bronzed face, and a yellow beard and mustachios, and those bright cheerful eyes, the sight of which was always so welcome to both of us. "What, Clive! What, the young one! What, Benjamin!" shout Pendennis and Warrington. Clive had obtained a very high place indeed in the latter's affections, so much so, that if I could have found it in my heart to be jealous of such a generous brave fellow, I might have grudged him his share of Warrington's regard. He blushed up with pleasure to see us again. Pidgeon, our boy, introduced him with a jubilant countenance; and Flanagan, the laundress, came smirking out of the bed-room, eager to get a nod of recognition from him, and bestow a smile of welcome upon everybody's favourite, Clive.

In two minutes an arm-chair full of magazines, slips of copy, and books for review, was emptied over the neighbouring coal-scuttle, and Clive was in the seat, a cigar in his mouth, as comfortable as if he had never been away. When did he come? Last night. He was back in Charlotte Street, at his old lodgings: he had been to breakfast in Fitzroy Square that morning; James Binnie chirped for

joy at seeing him. His father had written to him desiring him to come back and see James Binnie; pretty Miss Rosey was very well, thank you; and Mrs. Mack? Wasn't Mrs. Mackenzie delighted to behold him? "Come, sir, on your honour and conscience, didn't the widow give you a kiss on your return?" Clive sends an uncut number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* flying across the room at the head of the inquirer; but blushes so sweetly, that I have very little doubt some such pretty meeting had taken place.

What a pity it is he had not been here a short while since for a marriage in high life, to give away his dear Barnes, and sign the book, along with the other dignitaries! We described that ceremony to him, and announced the promotion of his friend, Florac, now our friend also, Director of the Great Anglo-Gallic Railway, the Prince de Montcontour. Then Clive told us of his deeds during the winter; of the good fun he had had at Rome, and the jolly fellows he had met there. Was he going to astonish the world by some grand pictures? He was not. The more he worked, the more discontented he was with his performances somehow: but J. J. was coming out very strong, J. J. was going to be a stunner. We turned with pride and satisfaction to that very number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which the youth had flung at us, and showed him a fine article by F. Bayham, Esq., in which the picture sent home by J. J. was enthusiastically lauded by the great critic.

So he was back amongst us, and it seemed but yesterday he had quitted us. To Londoners everything seems to have happened but yesterday; nobody has time to miss his neighbour who goes away. People go to the Cape, or on a campaign, or on a tour round the world, or to India, and return with a wife and two or three children, and we fancy it was only the other day they left us, so engaged is every man in his individual speculations, studies, struggles; so selfish does our life make us:—selfish, but not ill-natured. We are glad to see an old friend, though we do not weep when he leaves us. We humbly acknowledge, if fate calls us away likewise, that we are no more missed than any other atom.

After talking for a while, Mr. Clive must needs go into the City, whither I accompanied him. His interview with Messrs. Jolly & Baines, at the house in Fog Court, must have been very satisfactory; Clive came out of the parlour with a radiant countenance. "Do you want any money, old boy?" says he; "the dear

old governor has placed a jolly sum to my account, and Mr. Baines has told me how delighted Mrs. Baines and the girls will be to see me at dinner. He says my father has made a lucky escape out of one house in India, and a famous investment in another. Nothing could be more civil; how uncommonly kind and friendly everybody is in London. Everybody!" Then bestowing ourselves in a Hansom cab, which had probably just deposited some other capitalist in the City, we made for the West End of the town, where Mr. Clive had some important business to transact with his tailors. He discharged his outstanding little account with easy liberality, blushing as he pulled out of his pocket a new cheque-book, page 1 of which he bestowed on the delighted artist. From Mr. B.'s shop to Mr. Truefitt's is but a step. Our young friend was induced to enter the hairdresser's, and leave behind him a great portion of the flowing locks and the yellow beard which he had brought with him from Rome. With his mustachios he could not be induced to part; painters and cavalry officers having a right to those decorations. And why should not this young fellow wear smart clothes, and a smart mustachio, and look handsome, and take his pleasure, and bask in his sun when it shone? Time enough for flannel and a fire when the winter comes; and for grey hair and cork-soled boots in the natural decline of years.

Then we went to pay a visit at a hotel in Jermyn Street to our friend Florac, who was now magnificently lodged there. A powdered giant lolling in the hall, his buttons emblazoned with prodigious coronets, took our cards up to the Prince. As the door of an apartment on the first floor opened, we heard a cry as of joy; and that nobleman, in a magnificent Persian dressing-gown, rushing from the room, plunged down the stairs and began kissing Clive, to the respectful astonishment of the Titan in livery.

"Come that I present you, my friends," our good little Frenchman exclaimed, "to Madame la—to my wife!" We entered the drawing-room; a demure little lady, of near sixty years of age, was seated there, and we were presented in form to Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, *née* Higg, of Manchester. She made us a stiff little curtsey, but looked not ill-natured; indeed, few women could look at Clive Newcome's gallant figure and brave smiling countenance and keep a frown on their own very long.

"I have 'eard of you from somebodys else besides the Prince,"

said the lady, with rather a blush. "Your uncle has spoke to me hoften about you, Mr. Clive, and about your good father."

"C'est son Directeur," whispers Florac to me. I wondered which of the firm of Newcome had taken that office upon him.

"Now you are come to England," the lady continued (whose Lancashire pronunciation being once indicated, we shall henceforth, out of respect to the Princess's rank, generally pretermit),—"now you are come to England, we hope to see you often. Not here in this noisy hotel, which I can't bear, but in the country. Our house is only three miles from Newcome—not such a grand place as your uncle's; but I hope we shall see you there a great deal, and your friend, Mr. Pendennis, if he is passing that way." The invitation to Mr. Pendennis, I am bound to say, was given in terms by no means so warm as those in which the Princess's hospitality to Clive were professed.

"Shall we meet you at your Huncle 'Odson's?" the lady continued, to Clive; "his wife is a most charming, well-informed woman, has been most kind and civil, and we dine there to-day. Barnes and his wife is gone to spend the honeymoon at Newcome. Lady Clara is a sweet dear thing, and her pa and ma most affable, I am sure. What a pity Sir Brian couldn't attend the marriage! There was everybody there in London, a'most. Sir Harvey Diggs says he is mending very slowly. In life we are in death, Mr. Newcome! Isn't it sad to think of him, in the midst of all his splendour and prosperity, and he so infirm and unable to enjoy them! But let us hope for the best, and that his health will soon come round!"

With these and similar remarks, in which poor Florac took but a very small share (for he seemed dumb and melancholy in the company of the Princess, his elderly spouse), the visit sped on. Mr. Pendennis, to whom very little was said, having leisure to make his silent observations upon the person to whom he had been just presented.

As there lay on the table two neat little packages, addressed "The Princess de Montcontour"—an envelope to the same address, with "The Prescription, No. 9396" farther inscribed on the paper, and a sheet of note-paper bearing cabalistic characters, and the signature of that most fashionable physician, Sir Harvey Diggs, I was led to believe that the lady of Montcontour was, or fancied herself, in a delicate state of health. By the side of the physic for

the body was medicine for the soul—a number of pretty little books in middle-age bindings, in antique type many of them, adorned with pictures of the German School, representing demure ecclesiastics, with their heads on one side, children in long starched nightgowns, virgins bearing lilies, and so forth—from which it was to be concluded that the owner of the volumes was not so hostile to Rome as she had been at an earlier period of her religious life; and that she had migrated (in spirit) from Clapham to Knightsbridge, as so many wealthy mercantile families have likewise done in the body. A long strip of embroidery, of the Gothic pattern, furthermore betrayed her present inclinations; and the person observing these things, whilst nobody was taking any notice of him, was amused when the accuracy of his conjectures was confirmed by the re-appearance of the gigantic footman, calling out "Mr. 'Oneyman," in a loud voice, and preceding that divine into the room.

"C'est le Directeur. Venez fumer dans ma chambre, Pen," growled Florac, as Honeyman came sliding over the carpet, his elegant smile changing to a blush when he beheld Clive, his nephew, seated by the Princess's side. This, then, was the uncle who had spoken about Clive and his father to Madame de Florac. Charles seemed in the best condition. He held out two bran-new lavender-coloured kid gloves to shake hands with his dear Clive; Florac and

Mr. Pendennis vanished out of the room as he appeared, so that no precise account can be given of this affecting interview.

When I quitted the hotel, a brown brougham, with a pair of beautiful horses, the harness and panels emblazoned with the neatest little ducal coronets you ever saw, and a cypher under each crown as easy to read as the arrow-headed inscriptions on one of Mr. Layard's Assyrian chariots, was in waiting, and I presumed that Madame la Princesse was about to take an airing.

Clive had passed the avuncular banking-house in the City, without caring to face his relatives there. Mr. Newcome was now in sole command, Mr. Barnes being absent at Newcome, the Baronet little likely ever to enter bank parlour again. But his bounden duty was to wait on the ladies; and of course, only from duty's sake, he went the very first day and called in Park Lane.

"The family was habsent ever since the marriage simminery last week," the footman, who had accompanied the party to Baden, informed Clive, when he opened the door and recognised that gentleman. "Sir Brian pretty well, thank you, sir. The family was at Brighting. That is, Miss Newcome is in London staying with her grandmammar in Queen Street, May Fear, sir." The varnished doors closed upon Jeames within; the brazen knockers grinned their familiar grin at Clive, and he went down the blank steps discomfited. Must it be owned that he went to a club, and looked in the "Directory" for the number of Lady Kew's house in Queen Street? Her ladyship had a furnished house for the season. No such noble name was to be found among the inhabitants of Queen Street.

Mrs. Hobson was from home; that is, Thomas had orders not to admit strangers on certain days, or before certain hours; so that Aunt Hobson saw Clive without being seen by the young man. I cannot say how much he regretted that mischance. His visits of propriety were thus all paid, and he went off to dine dutifully with James Binnie, after which meal he came to a certain rendezvous given to him by some bachelor friends for the evening.

James Binnie's eyes lightened up with pleasure on beholding his young Clive; the youth, obedient to his father's injunction, had hastened to Fitzroy Square immediately after taking possession of his old lodgings—his, during the time of his absence. The old properties and carved cabinets, the picture of his father looking melancholy out of the canvas, greeted Clive strangely on the after-

noon of his arrival. No wonder he was glad to get away from a solitude peopled with a number of dismal recollections, to the near hospitality of Fitzroy Square and his guardian and friend there.

James had not improved in health during Clive's ten months' absence. He had never been able to walk well, or take his accustomed exercise, after his fall. He was no more used to riding than the late Mr. Gibbon, whose person James's somewhat resembled, and of whose philosophy our Scottish friend was an admiring scholar. The Colonel gone, James would have arguments with Mr. Honeyman over their claret, bring down the famous XVth and XVIth chapters of the "Decline and Fall" upon him, and quite get the better of the clergyman. James, like many other sceptics, was very obstinate, and for his part believed that almost all parsons had as much belief as the Roman augurs in their ceremonies. Certainly, poor Honeyman, in their controversies, gave up one article after another, flying from James's assault; but the battle over, Charles Honeyman would pick up these accoutrements which he had flung away in his retreat, wipe them dry, and put them on again.

Lamed by his fall, and obliged to remain much within doors, where certain society did not always amuse him, James Binnie sought excitement in the pleasures of the table, partaking of them the more freely now that his health could afford them the less. Clive, the sly rogue, observed a great improvement in the commissariat since his good father's time, ate his dinner with thankfulness, and made no remarks. Nor did he confide to us for awhile his opinion that Mrs. Mack bored the good gentleman most severely; that he pined away under her kindnesses; sneaked off to his study-chair and his nap; was only too glad when some of the widow's friends came, or she went out; seeming to breathe more freely when she was gone, and drink his wine more cheerily when rid of the intolerable weight of her presence.

I protest the great ills of life are nothing—the loss of your fortune is a mere flea-bite; the loss of your wife—how many men have supported it, and married comfortably afterwards? It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear, that is hard. I can fancy nothing more cruel, after a long easy life of bachelorhood, than to have to sit day after day with a dull handsome woman opposite; to have to answer her speeches about the weather, housekeeping, and what not; to smile appropriately when she is disposed to be lively

(that laughing at the jokes is the hardest part), and to model your conversation so as to suit her intelligence, knowing that a word used out of its downright signification will not be understood by your fair breakfast-maker. Women go through this simpering and smiling life, and bear it quite easily. Theirs is a life of hypocrisy. What good woman does not laugh at her husband's or father's jokes and stories time after time, and would not laugh at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, if he told them? Flattery is their nature—to coax, flatter, and sweetly befool some one is every woman's business. She is none if she declines this office. But men are not provided with such powers of humbug or endurance—they perish and pine away miserably when bored—or they shrink off to the club or public-house for comfort. I want to say as delicately as I can, and never liking to use rough terms regarding a handsome woman, that Mrs. Mackenzie, herself being in the highest spirits and the best humour, extinguished her half-brother, James Binnie, Esq.; that she was as a malaria to him, poisoning his atmosphere, numbing his limbs, destroying his sleep—that day after day as he sat down at breakfast, and she levelled commonplaces at her dearest James, her dearest James became more wretched under her. And no one could see what his complaint was. He called in the old physicians at the club. He dosed himself with poppy, and mandragora, and blue pill —lower and lower went poor James's mercury. If he wanted to move to Brighton or Cheltenham, well and good. Whatever were her engagements, or whatever pleasures darling Rosey might have in store, dear thing!—at her age, my dear Mrs. Newcome, would not one do all to make a young creature happy?—under *no* circumstances could I *think* of leaving my poor brother.

Mrs. Mackenzie thought herself a most highly-principled woman; Mrs. Newcome had also a great opinion of her. These two ladies had formed a considerable friendship in the past months, the captain's widow having an unaffected reverence for the banker's lady, and thinking her one of the best informed and most superior of women in the world. When she had a high opinion of a person Mrs. Mack always wisely told it. Mrs. Newcome in her turn thought Mrs. Mackenzie a very clever, agreeable, lady-like woman—not accomplished, but one could not have everything. "No, no, my dear," says simple Hobson, "never would do to have every woman as clever as *you* are, Maria. Women would have it all their own way then."

Maria, as her custom was, thanked God for being so virtuous and clever, and graciously admitted Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie into the circle of adorers of that supreme virtue and talent. Mr. Newcome took little Rosey and her mother to some parties. When any took place in Bryanstone Square, they were generally allowed to come to tea.

When on the second day of his arrival the dutiful Clive went to dine with Mr. James, the ladies, in spite of their raptures at his return and delight at seeing him, were going in the evening to his aunt. Their talk was about the Princess all dinner-time. The Prince and Princess were to dine in Bryanstone Square. The Princess had ordered such and such things at the jeweller's—the Princess would take rank over an English Earl's daughter—over Lady Ann Newcome for instance. "O dear! I wish the Prince and Princess were smothered in the Tower," growled James Binnie; "since you have got acquainted with 'em I have never heard of anything else."

Clive, like a wise man, kept his counsel about the Prince and Princess, with whom we have seen that he had had the honour of an interview that very day. But after dinner Rosey came round and whispered to her mamma, and after Rosey's whisper mamma flung her arms round Rosey's neck and kissed her, and called her a thoughtful darling. "What do you think this creature says, Clive?" says Mrs. Mack, still holding her darling's little hand. "I wonder I had not thought of it myself."

"What is it, Mrs. Mackenzie?" asks Clive, laughing.

"She says why should not you come to your aunt's with us? We are sure Mrs. Newcome would be most happy to see you."

Rosey, with a little hand put to mamma's mouth, said, "Why did you tell—you naughty mamma! Isn't she a naughty mamma, Uncle James?" More kisses follow after this sally, of which Uncle James receives one with perfect complacency: mamma crying out as Rosey retires to dress, "That darling child is *always* thinking of others—always!"

Clive says, "he will sit and smoke a cheroot with Mr. Binnie, if they please." James's countenance falls. "We have left off *that* sort of thing here, my dear Clive, a long time," cries Mrs. Mackenzie, departing from the dining-room.

"But we have improved the claret, Clive my boy!" whispers Uncle James. "Let us have another bottle, and we will drink to the

dear Colonel's good health and speedy return—God bless him! I say, Clive, Tom seems to have had a most fortunate escape out of Winter's house—thanks to our friend Rummun Loll, and to have got into a capital good thing with this Bundlecund Bank. They speak famously of it at Hanover Square, and I see the *Hurkara* quotes the shares at a premium already."

Clive did not know anything about the Bundlecund Bank, except a few words in a letter from his father, which he had found in the City this morning. "And an uncommonly liberal remittance the governor has sent me home, sir." Upon which they fill another bumper to the Colonel's health.

Mamma and Rosey come and show their pretty pink dresses before going to Mrs. Newcome's, and Clive lights a cigar in the hall—and isn't there a jubilation at the "Haunt" when the young fellow's face appears above the smoke-clouds there?

CHAPTER III.

AN OLD STORY.

MANY of Clive's Roman friends were by this time come to London, and the young man renewed his acquaintance with them, and had speedily a considerable circle of his own. He thought fit to allow himself a good horse or two, and appeared in the Park among other young dandies. He and Monsieur de Montcontour were sworn allies. Lord Fareham, who had purchased J. J.'s picture, was Clive's very good friend: Major Pendennis himself pronounced him to be a young fellow of agreeable manners, and very favourably *vu* (as the Major happened to know) in some very good quarters.

Ere many days Clive had been to Brighton to see Lady Ann and Sir Brian, and good Aunt Honeyman, in whose house the Baronet was lodged: and I suppose he found out, by some means or other, where Lady Kew lived in May Fair.

But her ladyship was not at home, nor was she at home on the second day, nor did there come any note from Ethel to her cousin. She did not ride in the Park as of old. Clive, *bien vu* as he was,

did not belong to that great world as yet, in which he would be pretty sure to meet her every night at one of those parties where everybody goes. He read her name in the paper morning after morning, as having been present at Lady This's entertainment and Lady That's ministerial *réunion*. At first he was too shy to tell what the state of the case was, and took nobody into his confidence regarding his little *tendre*.

There he was riding through Queen Street, May Fair, attired in splendid raiment: never missing the Park; actually going to places of worship in the neighbourhood; and frequenting the opera—a waste of time which one would never have expected in a youth of his nurture. At length a certain observer of human nature remarking his state, rightly conjectured that he must be in love, and taxed him with the soft impeachment—on which the young man, no doubt anxious to open his heart to some one, poured out all that story which has before been narrated; and told how he thought his passion cured, and how it was cured; but when he heard from Kew at Naples that the engagement was over between him and Miss Newcome, Clive found his own flame kindle again with new ardour. He was wild to see her. He dashed off from Naples instantly on receiving the news that she was free. He had been ten days in London without getting a glimpse of her. "That Mrs. Mackenzie bothers me so I hardly know where to turn," said poor Clive, "and poor little Rosey is made to write me a note about something twice a day. She's a good dear little thing—little Rosey—and I really had thought once of—of—oh, never mind that! Oh, Pen! I'm up another tree now! and a poor miserable young beggar I am!" In fact Mr. Pendennis was installed as confidant, *vice* J. J.—absent on leave.

This is a part which, especially for a few days, the present biographer has always liked well enough. For a while at least, I think almost every man or woman is interesting when in love. If you know of two or three such affairs going on in any soirée to which you may be invited—is not the party straightway amusing? Yonder goes Augustus Tompkins, working his way through the rooms to that far corner where demure Miss Hopkins is seated, to whom the stupid grinning Bumpkins thinks he is making himself agreeable. Yonder sits Miss Fanny *distraite*, and yet trying to smile as the captain is talking his folly, the parson his glib compliments.

And see, her face lights up all of a sudden: her eyes beam with delight at the captain's stories, and at that delightful young clergyman likewise. It is because Augustus has appeared; their eyes only meet for one semi-second, but that is enough for Miss Fanny. Go on, captain, with your twaddle!—Proceed, my reverend friend, with your smirking common-places! In the last two minutes the world has changed for Miss Fanny. That moment has come for which she has been fidgeting and longing and scheming all day! How different an interest, I say, has a meeting of people for a philosopher who knows of a few such little secrets, to that which your vulgar looker-on feels, who comes but to eat the ices, and stare at the ladies' dresses and beauty! There are two frames of mind under which London society is bearable to a man—to be an actor in one of those sentimental performances above hinted at; or to be a spectator and watch it. But as for the mere *dessus de cartes*—would not an armchair and the dullest of books be better than that dull game?

So I not only became Clive's confidant in this affair, but took a pleasure in extracting the young fellow's secrets from him, or rather in encouraging him to pour them forth. Thus was the great part of the previous tale revealed to me: thus Jack Belsize's misadventures, of the first part of which we had only heard in London (and whither he returned presently to be reconciled to his father, after his elder brother's death). Thus my Lord Kew's secret history came into my possession; let us hope for the public's future delectation, and the chronicler's private advantage. And many a night until daylight did appear has poor Clive stamped his chamber or my own, pouring his story out to me, his griefs and raptures; recalling, in his wild young way, recollections of Ethel's sayings and doings; uttering descriptions of her beauty; and raging against the cruelty which she exhibited towards him.

As soon as the new confidant heard the name of the young lover's charmer, to do Mr. Pendennis justice, he endeavoured to fling as much cold water upon Clive's flame as a small private engine could pour on such a conflagration. "Miss Newcome! my dear Clive," says the confidant, "do you know to what you are aspiring? For the last three months Miss Newcome has been the greatest lioness in London: the reigning beauty: the winning horse: the first favourite out of the whole Belgravian harem. No young woman of this year has come near her: those of past seasons she has distanced, and

utterly put to shame. Miss Blackcap, Lady Blanche Blackcap's daughter, was (as perhaps you are not aware) considered by her mamma the great beauty of last season; and it was considered rather shabby of the young Marquis of Farintosh, to leave town without offering to change Miss Blackcap's name. Heaven bless you! this year Farintosh will not look at Miss Blackcap! *He* finds people at home when (ha! I see you wince, my suffering innocent!)—when he calls in Queen Street; yes, and Lady Kew, who is one of the cleverest women in England, will listen for hours to Lord Farintosh's conversation; than whom the Rotten Row of Hyde Park cannot show a greater booby. Miss Blackcap may retire, like Jephthah's daughter, for all Farintosh will relieve her. Then, my dear fellow, there were, as possibly you do not know, Lady Hermengilde and Lady Yseult, Lady Rackstraw's lovely twins, whose appearance created such a sensation at Lady Hautbois' first—was it her first or was it her second?—yes, it was her second—breakfast. Whom weren't they going to marry? Crackthorpe was mad, they said, about both.—Bustington, Sir John Fobsby, the young Baronet with the immense Northern property—the Bishop of Windsor was actually said to be smitten with one of them, but did not like to offer, as her present M——y, like Qu—n El-z-b-th of gracious memory, is said to object to bishops, as bishops, marrying. Where is Bustington? Where is Crackthorpe? Where is Fobsby, the young Baronet of the North? My dear fellow, when those two girls come into a room now, they make no more sensation than you or I. Miss Newcome has carried their admirers away from them: Fobsby has actually, it is said, proposed for her: and the *real* reason of that affair between Lord Bustington and Captain Crackthorpe of the Royal Horse Guards Green, was a speech of Bustington's, hinting that Miss Newcome had not behaved well in throwing Lord Kew over. Don't you know what old Lady Kew will do with this girl, Clive? She will marry Miss Newcome to the best man. If a richer and better *parti* than Lord Farintosh presents himself—then it will be Farintosh's turn to find that Lady Kew is not at home. Is there any young man in the Peerage unmarried and richer than Farintosh? I forget. Why does not some one publish a list of the young male nobility and baronetage, their names, weights, and probable fortunes? I don't mean for the matrons of May Fair—they have the list by heart and study it in secret—but for young men in the world:

so that they may know what their chances are, and who naturally has the pull over them. Let me see—there is young Lord Gaunt, who will have a great fortune, and is desirable because you know his father is locked up—but he is only ten years old—no—they can scarcely bring him forward as Farintosh's rival.

"You look astonished, my poor boy? You think it is wicked in me to talk in this brutal way about bargain and sale; and say that your heart's darling is, at this minute, being paced up and down the May Fair market to be taken away by the best bidder. Can you count purses with Sultan Farintosh? Can you compete even with Sir John Fobsby of the North? What I say is wicked and worldly, is it? So it is: but it is true, as true as Tattersall's—as true as Circassia or Virginia. Don't you know that the Circassian girls are proud of their bringing up, and take rank according to the prices which they fetch? And you go and buy yourself some new clothes, and a fifty-pound horse, and put a penny rose in your button-hole, and ride past her window, and think to win this prize? Oh, you idiot! A penny rosebud! Put money in your purse. A fifty-pound hack when a butcher rides as good a one!—Put money in your purse. A brave young heart, all courage and love and honour! Put money in thy purse—t'other coin don't pass in the market—at least where old Lady Kew has the stall."

By these remonstrances, playful though serious, Clive's adviser sought to teach him wisdom about his love-affair; and the advice was received as advice upon those occasions usually is.

After calling thrice, and writing to Miss Newcome, there came a little note from that young lady, saying, "Dear Clive,—We were so sorry we were out when you called. We shall be at home to-morrow at lunch, when Lady Kew hopes you will come, and see yours ever, E. N."

Clive went—poor Clive! He had the satisfaction of shaking Ethel's hand, and a finger of Lady Kew; of eating a mutton-chop in Ethel's presence; of conversing about the state of art at Rome with Lady Kew, and describing the last works of Gibson and Macdonald. The visit lasted but for half-an-hour. Not for one minute was Clive allowed to see Ethel alone. At three o'clock Lady Kew's carriage was announced, and our young gentleman rose to take his leave, and had the pleasure of seeing the most noble Peer, Marquis of Farintosh and Earl of Rossmont, descend from his

lordship's brougham and enter at Lady Kew's door, followed by a domestic bearing a small stack of flowers from Covent Garden.

It befel that the good-natured Lady Fareham had a ball in these days; and meeting Clive in the Park, her lord invited him to the entertainment. Mr. Pendennis had also the honour of a card. Accordingly Clive took me up at Bays's, and we proceeded to the ball together.

The lady of the house, smiling upon all her guests, welcomed with particular kindness her young friend from Rome. "Are you related to *the* Miss Newcome, Lady Ann Newcome's daughter? Her cousin? She will be here to-night." Very likely Lady Fareham did not see Clive wince and blush at this announcement, her ladyship having to occupy herself with a thousand other people. Clive found a dozen of his Roman friends in the room, ladies young and middle-aged, plain and handsome, all glad to see his kind face. The house was splendid; the ladies magnificently dressed; the ball beautiful, though it appeared a little dull until that event took place whereof we treated a few pages back (in the allegory of Mr. Tomkins and Miss Hopkins,) and Lady Kew and her granddaughter made their appearance.

That old woman, who began to look more and more like the wicked fairy of the stories, who is not invited to the Princess's Christening Feast, had this advantage over her likeness, that she was invited everywhere; though how she, at her age, could fly about to so many parties, unless she was a fairy, no one could say. Behind the fairy, up the marble stairs, came the most noble Farintosh, with that vacuous leer which distinguishes his lordship. Ethel seemed to be carrying the stack of flowers which the Marquis had sent to her. The noble Bustington (Viscount Bustington, I need scarcely tell the reader, is the heir of the house of Podbury), the Baronet of the North, the gallant Crackthorpe, the first men in town, in a word, gathered round the young beauty, forming her court; and little Dick Hitchin, who goes everywhere, you may be sure was near her with a compliment and a smile. Ere this arrival, the twins had been giving themselves great airs in the room—the poor twins! when Ethel appeared they sank into shuddering insignificance, and had to put up with the conversation and attentions of second-rate men, belonging to second-rate clubs, in heavy dragoon regiments. One of them actually walked with a dancing barrister; but he was related to a

duke, and it was expected the Lord Chancellor would give him something very good.

Before he saw Ethel, Clive vowed he was aware of her. Indeed, had not Lady Fareham told him Miss Newcome was coming? Ethel, on the contrary, not expecting him, or not having the prescience of love, exhibited signs of surprise when she beheld him, her eyebrows arching, her eyes darting looks of pleasure. When grandmamma happened to be in another room, she beckoned Clive to her, dismissing Crackthorpe and Fobsby, Farintosh and Bustington, the amorous youth who around her bowed, and summoning Mr. Clive up to an audience with the air of a young princess.

And so she was a princess; and this the region of her special dominion. The wittiest and handsomest, she deserved to reign in such a place, by right of merit and by general election. Clive felt her superiority, and his own shortcomings; he came up to her as to a superior person. Perhaps she was not sorry to let him see how she ordered away grandees and splendid Bustingtons, informing them, with a superb manner, that she wished to speak to her cousin—that handsome young man with the light mustachio yonder.

"Do you know many people? This is your first appearance in society? Shall I introduce you to some nice girls to dance with? What very pretty buttons!"

"Is that what you wanted to say?" asked Clive, rather bewildered.

"What does one say at a ball? One talks conversation suited to the place. If I were to say to Captain Crackthorpe, 'What pretty buttons!' he would be delighted. But you—you have a soul above buttons, I suppose."

"Being, as you say, a stranger in this sort of society, you see I am not accustomed to—to the exceeding brilliancy of its conversation," said Clive.

"What! you want to go away, and we haven't seen each other for near a year," cries Ethel, in quite a natural voice. "Sir John Fobsby, I'm very sorry—but do let me off this dance. I have just met my cousin, whom I have not seen for a whole year, and I want to talk to him."

"It was not my fault that you did not see me sooner. I wrote to you that I only got your letter a month ago. You never answered the second I wrote you from Rome. Your letter lay there at the post ever so long, and was forwarded to me at Naples."

"*Where?*" asked Ethel.

"I saw Lord Kew there." Ethel was smiling with all her might, and kissing her hand to the twins, who passed at this moment with their mamma. "Oh, indeed, you saw—how do you do?—Lord Kew."

"And, having seen him, I came over to England," said Clive.

Ethel looked at him gravely. "What am I to understand by that, Clive?—You came over because it was very hot at Naples, and because you wanted to see your friends here, n'est-ce pas? How glad mamma was to see you! You know she loves you as if you were her own son."

"What, as much as that angel, Barnes!" cries Clive, bitterly; "impossible."

Ethel looked once more. Her present mood and desire was to treat Clive as a chit, as a young fellow without consequence—a thirteenth younger brother. But in his looks and behaviour there was that which seemed to say not too many liberties were to be taken with him.

"Why weren't you here a month sooner, and you might have seen the marriage? It was a very pretty thing. Everybody was there. Clara, and so did Barnes really, looked quite handsome."

"It must have been beautiful," continued Clive; "quite a touching sight, I am sure. Poor Charles Belsize could not be present because his brother was dead; and ——"

"And what else, pray, Mr. Newcome!" cries Miss, in great wrath, her pink nostrils beginning to quiver. "I did not think, really, that when we met after so many months, I was to be—insulted; yes, insulted, by the mention of that name."

"I most humbly ask pardon," said Clive, with a grave bow. "Heaven forbid that I should wound your sensibility, Ethel! It is, as you say, my first appearance in society. I talk about things or persons that I should not mention. I should talk about buttons, should I? which you were good enough to tell me was the proper subject of conversation. Mayn't I even speak of connexions of the family? Mr. Belsize, through this marriage, has the honour of being connected with you; and even I, in a remote degree, may boast of a sort of an ever-so-distant cousinship with him. What an honour for me!"

"Pray what is the meaning of all this?" cries Miss Ethel, sur-

prised, and perhaps alarmed. Indeed, Clive scarcely knew. He had been chafing all the while he talked with her; smothering anger as he saw the young men round about her; revolting against himself for the very humility of his obedience, and angry at the eagerness and delight with which he had come at her call.

"The meaning is, Ethel,"—he broke out, seizing the opportunity,—"that when a man comes a thousand miles to see you, and shake your hand, you should give it him a little more cordially than you choose to do to me; that when a kinsman knocks at your door, time after time, you should try and admit him; and that when you meet him you should treat him like an old friend: not as you treated me when my Lady Kew vouchsafed to give me admittance; not as you treat these fools that are fribbling round about you," cries Mr. Clive, in a great rage, folding his arms, and glaring round on a number of the most innocent young swells; and he continued looking as if he would like to knock a dozen of their heads together. "Am I keeping Miss Newcome's admirers from her?"

"That is not for me to say," she said, quite gently. He was; but to see him angry did not displease Miss Newcome.

"That young man who came for you just now," Clive went on—"that Sir John ——"

"Are you angry with me because I sent him away?" said Ethel, putting out a hand. "Hark! there is the music. Take me in and waltz with me. Don't you know it is not *my* door at which you knocked?" she said, looking up into his face as simply and kindly as of old. She whirled round the dancing-room with him in triumph, the other beauties dwindling before her; she looked more and more beautiful with each rapid move of the waltz, her colour heightening and her eyes seeming to brighten. Not till the music stopped did she sink down on a seat, panting, and smiling radiant—as many many hundred years ago I remember to have seen Taglioni, after a conquering *pas seul*. She nodded a "thank you" to Clive. It seemed that there was a perfect reconciliation. Lady Kew came in just at the end of the dance, scowling when she beheld Ethel's partner; but in reply to her remonstrances Ethel shrugged her fair shoulders, with a look which seemed to say *je le veux*, gave an arm to her grandmother, and walked off, saucily protecting her.

Clive's friend had been looking on observingly and curiously as the scene between them had taken place, and at the dance with

which the reconciliation had been celebrated. I must tell you that this arch young creature had formed the object of my observation for some months past, and that I watched her as I have watched a beautiful panther at the Zoological Gardens, so bright of eye, so sleek of coat, so slim in form, so swift and agile in her spring.

A more brilliant young coquette than Miss Newcome, in her second season, these eyes never looked upon, that is the truth. In her first year, being engaged to Lord Kew, she was perhaps a little more reserved and quiet. Besides, her mother went out with her that first season, to whom Miss Newcome, except for a little occasional flightiness, was invariably obedient and ready to come to call. But when Lady Kew appeared as her Duenna, the girl's delight seemed to be to plague the old lady, and she would dance with the very youngest sons merely to put grandmamma in a passion. In this way poor young Cubley (who has two hundred a year of allowance, besides eighty, and an annual rise of five in the Treasury,) actually thought that Ethel was in love with him, and consulted with the young men in his room in Downing Street, whether two hundred and eighty a year, with five pound more next year, would be enough for them to keep house on? Young Tandy of the Temple, Lord Skibbereen's younger son, who sat in the House for some time on the Irish Catholic side, was also deeply smitten, and many a night in our walks home from the parties at the other end of the town, would entertain me with his admiration and passion for her.

"If you have such a passion for her, why not propose?" it was asked of Mr. Tandy.

"Propose! propose to a Russian Archduchess," cries young Tandy. "She's beautiful, she's delightful, she's witty. I have never seen anything like her eyes; they send me wild—wild," says Tandy —(slapping his waistcoat under Temple Bar)—"but a more audacious little flirt never existed since the days of Cleopatra."

With this opinion likewise in my mind, I had been looking on during Clive's proceedings with Miss Ethel—not, I say, without admiration of the young lady who was leading him such a dance. The waltz over, I congratulated him on his own performance. His continental practice had greatly improved him. "And as for your partner, it is delightful to see her," I went on. "I always like to be by when Miss Newcome dances. I had sooner see her than any-

body since Taglioni. Look at her now, with her neck up, and her little foot out, just as she is preparing to start! Happy Lord Bustington!"

"You are angry with her because she cut you," growls Clive. "You know you said she cut you, or forgot you; and your vanity's wounded, that is why you are so satirical."

"How can Miss Newcome remember all the men who are presented to her?" says the other. "Last year she talked to me because she wanted to know about you. This year she doesn't talk: because I suppose she does not want to know about you any more."

"Hang it. Do—on't, Pen," cries Clive, as a schoolboy cries out to another not to hit him.

"She does not pretend to observe: and is in full conversation with the amiable Bustington. Delicious interchange of noble thoughts! But she is observing us talking, and knows that we are talking about her. If ever you marry her, Clive, which is absurd, I shall lose you for a friend. You will infallibly tell her what I think of her: and she will order you to give me up." Clive had gone off in a brown study, as his interlocutor continued. "Yes, she is a flirt. She can't help her nature. She tries to vanquish every one who comes near her. She is a little out of breath from waltzing, and so she pretends to be listening to poor Bustington, who is out of breath too, but puffs out his best in order to make himself agreeable. With what a pretty air she appears to listen! Her eyes actually seem to brighten."

"*What?*" says Clive, with a start.

I could not comprehend the meaning of the start: nor did I care much to know: supposing that the young man was waking up from some lover's reverie: and the evening sped away, Clive not quitting the ball until Miss Newcome and the Countess of Kew had departed. No further communication appeared to take place between the cousins that evening. I think it was Captain Crackthorpe who gave the young lady an arm into her carriage; Sir John Fobsby having the happiness to conduct the old Countess, and carrying the pink bag for the shawls, wrappers, &c., on which her ladyship's coronet and initials are emblazoned. Clive may have made a movement as if to step forward, but a single finger from Miss Newcome warned him back.

Clive and his two friends in Lamb Court had made an engage-

Clive in trouble.

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ment for the next Saturday to dine at Greenwich; but on the morning of that day there came a note from him to say that he thought of going down to see his aunt, Miss Honeyman, and begged to recall his promise to us. Saturday is a holiday with gentlemen of our profession. We had invited F. Bayham, Esquire, and promised ourselves a merry evening, and were unwilling to baulk ourselves of the pleasure on account of the absence of our young Roman. So we three went to London Bridge Station at an early hour, proposing to breathe the fresh air of Greenwich Park before dinner. And, at London Bridge, by the most singular coincidence, Lady Kew's carriage drove up to the Brighton entrance, and Miss Ethel and her maid stepped out of the brougham.

When Miss Newcome and her maid entered the Brighton station, did Mr. Clive, by another singular coincidence, happen also to be there? What more natural and dutiful than that he should go and see his aunt, Miss Honeyman? What more proper than that Miss Ethel should pass the Saturday and Sunday with her sick father; and take a couple of wholesome nights' rest after those five weary past evenings, for each of which we may reckon a couple of soirées and a ball? And that relations should travel together, the young lady being protected by her *femme-de-chambre;* that surely, as every one must allow, was perfectly right and proper.

That a biographer should profess to know everything which passes, even in a confidential talk in a first-class carriage between two lovers, seems perfectly absurd; not that grave historians do not pretend to the same wonderful degree of knowledge—reporting meetings the most occult of conspirators; private interviews between monarchs and their ministers, even the secret thoughts and motives of those personages, which possibly the persons themselves did not know. All for which the present writer will pledge his known character for veracity is, that on a certain day certain parties had a conversation, of which the upshot was so and so. He guesses, of course, at a great deal of what took place; knowing the characters, and being informed at some time of their meeting. You do not suppose that I bribed the *femme-de-chambre*, or that those two City gents, who sat in the same carriage with our young friends, and could not hear a word they said, reported their talk to me? If Clive and Ethel had had a coupé to themselves, I would yet boldly tell what

took place, but the coupé was taken by other three young City gents who smoked the whole way.

"Well, then," the bonnet begins close up to the hat, "tell me, sir, is it true that you were so very much *épris* of the Miss Freemans at Rome; and that afterwards you were so wonderfully attentive to the third Miss Balliol? Did you draw her portrait? You know you drew her portrait. You painters always pretend to admire girls with auburn hair, because Titian and Raphael painted it. Has the Fornarina red hair? Why we are at Croydon, I declare!"

"The Fornarina"—the hat replies to the bonnet, "if that picture at the Borghese Palace be an original, or a likeness of her—is not a handsome woman, with vulgar eyes and mouth, and altogether a most mahogany-coloured person. She is so plain, in fact, I think that very likely it *is* the real woman; for it is with their own fancies that men fall in love,—or rather every woman is handsome to the lover. You know how old Helen must have been."

"I don't know any such thing, or anything about her. Who was Helen?" asks the bonnet; and indeed she did not know.

"It's a long story, and such an old scandal now, that there is no use in repeating it," says Clive.

"You only talk about Helen because you wish to turn away the conversation from Miss Freeman," cries the young lady—"from Miss Balliol, I mean."

"We will talk about whichever you please. Which shall we begin to pull to pieces?" says Clive. You see, to be in this carriage—to be actually with *her*—to be looking into those wonderful lucid eyes —to see her sweet mouth dimpling, and hear her sweet voice ringing with its delicious laughter—to have that hour and a half his own, in spite of all the world-dragons, grandmothers, *convenances*, the future —made the young fellow so happy, filled his whole frame and spirit with a delight so keen, that no wonder he was gay, and brisk, and lively.

"And so you knew of my goings on?" he asked. Oh me! they were at Reigate by this time; there was Gatton Park flying before them on the wings of the wind.

"I know of a number of things," says the bonnet, nodding with ambrosial curls.

"And you would not answer the second letter I wrote to you?"

"We were in great perplexity. One cannot be always answering

young gentlemen's letters. I had considerable doubt about answering a note I got from Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square," says the lady's chapeau. "No, Clive, we must not write to one another," she continued more gravely, "or only very, very seldom. Nay, my meeting you here to-day is by the merest chance I am sure; for when I mentioned at Lady Fareham's the other evening that I was going to see papa at Brighton to-day, I never for *one moment* thought of seeing *you* in the train. But as you are here, it can't be helped; and I may as well tell you that there are obstacles."

"What, *other* obstacles?" Clive gasped out.

"Nonsense—you silly boy! No other obstacles but those which always have existed, and must. When we parted—that is, when you left us at Baden, you knew it was for the best. You had your profession to follow, and could not go on idling about—about a family of sick people and children. Every man has his profession, and you yours, as you would have it. We are so nearly allied that we may—we may like each other like brother and sister almost. I don't know what Barnes would say if he heard me? Wherever you and your father are, how can I ever think of you but—but you know how? I always shall, always. There are certain feelings we have which I hope never can change; though, if you please, about them I intend never to speak any more. Neither you nor I can alter our conditions, but must make the best of them. You shall be a fine clever painter; and I,—who knows what will happen to me? I know what is going to happen to-day; I am going to see papa and mamma, and be as happy as I can till Monday morning."

"I know what I wish would happen now," said Clive,—they were going screaming through a tunnel.

"What?" said the bonnet in the darkness; and the engine was roaring so loudly, that he was obliged to put his head quite close to say—

"I wish the tunnel would fall in and close upon us, or that we might travel on for ever and ever."

Here there was a great jar of the carriage, and the lady's-maid, and I think Miss Ethel, gave a shriek. The lamp above was so dim that the carriage was almost totally dark. No wonder the lady's-maid was frightened! but the daylight came streaming in, and all poor Clive's wishes of rolling and rolling on for ever were put an end to by the implacable sun in a minute.

Ah, why was it the quick train? Suppose it had been the parliamentary train?—even that too would have come to an end. They came and said, "Tickets, please," and Clive held out the three of their party—his, and Ethel's, and her maid's. I think for such a ride as that he was right to give up Greenwich. Mr. Kuhn was in waiting with a carriage for Miss Ethel. She shook hands with Clive, returning his pressure.

"I may come and see you?" he said.

"You may come and see mamma—yes."

"And where are you staying?"

"Bless my soul—they were staying at Miss Honeyman's!" Clive burst into a laugh. Why, he was going there too! Of course Aunt Honeyman had no room for him, her house being quite full with the other Newcomes.

It was a most curious coincidence their meeting; but altogether Lady Ann thought it was best to say nothing about the circumstance to grandmamma. I myself am puzzled to say which would have been the better course to pursue under the circumstances; there were so many courses open. As they had gone so far, should they go on farther together? Suppose they were going to the same house at Brighton, oughtn't they to have gone in the same carriage, with Kuhn and the maid of course? Suppose they met by chance at the station, ought they to have travelled in separate carriages. I ask any gentleman and father of a family, when he was immensely smitten with his present wife, Mrs. Brown, if he had met her travelling with her maid, in the mail, when there was a vacant place, what would he himself have done?

CHAPTER IV.

INJURED INNOCENCE.

FROM CLIVE NEWCOME, ESQ., TO LIEUT.-COL. NEWCOME, C.B.

"BRIGHTON, *June* 12, 18—.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—As the weather was growing very hot at Naples, and you wished I should come to England to see Mr. Binnie, I came accordingly, and have been here three weeks, and write to you from Aunt Honeyman's parlour at Brighton, where you ate your last dinner before embarking for India. I found your splendid remittance on calling in Fog Court, and have invested a part of the sum in a good horse to ride, upon which I take my diversion with other young dandies in the park. Florac is in England, but he has no need of your kindness. Only think! he is Prince de Montcontour now, the second title of the Duc d'Ivry's family; and M. le Comte de Florac is Duc d'Ivry in consequence of the demise of t'other old gentleman. I believe the late duke's wife shortened his life. Oh, what a woman! She caused a duel between Lord Kew and a Frenchman, which has in its turn occasioned all sorts of evil and division in families, as you shall hear.

"In the first place, in consequence of the duel and of incompatibility of temper, the match between Kew and E. N. has been broken off. I met Lord Kew at Naples with his mother and brother, nice

quiet people as you would like them. Kew's wound and subsequent illness have altered him a good deal. He has become much *more serious* than he used to be ; not ludicrously so at all, but he says he thinks his past life has been useless and even criminal, and he wishes to change it. He has sold his horses, and sown his wild oats. He has turned quite a sober quiet gentleman.

" At our meeting he told me of what had happened between him and Ethel, of whom he spoke *most kindly and generously*, but avowing his opinion that they never could have been happy in married life. And now I think my dear old father will see that there may be another reason besides my desire to see Mr. Binnie, which has brought me tumbling back to England again. If need be to speak, I never shall have, I hope, any secrets from you. I have not said much about one which has given me the deuce's disquiet for ten months past, because there was no good in talking about it, or vexing you needlessly with reports of my griefs and woes.

" Well, when we were at Baden in September last, and E. and I wrote those letters in common to you, I dare say you can fancy what my feelings might have been towards such a beautiful young creature, who has a hundred faults, for which I love her just as much as for the good that is in her. I became dreadfully smitten indeed, and knowing that she was engaged to Lord Kew, I did as you told me you did once when the enemy was too strong for you—*I ran away*. I had a bad time of it for two or three months. At Rome, however, I began to take matters more easily, my naturally fine appetite returned, and at the end of the season I found myself uncommonly happy in the society of the Miss Balliols and the Miss Freemans ; but when Kew told me at Naples of what had happened, there was straightway *a fresh eruption* in my heart, and I was fool enough to come almost without sleep to London in order to catch a glimpse of the bright eyes of E. N.

" She is now in this very house upstairs with one aunt, whilst the other lets lodgings to her. I have seen her but very seldom indeed since I came to London, where Sir Brian and Lady Ann do not pass the season, and Ethel goes about to a dozen parties every week with old Lady Kew, who neither loves you nor me. Hearing E. say she was coming down to her parents at Brighton, I made so bold as to waylay her at the train (though I didn't tell her that I passed three hours in the waiting-room) ; and we made the journey together, and

she was very kind and beautiful, and though I suppose I might just as well ask the Royal Princess to have me, I can't help hoping and longing and hankering after her. And Aunt Honeyman must have found out that I am fond of her, for the old lady has received me with a scolding. Uncle Charles seems to be in very good condition again. I saw him in full clerical feather at Madame de Montcontour's, a good-natured body who drops her *h*'s, though Florac is not aware of their absence. Pendennis and Warrington, I know, would send you their best regards. Pen is conceited, but much kinder in reality than he has the air of being. Fred. Bayham is doing well, and prospering in his mysterious way.

"Mr. Binnie is not looking at all well; and Mrs. Mack—well, as I know you never attack a lady behind her lovely back, I won't say a word of Mrs. Mack—but she has taken possession of Uncle James, and seems to me to weigh upon him somehow. Rosey is as pretty and good-natured as ever, and has learned two new songs; but you see, with my sentiments in another quarter, I feel as it were guilty and awkward in company of Rosey and her mamma. They have become the very greatest friends with Bryanstone Square, and Mrs. Mack is always citing Aunt Hobson as the most superior of women, in which opinion, I dare say, Aunt Hobson concurs.

"Good-by, my dearest father; my sheet is full; I wish I could put my arm in yours and pace up and down the pier with you, and tell you more and more. But you know enough now, and that I am your affectionate son always, C. N."

In fact, when Mr. Clive appeared at Steyne Gardens stepping out of the fly, and handing Miss Ethel thence, Miss Honeyman of course was very glad to see her nephew, and saluted him with a little embrace to show her sense of pleasure at his visit. But the next day, being Sunday, when Clive, with a most engaging smile on his countenance, walked over to breakfast from his hotel, Miss Honeyman would scarcely speak to him during the meal, looked out at him very haughtily from under her Sunday cap, and received his stories about Italy with "Oh! ah! indeed!" in a very unkind manner. And when breakfast was over, and she had done washing her china, she fluttered up to Clive with such an agitation of plumage, redness of craw, and anger of manner, as a maternal hen shows if she has reason to think you menace her chickens. She fluttered up to Clive,

I say, and cried out, "Not in *this* house, Clive,—not in this house, I beg you to understand *that!*"

Clive, looking amazed, said, "Certainly not, ma'am; I never did do it in the house, as I know you don't like it. I was going into the Square." The young man meaning that he was about to smoke, and conjecturing that his aunt's anger applied to that practice.

"*You* know very well what I mean, sir! Don't try to turn *me* off in that highty-tighty way. My dinner to-day is at half-past one. You can dine or not as you like," and the old lady flounced out of the room.

Poor Clive stood rolling his cigar in sad perplexity of spirit, until Mrs. Honeyman's servant Hannah entered, who, for her part, grinned and looked particularly sly. "In the name of goodness, Hannah, what is the row about?" cries Mr. Clive. "What is my aunt scolding at? What are you grinning at, you old Cheshire cat?"

"Git 'long, Master Clive," says Hannah, patting the cloth.

"Get along! why get along, and where am I to get along to?"

"Did'ee do ut really now, Master Clive?" cries Mrs. Honeyman's attendant, grinning with the utmost good humour. "Well, she be as pretty a young lady as ever I saw; and as I told my Missis, 'Miss Martha,' says I, 'there's a pair on 'em.' Though Missis was mortal angry to be sure. She never could bear it."

"Bear *what?* you old goose!" cries Clive, who by these playful names had been wont to designate Hannah these twenty years past.

"A young gentleman and a young lady a kissing of each other in the railway coach," says Hannah, jerking up with her finger to the ceiling, as much as to say, "There she is! Lar, she be a pretty young creature, that she be! and so I told Miss Martha." Thus differently had the news which had come to them on the previous night affected the old lady and her maid.

The news was, that Miss Newcome's maid (a giddy thing from the country, who had not even learned as yet to hold her tongue,) had announced with giggling delight to Lady Ann's maid, who was taking tea with Mrs. Hicks, that Mr. Clive had given Miss Ethel a kiss in the tunnel, and she supposed it was a match. This intelligence Hannah Hicks took to her mistress, of whose angry behaviour to Clive the next morning you may now understand the cause.

Clive did not know whether to laugh or to be in a rage. He swore that he was as innocent of all intention of kissing Miss Ethel as of embracing Queen Elizabeth. He was shocked to think of his

cousin, walking above, fancy-free in maiden meditation, whilst this conversation regarding her was carried on below. How could he face her, or her mother, or even her maid, now he had cognisance of this naughty calumny? "Of course Hannah had contradicted it?" "Of course I have a done no such a thing indeed," replied Master Clive's old friend; "of course I have set 'em down a bit; for when little Trimmer said it, and she supposed it was all settled between you, seeing how it had been a going on in foreign parts last year, Mrs. Pincott says, 'Hold your silly tongue, Trimmer,' she says; 'Miss Ethel marry a painter, indeed, Trimmer!' says she, 'while she has refused to be a Countess,' she says; 'and can be a Marchioness any day, and will be a Marchioness. Marry a painter, indeed!' Mrs. Pincott says; 'Trimmer, I'm surprised at your impidence.' So, my dear, I got angry at that," Clive's champion continued, "and says I, 'If my young Master ain't good enough for any young lady in this world,' says I, 'I'd like you to show her to me: and if his dear father, the Colonel,' says I, 'ain't as good as your old gentleman upstairs,' says I, 'who has gruel and dines upon doctor's stuff, then, Mrs. Pincott,' says I, 'my name isn't what it is,' says I. Those were my very words, Master Clive, my dear; and then Mrs. Pincott says, 'Mrs. Hicks,' she says, 'you don't understand society,' she says; 'you don't understand society, he! he!'" and the country lady, with considerable humour, gave an imitation of the town lady's manner.

At this juncture Miss Honeyman re-entered the parlour, arrayed in her Sunday bonnet, her stiff and spotless collar, her Cashmere shawl and Agra brooch, and carrying her Bible and Prayer-book, each stitched in its neat cover of brown silk. "Don't stay chattering here, you idle woman," she cried to her attendant with extreme asperity. "And you, sir, if you wish to smoke your cigars. you had best walk down to the cliff where the Cockneys are!" she added, glowering at Clive.

"Now I understand it all," Clive said, trying to deprecate her anger. "My dear good aunt, it's a most absurd mistake; upon my honour Miss Ethel is as innocent as you are."

"Innocent or not, this house is not intended for assignations, Clive! As long as Sir Brian Newcome lodges here, you will be pleased to keep away from it, sir; and though I don't approve of Sunday travelling, I think the very best thing you can do is to put yourself in the train and go back to London."

And now, young people, who read my moral pages, you will see how highly imprudent it is to sit with your cousins in railway-carriages; and how, though you may not mean the slightest harm in the world, a great deal may be attributed to you; and how, when you think you are managing your little absurd love-affairs ever so quietly, Jeames and Betsy in the servants'-hall are very likely talking about them, and you are putting yourself in the power of those menials. If the perusal of these lines has rendered one single young couple uncomfortable, surely my amiable end is answered, and I have written not altogether in vain.

Clive was going away, innocent though he was, yet quivering under his aunt's reproof, and so put out of countenance that he had

not even thought of lighting the great cigar which he stuck into his foolish mouth; when a shout of "Clive! Clive!" from half-a-dozen

little voices roused him, and presently as many little Newcomes came toddling down the stairs, and this one clung round his knees, and that at the skirts of his coat, and another took his hand and said, he must come and walk with them on the beach.

So away went Clive to walk with his cousins, and then to see his old friend Miss Cann, with whom and the elder children he walked to church, and issuing thence greeted Lady Ann and Ethel (who had also attended the service) in the most natural way in the world.

While engaged in talking with these, Miss Honeyman came out of the sacred edifice, crisp and stately in the famous Agra brooch and Cashmere shawl. The good-natured Lady Ann had a smile and a kind word for her as for everybody. Clive went up to his maternal aunt to offer his arm. "You must give him up to us for dinner, Miss Honeyman, if you please to be so very kind. He was so good-natured in escorting Ethel down," Lady Ann said.

"Hm! my lady," says Miss Honeyman, perking her head up in her collar. Clive did not know whether to laugh or not, but a fine blush illuminated his countenance. As for Ethel, she was and looked perfectly unconscious. So, rustling in her stiff black silk, Martha Honeyman walked with her nephew silent by the shore of the much-sounding sea. The idea of courtship, of osculatory processes, of marrying and giving in marriage, made this elderly virgin chafe and fume, she never having, at any period of her life, indulged in any such ideas or practices, and being angry against them, as childless wives will sometimes be angry and testy against matrons with their prattle about their nurseries. Now, Miss Cann was a different sort of spinster, and loved a bit of sentiment with all her heart, from which I am led to conclude — but, pray, is this the history of Miss Cann or of the Newcomes?

All these Newcomes then entered into Miss Honeyman's house, where a number of little knives and forks were laid for them. Ethel was cold and thoughtful; Lady Ann was perfectly good-natured as her wont was. Sir Brian come in on the arm of his valet presently, wearing that look of extra neatness which invalids have, who have just been shaved and combed, and made ready by their attendants to receive company. He was voluble: though there was a perceptible change in his voice: he talked chiefly of matters which had occurred forty years ago, and especially of Clive's own father, when he was a boy, in a manner which interested the young man and Ethel. "He

threw me down in a chaise—sad chap—always reading 'Orme's History of India'—wanted marry Frenchwoman. He wondered Mrs. Newcome didn't leave Tom anything—'pon my word, quite s'prise." The events of to-day, the House of Commons, the City, had little interest for him. All the children went up and shook him by the hand, with awe in their looks, and he patted their yellow heads vacantly and kindly. He asked Clive (several times) where he had been? and said he himself had had a slight 'tack—vay slight—was getting well ev'y day—strong as a horse—go back to Parliament d'rectly. And then he became a little peevish with Parker, his man, about his broth. The man retired, and came back presently, with profound bows and gravity, to tell Sir Brian dinner was ready, and he went away quite briskly at this news, giving a couple of fingers to Clive before he disappeared into the upper apartments. Good-natured Lady Ann was as easy about this as about the other events of this world. In later days, with what a strange feeling we remember that last sight we have of the old friend; that nod of farewell, and shake of the hand, that last look of the face and figure as the door closes on him, or the coach drives away! So the roast-mutton was ready, and all the children dined very heartily.

The infantile meal had not been long concluded, when servants announced "the Marquis of Farintosh;" and that nobleman made his appearance to pay his respects to Miss Newcome and Lady Ann. He brought the very last news of the very last party in London, where "Really, upon my honour, now, it was quite a stupid party, because Miss Newcome wasn't there. It was now, really."

Miss Newcome remarked, if he said so upon his honour, of course she was satisfied.

"As you weren't there," the young nobleman continued, "the Miss Rackstraws came out quite strong; really they did now, upon my honour. It was quite a quiet thing. Lady Merriborough hadn't even got a new gown on. Lady Ann, you shirk London society this year, and we miss you: we expected you to give us two or three things this season; we did now, really. I said to Tufthunt, only yesterday, why has not Lady Ann Newcome given anything? You know Tufthunt? They say he's a clever fellow, and that—but he's a low little beast, and I hate him."

Lady Ann said, "Sir Brian's bad state of health prevented her from going out this season, or receiving at home."

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The Most Noble the Marquis of Tarantash.

"It don't prevent your mother from going out, though," continued my lord. "Upon my honour, I think unless she got two or three things every night, I think she'd die. Lady Kew's like one of those horses, you know, that unless they go they drop."

"Thank you for my mother," said Lady Ann.

"She is, upon my honour. Last night I know she was at ever so many places. She dined at the Bloxam's, for I was there. Then she said she was going to sit with old Mrs. Crackthorpe, who has broke her collar-bone, (that Crackthorpe in the Life Guards, her grandson, is a brute, and I hope she won't leave him a shillin',) and then she came on to Lady Hawkstone's, where I heard her say she had been at the—at the Flowerdales', too. People begin to go to those Flowerdales. Hanged if I know where they won't go next. Cotton-spinner, wasn't he?"

"So were we, my lord," says Miss Newcome.

"Oh, yes, I forgot! But you're of an old family—very old family."

"We can't help it," said Miss Ethel, archly. Indeed, she thought she was.

"Do you believe in the barber-surgeon?" asked Clive. And my lord looked at him with a noble curiosity, as much as to say, "Who the deuce was the barber-surgeon? and who the devil are you?"

"Why should we disown our family?" Miss Ethel said, simply. "In those early days I suppose people did—did all sorts of things, and it was not considered at all out of the way to be surgeon to William the Conqueror."

"Edward the Confessor," interposed Clive. "And it must be true, because I have seen a picture of the barber-surgeon: a friend of mine, M'Collop, did the picture, and I dare say it is for sale still."

Lady Ann said "she should be delighted to see it." Lord Farintosh remembered that the M'Collop had the moor next to his in Argyleshire, but did not choose to commit himself with the stranger, and preferred looking at his own handsome face and admiring it in the glass until the last speaker had concluded his remarks.

As Clive did not offer any farther conversation, but went back to a table, where he began to draw the barber-surgeon, Lord Farintosh resumed the delightful talk. "What infernal bad glasses these are in these Brighton lodging-houses! They make a man look quite green, really they do—and there's nothing green in me, is there, Lady Ann?"

"But you look very unwell, Lord Farintosh; indeed you do," Miss Newcome said, gravely. "I think late hours, and smoking, and going to that horrid Platt's, where I dare say you go——"

"Go? don't I? But don't call it horrid; really, now, don't call it horrid!" cried the noble Marquis.

"Well—something has made you look far from well. You know how very well Lord Farintosh used to look, mamma—and to see him now, in only his second season—oh, it is melancholy!"

"God bless my soul, Miss Newcome! what do you mean? I think I look pretty well," and the noble youth passed his hand through his hair. "It *is* a hard life, I know; that tearin' about night after night, and sittin' up till ever so much o'clock; and then all these races, you know, comin' one after another—it's enough to knock up any fellow. I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Newcome. I'll go down to Codlington, to my mother; I will, upon my honour, and lie quiet all July, and then I'll go to Scotland—and you shall see whether I don't look better next season."

"Do, Lord Farintosh!" said Ethel, greatly amused, as much, perhaps, at the young Marquis, as at her cousin Clive, who sat whilst the other was speaking, fuming with rage, at his table. "What are you doing, Clive?" she asks.

"I was trying to draw, Lord knows who—Lord Newcome, who was killed at the Battle of Bosworth," said the artist, and the girl ran to look at the picture.

"Why, you have made him like Punch," cries the young lady.

"It's a shame caricaturing one's own flesh and blood, isn't it?" asked Clive, gravely.

"What a droll, funny picture!" exclaims Lady Ann. "Isn't it capital, Lord Farintosh?"

"I dare say—I confess I don't understand that sort of thing," says his lordship. "Don't, upon my honour. There's Odo Carton, always making those caricatures—*I* don't understand 'em. You'll come up to town to-morrow, won't you? And you're goin' to Lady Hm's, and to Hm and Hm's, ain't you?" (The names of these aristocratic places of resort were quite inaudible.) "You mustn't let Miss Blackcap have it all her own way, you know, that you mustn't."

"She won't have it all her own way," says Miss Ethel. "Lord Farintosh, will you do me a favour? Lady Innishowan is your aunt?"

"Of course she is my aunt."

"Will you be so very good as to get a card for her party on Tuesday, for my cousin, Mr. Clive Newcome? Clive, please be introduced to the Marquis of Farintosh."

The young Marquis perfectly well recollected those mustachios and their wearer on a former night, though he had not thought fit to make any sign of recognition. "Anything you wish, Miss Newcome," he said; "delighted, I'm sure;" and turning to Clive—"In the army, I suppose?"

"I am an artist," says Clive, turning very red.

"Oh, really, I didn't know," cries the nobleman; and my lord bursting out laughing presently as he was engaged in conversation with Miss Ethel on the balcony, Clive thought, very likely with justice, "He is making fun of my mustachios. Confound him; I should like to pitch him over into the street." But this was only a kind wish on Mr. Newcome's part; not followed out by any immediate fulfilment.

As the Marquis of Farintosh seemed inclined to prolong his visit, and his company was exceedingly disagreeable to Clive, the latter took his departure for an afternoon walk, consoled to think that he should have Ethel to himself at the evening's dinner, when Lady Ann would be occupied about Sir Brian, and would be sure to be putting the children to bed, and in a word, would give him a quarter of an hour of delightful *tête-à-tête* with the beautiful Ethel.

Clive's disgust was considerable when he came to dinner at length, and found Lord Farintosh likewise invited, and sprawling in the drawing-room. His hopes of a *tête-à-tête* were over. Ethel and Lady Ann and my lord talked, as all people will, about their mutual acquaintance: what parties were coming off, who was going to marry whom, and so forth. And as the persons about whom they conversed were in their own station of life, and belonged to the fashionable world, of which Clive had but a slight knowledge, he chose to fancy that his cousin was giving herself airs, and to feel sulky and uneasy during their dialogue.

Miss Newcome had faults of her own, and was worldly enough, as perhaps the reader has begun to perceive; but in this instance, no harm, sure, was to be attributed to her. If two gossips in Aunt Honeyman's parlour had talked over the affairs of Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, Clive would not have been angry; but a young man of spirit not unfrequently mistakes his vanity for independence: and it

is certain that nothing is more offensive to us of the middle class than to hear the names of great folks constantly introduced into conversation.

So Clive was silent and ate no dinner, to the alarm of Hannah, who had put him to bed many a time, and always had a maternal eye over him. When he actually refused currant and raspberry tart, and custard, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Miss Honeyman, for which she had seen him absolutely cry in his childhood, the good Hannah was alarmed.

"Law, Master Clive!" she said, "do-ee eat some. Missis made it, you know she did;" and she insisted on bringing back the tart to him.

Lady Ann and Ethel laughed at this eagerness on the worthy old woman's part. "Do'ee eat some, Clive," says Ethel, imitating honest Mrs. Hicks, who had left the room.

"It's doosid good," remarked Lord Farintosh.

"Then do'ee eat some more," said Miss Newcome: on which the young nobleman, holding out his plate, observed with much affability, that the cook of the lodgings was really a stunner for tarts.

"The cook, dear me, it's not the *cook!*" cries Miss Ethel. "Don't you remember the princess in the Arabian Nights, who was such a stunner for tarts, Lord Farintosh?"

Lord Farintosh couldn't say that he did.

"Well, I thought not; but there was a princess in Arabia or China or somewhere, who made such delicious tarts and custards that nobody's could compare with them; and there is an old lady in Brighton who has the same wonderful talent. She is the mistress of this house."

"And she is my aunt, at your lordship's service," said Mr. Clive, with great dignity.

"Upon my honour! *did* you make 'em, Lady Ann?" asked my lord.

"The Queen of Hearts made tarts!" cried out Miss Newcome, rather eagerly, and blushing somewhat.

"My good old aunt, Miss Honeyman, made this one," Clive would go on to say.

"Mr. Honeyman's sister, the preacher, you know, where we go on Sunday," Miss Ethel interposed.

"The Honeyman pedigree is not a matter of very great importance," Lady Ann remarked gently. "Kuhn, will you have the goodness to take away these things? When did you hear of Colonel Newcome, Clive?"

An air of deep bewilderment and perplexity had spread over Lord Farintosh's fine countenance whilst this talk about pastry had been going on. The Arabian Princess, the Queen of Hearts making tarts, Miss Honeyman? Who the deuce were all these? Such may have been his lordship's doubts and queries. Whatever his cogitations were, he did not give utterance to them, but remained in silence for some time, as did the rest of the little party. Clive tried to think he had asserted his independence by showing that he was not ashamed of his old aunt; but the doubt may be whether there was any necessity for presenting her in this company, and whether Mr. Clive had not much better have left the tart question alone.

Ethel evidently thought so; for she talked and rattled in the most lively manner with Lord Farintosh for the rest of the evening, and scarcely chose to say a word to her cousin. Lady Ann was absent with Sir Brian and her children for the most part of the time; and thus Clive had the pleasure of listening to Miss Newcome uttering all sorts of odd little paradoxes, firing the while sly shots at Mr. Clive, and, indeed, making fun of his friends, exhibiting herself in not the most agreeable light. Her talk only served the more to bewilder Lord Farintosh, who did not understand a tithe of her allusions; for heaven, which had endowed the young Marquis with personal charms, a large estate, an ancient title and the pride belonging to it, had not supplied his lordship with a great quantity of brains, or a very feeling heart.

Lady Ann came back from the upper regions presently with rather a grave face, and saying that Sir Brian was not so well this evening, upon which the young men rose to depart. My lord said he had had "a most delightful dinner and a most delightful tart, 'pon his honour," and was the only one of the little company who laughed at his own remark. Miss Ethel's eyes flashed scorn at Mr. Clive when that unfortunate subject was introduced again.

My lord was going back to London to-morrow. Was Miss Newcome going back? Wouldn't he like to go back in the train with her! —another unlucky observation. Lady Ann said, "It would depend on the state of Sir Brian's health the next morning whether Ethel would return; and both of you gentlemen are too young to be her escort," added the kind lady. Then she shook hands with Clive, as thinking she had said something too severe for him.

Farintosh in the meantime was taking leave of Miss Newcome. "Pray, pray," said his lordship, "don't throw me over at Lady

Innishowan's. You know I hate balls and never go to 'em, except when you go. I hate dancing, I do, 'pon my honour."

"Thank you," said Miss Newcome, with a curtsey.

"Except with one person—only one person, upon my honour. I'll remember and get the invitation for your friend. And if you would but try that mare, I give you my honour I bred her at Codlington. She's a beauty to look at, and as quiet as a lamb."

"I don't want a horse like a lamb," replied the young lady.

"Well—she'll go like blazes now: and over timber she's splendid now. She is, upon my honour."

"When I come to London perhaps you may trot her out," said Miss Ethel, giving him her hand and a fine smile.

Clive came up biting his lips. "I suppose you don't condescend to ride Bhurtpore any more now?" he said.

"Poor old Bhurtpore! The children ride him now," said Miss Ethel—giving Clive at the same time a dangerous look of her eyes, as though to see if her shot had hit. Then she added, "No—he has not been brought up to town this year: he is at Newcome, and I like him very much." Perhaps she thought the shot had struck too deep.

"But if Clive was hurt he did not show his wound. "You have had him these four years—yes, it's four years since my father broke him for you. And you still continue to like him? What a miracle of constancy! You use him sometimes in the country—when you have no better horse—what a compliment to Bhurtpore!"

"Nonsense!" Miss Ethel here made Clive a sign in her most imperious manner to stay a moment when Lord Farintosh had departed.

But he did not choose to obey this order. "Good-night," he said. "Before I go I must shake hands with my aunt downstairs." And he was gone, following close upon Lord Farintosh, who I dare say thought, "Why the deuce can't he shake hands with his aunt up here?" and when Clive entered Miss Honeyman's back parlour, making a bow to the young nobleman, my lord went away more perplexed than ever; and the next day told friends at White's what uncommonly queer people those Newcomes were. "I give you my honour there was a fellow at Lady Ann's whom they call Clive, who is a painter by trade—his uncle is a preacher—his father is a horse-dealer, and his aunt lets lodgings and cooks the dinner."

CHAPTER V.

RETURNS TO SOME OLD FRIENDS.

THE haggard youth burst into my chambers, in the Temple, on the very next morning, and confided to me the story which has been just here narrated. When he had concluded it, with many ejaculations regarding the heroine of the tale, "I saw her, sir," he added, "walking with the children and Miss Cann as I drove round in the fly to the station—and didn't even bow to her."

"Why did you go round by the cliff?" asked Clive's friend. "That is not the way from the "Steyne Arms" to the railroad."

"Hang it," says Clive, turning very red, "I wanted to pass just under her windows, and if I saw her, *not* to see her: and that's what I did."

"Why did she walk on the cliff," mused Clive's friend, "at that early hour? Not to meet Lord Farintosh, I should think. He never gets up before twelve. It must have been to see you. Didn't you tell her you were going away in the morning?"

"I tell you what she does with me," continues Mr. Clive. "Sometimes she seems to like me, and then she leaves me. Sometimes she is quite kind—kind she always is—I mean, you know, Pen —*you* know what I mean; and then up comes the old Countess, or

a young Marquis, or some fellow with a handle to his name; and she whistles me off till the next convenient opportunity."

"Women are like that, my ingenuous youth," says Clive's counsellor.

"*I* won't stand it. *I* won't be made a fool of!" he continues. "She seems to expect everybody to bow to her, and moves through the world with her imperious airs. Oh, how confoundedly handsome she is with them! I tell you what. I feel inclined to tumble down and feel one of her pretty little feet on my neck and say, There! Trample my life out. Make a slave of me. Let me get a silver collar and mark 'Ethel' on it, and go through the world with my badge."

"And a blue ribbon for a footman to hold you by; and a muzzle to wear in the dog-days. Bow! wow!" says Mr. Pendennis.

(At this noise Mr. Warrington puts his head in from the neighbouring bed-chamber, and shows a beard just lathered for shaving. "We are talking sentiment! Go back till you are wanted!" says Mr. Pendennis. Exit he of the soap-suds.)

"Don't make fun of a fellow," Clive continues, laughing ruefully. "You see I *must* talk about it to somebody. I shall die if I don't. Sometimes, sir, I rise up in my might and I defy her lightning. The sarcastic dodge is the best: I have borrowed that from you, Pen, old boy. That puzzles her: that would beat her if I could but go on with it. But there comes a tone of her sweet voice, a look-out of those killing grey eyes, and all my frame is in a thrill and a tremble. When she was engaged to Lord Kew I did battle with the confounded passion—and I ran away from it like an honest man, and the gods rewarded me with ease of mind after a while. But now the thing rages worse than ever. Last night, I give you my honour, I heard every one of the confounded hours toll, except the last, when I was dreaming of my father, and the chamber-maid woke me with a hot-water jug."

"Did she scald you? What a cruel chamber-maid! I see you have shaven the mustachios off."

"Farintosh asked me whether I was going in the army," said Clive, "and she laughed. I thought I had best dock them. Oh, I would like to cut my head off as well as my hair!"

"Have you ever asked her to marry you?" asked Clive's friend.

"I have seen her but five times since my return from abroad,"

the lad went on; "there has been always somebody by. Who am I? a painter with five hundred a year for an allowance. Isn't she used to walk upon velvet and dine upon silver; and hasn't she got marquises and barons, and all sorts of swells, in her train? I daren't ask her—"

Here his friend hummed Montrose's lines—"He either fears his fate too much, or his desert is small, who dares not put it to the touch, and win or lose it all."

"I own I dare not ask her. If she were to refuse me, I know I should never ask again. This isn't the moment, when all Swelldom is at her feet, for me to come forward and say, 'Maiden, I have watched thee daily, and I think thou lovest me well.' I read that ballad to her at Baden, sir. I drew a picture of the Lord of Burleigh wooing the maiden, and asked what she would have done?"

"Oh, you *did?* I thought, when we were at Baden, we were so modest that we did not even whisper our condition?"

"A fellow can't help letting it be seen and hinting it," says Clive, with another blush. "They can read it in our looks fast enough; and what is going on in our minds, hang them! I recollect she said, in her grave, cool way, that after all the Lord and Lady of Burleigh did not seem to have made a very good marriage, and that the lady would have been much happier in marrying one of her own degree."

"That was a very prudent saying for a young lady of eighteen," remarks Clive's friend.

"Yes; but it was not an unkind one. Say Ethel thought—thought what was the case; and being engaged herself, and knowing how friends of mine had provided a very pretty little partner for me—she is a dear, good little girl, little Rosey; and twice as good, Pen, when her mother is away—knowing this and that, I say, suppose Ethel wanted to give me a hint to keep quiet, was she not right in the counsel she gave me? She is not fit to be a poor man's wife. Fancy Ethel Newcome going into the kitchen and making pies like Aunt Honeyman!"

"The Circassian beauties don't sell under so many thousand purses," remarked Mr. Pendennis. "If there's a beauty in a well-regulated Georgian family, they fatten her; they feed her with the best *Racahout des Arabes.* They give her silk robes and perfumed baths; have her taught to play on the dulcimer and dance and sing;

and when she is quite perfect, send her down to Constantinople for the Sultan's inspection. The rest of the family never think of grumbling, but eat coarse meat, bathe in the river, wear old clothes, and praise Allah for their sister's elevation. Bah! Do you suppose the Turkish system doesn't obtain all the world over? My poor Clive, this article in the May Fair Market is beyond your worship's price. Some things in this world are made for our betters, young man. Let Dives say grace for his dinner, and the dogs and Lazarus be thankful for the crumbs. Here comes Warrington, shaven and smart as if he was going out a-courting."

Thus it will be seen, that in his communication with certain friends who approached nearer to his own time of life, Clive was much more eloquent and rhapsodical than in the letter which he wrote to his father, regarding his passion for Miss Ethel. He celebrated her with pencil and pen. He was for ever drawing the outline of her head, the solemn eyebrow, the nose (that wondrous little nose), descending from the straight forehead, the short upper lip, and chin sweeping in a full curve to the neck, &c. &c. &c. A frequenter of his studio might see a whole gallery of Ethels there represented: when Mrs. Mackenzie visited that place, and remarked one face and figure repeated on a hundred canvases and papers, grey, white, and brown, I believe she was told that the original was a famous Roman model, from whom Clive had studied a great deal during his residence in Italy; on which Mrs. Mack gave it as her opinion that Clive was a sad wicked young fellow. The widow thought rather the better of him for being a sad wicked young fellow; and as for Miss Rosey, she, of course, was of mamma's way of thinking. Rosey went through the world constantly smiling at whatever occurred. She was good-humoured through the dreariest long evenings at the most stupid parties; sat good-humouredly for hours at Shoolbred's whilst mamma was making purchases; heard good-humouredly those old old stories of her mother's day after day; bore an hour's joking or an hour's scolding with equal good humour; and whatever had been the occurrences of her simple day, whether there was sunshine or cloudy weather, or flashes of lightning and bursts of rain, I fancy Miss Mackenzie slept after them quite undisturbedly, and was sure to greet the morrow's dawn with a smile.

Had Clive become more knowing in his travels, had Love or Experience opened his eyes, that they looked so differently now upon

objects which before used well enough to please them? It is a fact that, until he went abroad, he thought widow Mackenzie a dashing, lively, agreeable woman: he used to receive her stories about Cheltenham, the colonies, the balls at Government House, the observations which the Bishop made, and the peculiar attention of the Chief Justice to Mrs. Major MacShane, with the Major's uneasy behaviour—all these to hear at one time did Clive not ungraciously incline. "Our friend, Mrs. Mack," the good old Colonel used to say, "is a clever woman of the world, and has seen a great deal of company." That story of Sir Thomas Sadman dropping a pocket-handkerchief in his court at Colombo, which the Queen's Advocate O'Goggarty picked up, and on which Laura Mac S. was embroidered, whilst the Major was absolutely in the witness-box giving evidence against a native servant who had stolen one of his cocked-hats—that story always made good Thomas Newcome laugh, and Clive used to enjoy it too, and the widow's mischievous fun in narrating it; and now, behold, one day when Mrs. Mackenzie recounted the anecdote in her best manner to Messrs. Pendennis and Warrington, and Frederick Bayham, who had been invited to meet Mr. Clive in Fitzroy Square—when Mr. Binnie chuckled, when Rosey, as in duty bound, looked discomposed and said, "Law, mamma!"—not one sign of good humour, not one ghost of a smile, made its apparition on Clive's dreary face. He painted imaginary portraits with a strawberry stalk; he looked into his water-glass as though he would plunge and drown there; and Bayham had to remind him that the claret-jug was anxious to have another embrace from its constant friend, F. B. When Mrs. Mack went away distributing smiles, Clive groaned out, "Good heavens! how that story does bore me!" and lapsed into his former moodiness, not giving so much as a glance to Rosey, whose sweet face looked at him kindly for a moment, as she followed in the wake of her mamma.

"The mother's the woman for my money," I heard F. B. whisper to Warrington. "Splendid figure-head, sir—magnificent build, sir, from bows to stern—I like 'em of that sort. Thank you, Mr. Binnie, I *will* take a back-hander, as Clive don't seem to drink. The youth, sir, has grown melancholy with his travels; I'm inclined to think some noble Roman has stolen the young man's heart. Why did you not send us over a picture of the charmer, Clive? Young Ridley, Mr. Binnie, you will be happy to hear, is bidding fair to take a

distinguished place in the world of arts. His picture has been greatly admired; and my good friend Mrs. Ridley tells me that Lord Todmorden has sent him over an order to paint him a couple of pictures at a hundred guineas a-piece."

"I should think so. J. J.'s pictures will be worth five times a hundred guineas ere five years are over," says Clive.

"In that case it wouldn't be a bad speculation for our friend Sherrick," remarked F. B., "to purchase a few of the young man's works. I would, only I haven't the capital to spare. Mine has been vested in an Odessa venture, sir, in a large amount of wild oats, which up to the present moment make me no return. But it will always be a consolation to me to think that I have been the means —the humble means—of furthering that deserving young man's prospects in life."

"You, F. B.! and how?" we asked.

"By certain humble contributions of mine to the press," answered Bayham, majestically. "Mr. Warrington, the claret happens to stand with you; and exercise does it good, sir. Yes, the articles, trifling as they may appear, have attracted notice," continued F. B., sipping his wine with great gusto. "They are noticed, Pendennis, give me leave to say, by parties who don't value so much the literary or even the political part of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, though both, I am told by those who read them, are conducted with considerable—consummate ability. John Ridley sent a hundred pounds over to his father, the other day, who funded it in his son's name. And Ridley told the story to Lord Todmorden, when the venerable nobleman congratulated him on having such a child. I wish F. B. had one of the same sort, sir." In which sweet prayer we all of us joined with a laugh.

One of us had told Mrs. Mackenzie (let the criminal blush to own that quizzing his fellow-creatures used at one time to form part of his youthful amusement) that F. B. was the son of a gentleman of most ancient family and vast landed possessions, and as Bayham was particularly attentive to the widow, and grandiloquent in his remarks, she was greatly pleased by his politeness, and pronounced him a most *distingué* man—reminding her, indeed, of General Hopkirk, who commanded in Canada. And she bade Rosey sing for Mr. Bayham, who was in a rapture at the young lady's performances, and said no wonder such an accomplished daughter came from such a mother, though how such a mother could have a daughter of such an age,

he, F. B., was at a loss to understand. Oh, sir! Mrs. Mackenzie was charmed and overcome at this novel compliment. Meanwhile the little artless Rosey warbled on her pretty ditties.

"It *is* a wonder," growled out Mr. Warrington, "that that sweet girl can belong to such a woman. I don't understand much about women, but that one appears to me to be—hum!"

"What, George?" asked Warrington's friend.

"Well, an ogling, leering, scheming, artful old campaigner," grumbled the misogynist. "As for the little girl I should like to have her to sing to me all night long. Depend upon it she would make a much better wife for Clive than that fashionable cousin of his he is hankering after. I heard him bellowing about her the other day in chambers, as I was dressing. What the deuce does the boy want with a wife at all?" And Rosey's song being by this time finished, Warrington went up with a blushing face and absolutely paid a compliment to Miss Mackenzie—an almost unheard-of effort on George's part.

"I wonder whether it is every young fellow's lot," quoth George, as we trudged home together, "to pawn his heart away to some girl that's not worth the winning? Psha! it's all mad rubbish this sentiment. The women ought not to be allowed to interfere with us: married if a man must be, a suitable wife should be portioned out to him, and there an end of it. Why doesn't the young man marry this girl, and get back to his business and paint his pictures? Because his father wishes it—and the old Nabob yonder, who seems a kindly-disposed, easy-going old Heathen philosopher. Here's a pretty little girl; money I suppose in sufficiency—everything satisfactory, except, I grant you, the campaigner. The lad might daub his canvases, christen a child a year, and be as happy as any young donkey that browses on this common of ours—but he must go and heehaw after a zebra forsooth! a *lusus naturæ* is she! I never spoke to a woman of fashion, thank my stars—I don't know the nature of the beast; and since I went to our race-balls, as a boy, scarcely ever saw one; as I don't frequent operas and parties in London like you young flunkeys of the aristocracy. I heard you talking about this one, I couldn't help it, as my door was open and the young one was shouting like a madman. What! does he choose to hang on on sufferance and hope to be taken, provided Miss can get no better? Do you mean to say that is the genteel custom, and

that women in your confounded society do such things every day? Rather than have such a creature I would take a savage woman, who should nurse my dusky brood; and rather than have a daughter brought up to the trade I would bring her down from the woods and sell her in Virginia." With which burst of indignation our friend's anger ended for that night.

Though Mr. Clive had the felicity to meet his cousin Ethel at a party or two in the ensuing weeks of the season, every time he perused the features of Lady Kew's brass knocker in Queen Street, no result came of the visit. At one of their meetings in the world Ethel fairly told him that her grandmother would not receive him. "You know, Clive, I can't help myself: nor would it be proper to make you signs out of the window. But you must call for all that: grandmamma may become more good-humoured; or if you don't come she may suspect I told you not to come; and to battle with her day after day is no pleasure, sir, I assure you. Here is Lord Farintosh coming to take me to dance. You must not speak to me all the evening, mind that, sir," and away goes the young lady in a waltz with the Marquis.

On the same evening—as he was biting his nails, or cursing his fate, or wishing to invite Lord Farintosh into the neighbouring garden of Berkeley Square, whence the policeman might carry to the station-house the corpse of the survivor,—Lady Kew would bow to him with perfect graciousness; on other nights her ladyship would pass and no more recognise him than the servant who opened the door.

If she was not to see him at her grandmother's house, and was not particularly unhappy at his exclusion, why did Miss Newcome encourage Mr. Clive so that he should try and see *her*. If Clive could not get into the little house in Queen Street, why was Lord Farintosh's enormous cab-horse looking daily into the first-floor windows of that street? Why were little quiet dinners made for him, before the opera, before going to the play, upon a half-dozen occasions, when some of the old old Kew port was brought out of the cellar, where cobwebs had gathered round it ere Farintosh was born? The dining-room was so tiny that not more than five people could sit at the little round table: that is, not more than Lady Kew and her granddaughter, Miss Crochet, the late vicar's daughter, at Kewbury, one of the Miss Toadins, and Captain Walleye, or Tommy Henchman, Farintosh's kinsman and admirer, who were of no con-

sequence, or old Fred. Tiddler, whose wife was an invalid, and who was always ready at a moment's notice? Crackthorpe once went to one of these dinners, but that young soldier being a frank and high-spirited youth abused the entertainment and declined more of them. "I tell you what I was wanted for," the Captain told his mess and Clive at the Regent's Park Barracks afterwards, "I was expected to go as Farintosh's Groom of the Stole, don't you know, to stand, or if I could sit, in the back seat of the box, whilst His Royal Highness made talk with the Beauty; to go out and fetch the carriage, and walk downstairs with that d—— crooked old dowager, that looks as if she usually rode on a broomstick, by Jove, or else with that bony old painted sheep-faced companion, who's raddled like an old bell-wether. I think, Newcome, you seem to be rather hit by the Belle Cousine—so was I last season; so were ever so many of the fellows. By Jove, sir! there's nothing I know more comfortable or inspiritin' than a younger son's position, when a Marquis cuts in with fifteen thousand a year! We fancy we've been making running, and suddenly we find ourselves nowhere. Miss Mary, or Miss Lucy, or Miss Ethel, saving your presence, will no more look at us, than my dog will look at a bit of bread when I offer her this cutlet. Will you—old woman? no, you old slut, that you won't!" (to Mag, an Isle of Skye terrier, who, in fact, prefers the cutlet, having snuffed disdainfully at the bread)—"that you won't, no more than any of your sex. Why, do you suppose, if Jack's eldest brother had been dead —Barebones Belsize they used to call him (I don't believe he was a bad fellow, though he was fond of psalm-singing)—do you suppose that Lady Clara would have looked at that cock-tail Barney Newcome? Beg your pardon, if he's your cousin—but a more odious little snob I never saw."

"I give you up Barnes" said Clive, laughing; "anybody may shy at *him* and I shan't interfere."

"I understand, but at nobody else of the family. Well, what I mean is, that that old woman is enough to spoil any young girl she takes in hand. She dries 'em up, and poisons 'em, sir; and I was never more glad than when I heard that Kew had got out of her old clutches. Frank is a fellow that will always be led by some woman or another; and I'm only glad it should be a good one. They say his mother's serious, and that; but why shouldn't she be?" continues honest Crackthorpe, puffing his cigar with great energy. "They say

the old dowager doesn't believe in God nor devil: but that she's in such a funk to be left in the dark that she howls and raises the doose's own delight if her candle goes out. Toppleton slept next room to her at Groningham, and heard her; didn't you, Top?"

"Heard her howling like an old cat on the tiles," says Toppleton,—"thought she was at first. My man told me that she used to fling all sorts of things—boot-jacks and things, give you my honour—at her maid, and that the woman was all over black and blue."

"Capital head that is Newcome has done of Jack Belsize!" says Crackthorpe, from out of his cigar.

"And Kew's too—famous likeness! I say, Newcome, if you have 'em printed the whole brigade 'll subscribe. Make your fortune, see if you won't," cries Toppleton.

"He's such a heavy swell; he don't want to make his fortune," ejaculates Butts.

"Butts, old boy, he'll paint you for nothing, and send you to the Exhibition, where some widow will fall in love with you; and you shall be put as frontispiece for the 'Book of Beauty,' by Jove," cries another military satirist—to whom Butts:

"You hold your tongue, you old Saracen's Head; they're going to have you done on the bear's-grease pots. I say, I suppose Jack's all right now. When did he write to you last, Cracky?"

"He wrote from Palermo—a most jolly letter from him and Kew. He hasn't touched a card for nine months; is going to give up play. So is Frank, too, grown quite a good boy. So will you, too, Butts, you old miscreant, repent of your sins, pay your debts, and do something handsome for that poor deluded milliner in Albany Street. Jack says Kew's mother has written over to Lord Highgate a beautiful letter—and the old boy's relenting, and they'll come together again—Jack's eldest son, now you know. Bore for Lady Susan only having girls."

"Not a bore for Jack, though," cries another. And what a good fellow Jack was; and what a trump Kew is; and how famously he stuck by him: went to see him in prison and paid him out! and what good fellows we all are, in general, became the subject of the conversation, the latter part of which took place in the smoking-room of the Regent's Park Barracks, then occupied by that regiment of Life Guards of which Lord Kew and Mr. Belsize had been members. Both were still fondly remembered by their companions; and it was because Belsize had spoken very warmly of Clive's friendliness to him

that Jack's friend the gallant Crackthorpe had been interested in our hero, and found an opportunity of making his acquaintance.

With these frank and pleasant young men Clive soon formed a considerable intimacy: and if any of his older and peaceful friends chanced to take their afternoon airing in the Park, and survey the horsemen there, we might have the pleasure of beholding Mr. Newcome in Rotten Row, riding side by side with other dandies, who had mustachios blond or jet, who wore flowers in their buttons (themselves being flowers of spring), who rode magnificent thoroughbred horses, scarcely touching their stirrups with the tips of their varnished boots, and who kissed the most beautiful primrose-coloured kid gloves to lovely ladies passing them in the Ride. Clive drew portraits of half the officers of the Life Guards Green; and was appointed painter in ordinary to that distinguished corps. His likeness of the Colonel would make you die with laughing: his picture of the Surgeon was voted a masterpiece. He drew the men in the saddle, in the stable, in their flannel dresses, sweeping their flashing swords about, receiving lancers, repelling infantry,—nay, cutting a sheep in two, as some of the warriors are known to be able to do at one stroke. Detachments of Life Guardsmen made their appearance in Charlotte Street, which was not very distant from their barracks; the most splendid cabs were seen prancing before his door; and curly-whiskered youths, of aristocratic appearance, smoking cigars out of his painting-room window. How many times did Clive's next door neighbour, little Mr. Finch, the miniature painter, run to peep through his parlour blinds, hoping that a sitter was coming, and "a carriage-party" driving up! What wrath Mr. Scowler, A.R.A., was in, because a young hopo'mythumb dandy, who wore gold chains and his collars turned down, should spoil the trade, and draw portraits for nothing. Why did none of the young men come to Scowler? Scowler was obliged to own that Mr. Newcome had considerable talent, and a good knack at catching a likeness. He could not paint a bit, to be sure, but his heads in black and white were really tolerable; his sketches of horses very vigorous and life-like. Mr. Gandish said if Clive would come for three or four years into his academy he could make something of him. Mr. Smee shook his head, and said he was afraid that kind of loose, desultory study, that keeping of aristocratic company, was anything but favourable to a young artist—Smee, who would walk five miles to attend an evening party of ever so little a great man!

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH MR. CHARLES HONEYMAN APPEARS IN AN AMIABLE LIGHT.

MR. FREDERICK BAYHAM waited at Fitzroy Square while Clive was yet talking with his friends there, and favoured that gentleman with his company home to the usual smoky refreshment. Clive always rejoiced in F. B.'s society, whether he was in a sportive mood, or, as now, in a solemn and didactic vein. F. B. had been more than ordinarily majestic all the evening. "I daresay you find me a good deal altered, Clive," he remarked: "I *am* a good deal altered. Since that good Samaritan, your kind father, had compassion on a poor fellow fallen among thieves, (though I don't say, mind you, he was much better than his company,) F. B. has mended some of his ways. I am trying a course of industry, sir. Powers, perhaps naturally great, have been neglected over the wine cup and the die. I am beginning to feel my way; and my chiefs yonder, who have just walked home with their cigars in their mouths, and without as much as saying 'F. B., my boy, shall we go to the "Haunt" and have a cool lobster and a glass of table beer?'—which they certainly do not consider themselves to be,—I say, sir, the *Politician* and the *Literary Critic*" (there was a most sarcastic emphasis laid on these phrases, characterising Messrs. Warrington and Pendennis) "may find that there is a humble contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose name, may be, the amateur shall one day reckon even higher than their own. Mr. Warrington I do not say so much—he is an able man, sir, an able man; but there is that

about your exceedingly self-satisfied friend, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, which—well, well—let time show. You did not—get the—hem—paper at Rome and Naples, I suppose?"

"Forbidden by the Inquisition," says Clive, delighted; "and at Naples the king furious against it."

"I *don't wonder* they don't like it at Rome, sir. There's serious matter in it which may set the prelates of a certain church rather in a tremor. You haven't read—the—ahem—the Pulpit Pencillings in the *P. M. G.*? Slight sketches, mental and corporeal, of our chief divines now in London—and signed Laud Latimer?"

"I don't do much in that way," said Clive.

"So much the worse for you, my young friend. Not that I mean to judge any other fellow harshly—I mean any other fellow *sinner* harshly—or that I mean that those Pulpit Pencillings would be likely to do you any great good. But, such as they are, they have been productive of benefit. Thank you, Mary, my dear, the tap is uncommonly good, and I drink to your future husband's good health.—A glass of good sound beer refreshes after all that claret. Well, sir, to return to the Pencillings, pardon my vanity in saying, that though Mr. Pendennis laughs at them, they have been of essential service to the paper. They give it a character, they rally round it the respectable classes. They create correspondence. I have received many interesting letters, chiefly from females, about the Pencillings. Some complain that their favourite preachers are slighted; others applaud because the clergymen they sit under are supported by F. B. *I* am Laud Latimer, sir,—though I have heard the letters attributed to the Rev. Mr. Bunker, and to a Member of Parliament eminent in the religious world."

"So you are the famous Laud Latimer?" cries Clive, who had, in fact, seen letters signed by those right reverend names in our paper.

"Famous is hardly the word. One who scoffs at everything—I need not say I allude to Mr. Arthur Pendennis—would have had the letters signed—the Beadle of the Parish. He calls me the Venerable Beadle sometimes—it being, I grieve to say, his way to deride grave subjects. You wouldn't suppose now, my young Clive, that the same hand which pens the Art criticisms, occasionally, when his Highness Pendennis is lazy, takes a minor Theatre, or turns the sportive epigram, or the ephemeral paragraph, should adopt a grave theme on a Sunday, and chronicle the sermons of British Divines?

For eighteen consecutive Sunday evenings, Clive, in Mrs. Ridley's front parlour, which I now occupy, *vice* Miss Cann promoted, I have written the Pencillings—scarcely allowing a drop of refreshment, except under extreme exhaustion, to pass my lips. Pendennis laughs at the Pencillings. He wants to stop them; and says they bore the public.—I don't want to *think* a man is jealous, who was himself the cause of my engagement at the *P. M. G.*,—perhaps my powers were not developed then."

"Pen thinks he writes better now than when he began," remarked Clive; "I have heard him say so."

"His opinion of his own writings *is* high, whatever their date. Mine, sir, are only just coming into notice. They begin to know F. B., sir, in the sacred edifices of his metropolitan city. I saw the Bishop of London looking at me last Sunday week, and am sure his Chaplain whispered him, 'It's Mr. Bayham, my lord, nephew of your lordship's right reverend brother, the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy.' And last Sunday being at church—at Saint Mungo the Martyr's, Rev. S. Sawders—by Wednesday I got in a female hand—Mrs. Sawders's, no doubt—the biography of the Incumbent of St. Mungo; an account of his early virtues; a copy of his poems; and a hint that he was the gentleman destined for the vacant Deanery.

"Ridley is not the only man I have helped in this world," F. B. continued. "Perhaps I should blush to own it—I *do* blush: but I feel the ties of early acquaintance, and I own that I have puffed your uncle, Charles Honeyman, most tremendously. It was partly for the sake of the Ridleys and the tick he owes 'em: partly for old times' sake. Sir, are you aware that things are greatly changed with Charles Honeyman, and that the poor F. B. has very likely made his fortune?"

"I am delighted to hear it," cried Clive; "and how, F. B., have you wrought this miracle?"

"By common sense and enterprise, lad—by a knowledge of the world and a benevolent disposition. You'll see Lady Whittlesea's chapel bears a very different aspect now. That miscreant Sherrick owns that he owes me a turn, and has sent me a few dozen of wine—without any stamped paper on my part in return—as an acknowledgment of my service. It chanced, sir, soon after your departure for Italy, that going to his private residence respecting a little bill to

which a heedless friend had put his hand, Sherrick invited me to partake of tea in the bosom of his family. I was thirsty—having walked in from 'Jack Straw's Castle,' at Hampstead, where poor Kitely and I had been taking a chop—and accepted the proffered entertainment. The ladies of the family gave us music after the domestic muffin—and then, sir, a great idea occurred to me. You know how magnificently Miss Sherrick and the mother sing? They sang Mozart, sir. 'Why,' I asked of Sherrick, 'should those ladies who sing Mozart to a piano, not sing Handel to an organ?'

"'Dash it, you don't mean a hurdy-gurdy?'

"'Sherrick,' says I, 'you are no better than a Heathen ignoramus. I mean, why shouldn't they sing Handel's Church Music, and Church Music in general, in Lady Whittlesea's Chapel? Behind the screen up in the organ-loft, what's to prevent 'em? by Jingo! Your singing boys have gone to the "Cave of Harmony;" you and your choir have split—why should not these ladies lead it?' He caught at the idea. You never heard the chants more finely given—and they would be better still if the congregation would but hold their confounded tongues. It was an excellent though a harmless dodge, sir: and drew immensely, to speak profanely. They dress the part, sir, to admiration—a sort of nun-like costume they come in: Mrs. Sherrick has the soul of an artist still—by Jove, sir, when

they have once smelt the lamps, the love of the trade never leaves 'em. The ladies actually practised by moonlight in the Chapel, and came over to Honeyman's to an oyster afterwards. The thing took, sir. People began to take box—seats I mean again—and Charles Honeyman, easy in his mind through your noble father's generosity, perhaps inspirited by returning good fortune, has been preaching more eloquently than ever. He took some lessons of Husler, of the Haymarket, sir. His sermons are old, I believe; but so to speak, he has got them up with new scenery, dresses, and effects, sir. They have flowers, sir, about the buildin'—pious ladies are supposed to provide 'em, but, *entre nous*, Sherrick contracts for them with Nathan, or some one in Covent Garden. And—don't tell this now, upon your honour!"

"Tell what, F. B.?" says Clive.

"I got up a persecution against your uncle for Popish practices: summoned a meetin' at the 'Running Footman,' in Bolingbroke Street. Billings, the butterman; Sharwood, the turner and blacking maker; and the Honourable Phelim O'Curragh, Lord Scullabogue's son, made speeches. Two or three respectable families (your aunt, Mrs. What-d'you-call-'em Newcome amongst the number) quitted the Chapel in disgust—I wrote an article of controversial biography in the *P. M. G.;* set the business going in the daily press; and the thing was done, sir. That property is a paying one to the Incumbent, and to Sherrick over him. Charles's affairs are getting all right, sir. He never had the pluck to owe much, and if it be a sin to have wiped his slate clean, satisfied his creditors, and made Charles easy—upon my conscience, I must confess, that F. B. has done it. I hope I may never do anything worse in this life, Clive. It ain't bad to see him doing the martyr, sir: Sebastian riddled with paper pellets; Bartholomew on a cold gridiron. Here comes the lobster. Upon my word, Mary, a finer fish I've seldom seen."

Now surely this account of his uncle's affairs and prosperity was enough to send Clive to Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, and it was not because Miss Ethel had said that she and Lady Kew went there, that Clive was induced to go there too? He attended punctually on the next Sunday, and in the Incumbent's pew, whither the pew woman conducted him, sat Mr. Sherrick in great gravity, with large gold pins, who handed him, at the anthem, a large, new, gilt hymn-book.

An odour of millefleurs rustled by them as Charles Honeyman,

accompanied by his ecclesiastical valet, passed the pew from the vestry, and took his place at the desk. Formerly he used to wear a flaunting scarf over his surplice, which was very wide and full; and Clive remembered when as a boy he entered the sacred robing-room, how his uncle used to pat and puff out the scarf and the sleeves of his vestment, arrange the natty curl on his forehead, and take his place, a fine example of florid church decoration Now the scarf was trimmed down to be as narrow as your neckcloth, and hung loose and straight over the back; the ephod was cut straight and as close and short as might be,—I believe there was a little trimming of lace to the narrow sleeves, and a slight arabesque of tape, or other substance, round the edge of the surplice. As for the curl on the forehead, it was no more visible than the Maypole in the Strand, or the Cross at Charing. Honeyman's hair was parted down the middle, short in front, and curling delicately round his ears and the back of his head. He read the service in a swift manner, and with a gentle twang. When the music began, he stood with head on one side, and two slim fingers on the book, as composed as a statue in a mediæval niche. It was fine to hear Sherrick, who had an uncommonly good voice, join in the musical parts of the service. The produce of the market-gardener decorated the church here and there; and the impresario of the establishment having picked up a Flemish painted window from old Moss in Wardour Street, had placed it in his chapel. Labels of faint green and gold, with long gothic letters painted thereon, meandered over the organ-loft and galleries, and strove to give as mediæval a look to Lady Whittlesea's as the place was capable of assuming.

In the sermon Charles dropped the twang with the surplice, and the priest gave way to the preacher. He preached short stirring discourses on the subjects of the day. It happened that a noble young prince, the hope of a nation and heir of a royal house, had just then died by a sudden accident. Absalom, the son of David, furnished Honeyman with a parallel. He drew a picture of the two deaths, of the grief of kings, of the fate that is superior to them. It was, indeed, a stirring discourse, and caused thrills through the crowd to whom Charles imparted it. "Famous, ain't it?" says Sherrick, giving Clive a hand when the rite was over. "How he's come out, hasn't he? Didn't think he had it in him." Sherrick seemed to have become of late impressed with the splendour of

Charles's talents, and spoke of him—was it not disrespectful?—as a manager would of a successful tragedian. Let us pardon Sherrick: he had been in the theatrical way. "That Irishman was no go at all," he whispered to Mr. Newcome, "got rid of him,—let's see, at Michaelmas."

On account of Clive's tender years and natural levity, a little inattention may be allowed to the youth, who certainly looked about him very eagerly during the service. The house was filled by the ornamental classes, the bonnets of the newest Parisian fashion. Away in a darkling corner, under the organ, sat a squad of footmen. Surely that powdered one in livery wore Lady Kew's colours? So Clive looked under all the bonnets, and presently spied old Lady Kew's face, as grim and yellow as her brass knocker, and by it Ethel's beauteous countenance. He dashed out of church when the congregation rose to depart. "Stop and see Honeyman, won't you?" asked Sherrick, surprised.

"Yes, yes; come back again," said Clive, and was gone.

He kept his word, and returned presently. The young Marquis and an elderly lady were in Lady Kew's company. Clive had passed close under Lady Kew's venerable Roman nose without causing that organ to bow in ever so slight a degree towards the ground. Ethel had recognised him with a smile and a nod. My lord was whispering one of his noble pleasantries in her ear. She laughed at the speech or the speaker. The steps of a fine belozenged carriage were let down with a bang. The Yellow One had jumped up behind it, by the side of his brother Giant Canary. Lady Kew's equipage had disappeared, and Mrs. Canterton's was stopping the way.

Clive returned to the chapel by the little door near to the Vestiarium. All the congregation had poured out by this time. Only two ladies were standing near the pulpit; and Sherrick, with his hands rattling his money in his pockets, was pacing up and down the aisle.

"Capital house, Mr. Newcome, wasn't it? I counted no less than fourteen nobs. The Princess of Montcontour and her husband, I suppose, that chap with the beard, who yawns so during the sermon. I'm blessed, if I didn't think he'd have yawned his head off. Countess of Kew, and her daughter; Countess of Canterton, and the Honourable Miss Fetlock—no, Lady Fetlock. A Countess's daughter is a lady, I'm dashed if she ain't. Lady Glenlivat and her sons; the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh, and Lord 'Enry

Lady Wittlesea's Chapel. Lady Kew's carriage stops the way.

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Roy; that makes seven—no, nine—with the Prince and Princess.—Julia, my dear, you came out like a good un to-day. Never heard you in finer voice. Remember Mr. Clive Newcome?"

Mr. Clive made bows to the ladies, who acknowledged him by graceful curtsies. Miss Sherrick was always looking to the vestry-door.

"How's the old Colonel? The best feller—excuse my calling him a feller—but he is, and a good one too. I went to see Mr. Binnie, my other tenant. He looks a little yellow about the gills, Mr. Binnie. Very proud woman that is who lives with him—uncommon haughty. When will you come down and take your mutton in the Regent's Park, Mr. Clive? There's some tolerable good wine down there. Our reverend gent drops in and takes a glass, don't he, Missis?"

"We shall be most 'appy to see Mr. Newcome, I'm sure," says the handsome and good-natured Mrs. Sherrick. "Won't we, Julia?"

"Oh, certainly," says Julia, who seems rather absent. And behold at this moment the reverend gent enters from the vestry. Both the ladies run towards him, holding forth their hands.

"Oh, Mr. Honeyman! What a sermon! Me and Julia cried so

up in the organ-loft; we thought you would have heard us. Did we, Julia?"

"Oh, yes," says Julia, whose hand the pastor is now pressing.

"When you described the young man, I thought of my poor b didn't I, Julia?" cries the mother, with tears streaming down her fa

"We had a loss more than ten years ago," whispers Sherrick Clive gravely. "And she's always thinking of it. Women are so.'

Clive was touched and pleased by this exhibition of kind feelin

"You know his mother was an Absalom," the good wife continu pointing to her husband. "Most respectable diamond merchai in ——"

"Hold your tongue, Betsy, and leave my poor old mother alo do now," says Mr. Sherrick, darkly. Clive is in his uncle's fo embrace by this time, who rebukes him for not having called Walpole Street.

"Now, when will you two gents come up to my shop to 'ave family dinner?" asks Sherrick.

"Ah, Mr. Newcome, do come," says Julia in her deep rich voi looking up to him with her great black eyes. And if Clive had be a vain fellow like some folks, who knows but he might have thoug he had made an impression on the handsome Julia.

"Thursday, now make it Thursday, if Mr. H. is disengag Come along, girls, for the flies bites the ponies when they're a standi still, and makes 'em mad this weather. Anything you like for dinn Cut of salmon and cucumber? No, pickled salmon's best t weather."

"Whatever you give me, you know I'm thankful!" says Hon man, in a sweet sad voice, to the two ladies, who were standi looking at him, the mother's hand clasped in the daughter's.

"Should you like that Mendelssohn for the Sunday after nex Julia sings it splendid!"

"No, I don't, ma."

"You do, dear! She's a good, good *dear*, Mr. H., that's w she is."

"You must not call—a—him, in that way. *Don't* say Mr. H ma," says Julia.

"Call me what you please!" says Charles, with the most hea rending simplicity; and Mrs. Sherrick straightway kisses her daught Sherrick meanwhile has been pointing out the improvement of t

chapel to Clive (which now has indeed a look of the Gothic Hall at Rosherville), and has confided to him the sum for which he screwed the painted window out of old Moss. "When he come to see it up in this place, sir, the old man was mad, I give you my word! His son ain't no good: says he knows you. He's such a screw, that chap, that he'll overreach himself, mark my words. At least, he'll never die rich. Did you ever hear of *me* screwing? No, I spend my money like a man. How those girls are a goin' on about their music with Honeyman. I don't let 'em sing in the evening, or him do duty more than once a day; and you can calc'late how the music draws, because in the evenin' there ain't half the number of people here. Rev. Mr. Journyman does the duty now—quiet Hoxford man—ill, I suppose, this morning. H. sits in his pew, where we was, and coughs; that's to say, I told him to cough. The women like a consumptive parson, sir. Come, gals!"

Clive went to his uncle's lodgings, and was received by Mr. and Mrs. Ridley with great glee and kindness. Both of those good people had made it a point to pay their duty to Mr. Clive immediately on his return to England, and thank him over and over again for his kindness to John James. Never, never would they forget his goodness, and the Colonel's, they were sure. A cake, a heap of biscuits, a pyramid of jams, six frizzling hot mutton chops, and four kinds of wine, came bustling up to Mr. Honeyman's room twenty minutes after Clive had entered it,—as a token of the Ridleys' affection for him.

Clive remarked, with a smile, the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon a side-table, and in the chimney-glass almost as many cards as in the time of Honeyman's early prosperity. That he and his uncle should be very intimate together, was impossible, from the nature of the two men; Clive being frank, clear-sighted, and imperious; Charles, timid, vain, and double-faced, conscious that he was a humbug, and that most people found him out, so that he would quiver and turn away, and be more afraid of young Clive and his direct straightforward way, than of many older men. Then there was the sense of the money transactions between him and the Colonel, which made Charles Honeyman doubly uneasy. In fine, they did not like each other; but, as he is a connection of the most respectable Newcome family, surely he is entitled to a page or two in these their memoirs.

Thursday came, and with it Mr. Sherrick's entertainment, to which also Mr. Binnie and his party had been invited to meet Colonel Newcome's son. Uncle James and Rosey brought Clive in their carriage; Mrs. Mackenzie sent a headache as an apology. She chose to treat Uncle James's landlord with a great deal of hauteur, and to be angry with her brother for visiting such a person. "In fact, you see how fond I must be of dear little Rosey, Clive, that I put up with all mamma's tantrums for her sake," remarks Mr. Binnie.

"Oh, uncle!" says little Rosey, and the old gentleman stopped her remonstrances with a kiss.

"Yes," says he, "your mother *does* have tantrums, Miss; and though you never complain, there's no reason why I shouldn't. You will not tell on me" (it was "Oh, uncle!" again); "and Clive won't, I am sure. This little thing, sir," James went on, holding Rosey's pretty little hand and looking fondly in her pretty little face, "is her old uncle's only comfort in life. I wish I had had her out to India to me, and never come back to this great dreary town of yours. But I was tempted home by Tom Newcome; and I'm too old to go back, sir. Where the stick falls let it lie. Rosey would have been whisked out of my house, in India, in a month after I had her there. Some young fellow would have taken her away from me; and now she has promised never to leave her old Uncle James, hasn't she?"

"No, never, uncle," said Rosey.

"*We* don't want to fall in love, do we, child? We don't want to be breaking our hearts like some young folks, and dancing attendance at balls night after night, and capering about in the Park to see if we can get a glimpse of the beloved object, eh, Rosey?"

Rosey blushed. It was evident that she and Uncle James both knew of Clive's love affair. In fact, the front seat and back seat of the carriage both blushed. And as for the secret, why Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Hobson had talked it a hundred times over.

"This little Rosey, sir, has promised to take care of me on this side of Styx," continued Uncle James; "and if she could but be left alone, and to do it without mamma—there, I won't say a word more against her—we should get on none the worse."

"Uncle James, I must make a picture of you, for Rosey," said Clive, good-humouredly. And Rosey said, "Oh, thank you, Clive,"

and held out that pretty little hand, and looked so sweet and kind and happy, that Clive could not but be charmed at the sight of so much innocence and candour.

"Quasty peecoly Rosiny," says James, in a fine Scotch Italian, "e la piu bella, la piu cara, ragazza ma la mawdry e il diav——"

"Don't, uncle!" cried Rosey, again; and Clive laughed at Uncle James's wonderful outbreak in a foreign tongue.

"Eh! I thought ye didn't know a word of the sweet language, Rosey! It's just the Lenguy Toscawny in Bocky Romawny that I thought to try in compliment to this young monkey who has seen the world." And by this time Saint John's Wood was reached; and Mr. Sherrick's handsome villa, at the door of which the three beheld the Rev. Charles Honeyman stepping out of a neat brougham.

The drawing-room contained several pictures of Mrs. Sherrick when she was in the theatrical line, Smee's portrait of her, "which was never half handsome enough for my Betsy," Sherrick said indignantly, the print of her in Artaxerxes, with her signature as Elizabeth Folthorpe (not in truth a fine spocimen of caligraphy), the testimonial presented to her on the conclusion of the triumphal season of 18—, at Drury Lane, by her ever grateful friend, Adolphus Smacker, Lessee, who of course went to law with her next year, and other Thespian emblems. But Clive remarked, with not a little amusement, that the drawing-room tables were now covered with a number of those books which he had seen at Madame de Montcontour's, and many French and German ecclesiastical gimcracks, such as are familiar to numberless readers of mine. There were the Lives of "St. Botibol of Islington," and "St. Willibald of Bareacres;" with pictures of those confessors. Then there was the "Legend of Margery Dawe, Virgin and Martyr," with a sweet double frontispiece, representing (1) the sainted woman selling her feather-bed for the benefit of the poor; and (2) reclining upon straw, the leanest of invalids. There was "Old Daddy Longlegs, and how he was brought to say his Prayers; a Tale for Children, by a Lady," with a preface dated St. Chad's Eve, and signed "C. H." "The Rev. Charles Honeyman's Sermons, delivered at Lady Whittlesea's Chapel," "Poems of Early Days, by Charles Honeyman, A.M." "The Life of good Dame Whittlesea," by do. do. Yes, Charles had come out in the literary line; and there in a basket was a strip of Berlin work,

of the very same Gothic pattern which Madame de Montcontour was weaving, and which you afterwards saw round the pulpit of Charles's chapel. Rosey was welcomed most kindly by the kind ladies; and as the gentlemen sat over their wine after dinner in the summer evening, Clive beheld Rosey and Julia pacing up and down the lawn, Miss Julia's arm round her little friend's waist: he thought they would make a pretty little picture.

"My girl ain't a bad one to look at, is she?" said the pleased father. "A fellow might look far enough, and see not prettier than them two."

Charles sighed out that there was a German print, the "Two Leonoras," which put him in mind of their various styles of beauty.

"I wish I could paint them," said Clive.

"And why not, sir?" asks his host. "Let me give you your first commission now, Mr. Clive; I wouldn't mind paying a good bit for a picture of my Julia. I forget how much old Smee got for Betsy's, the old humbug!"

Clive said it was not the will, but the power that was deficient. He succeeded with men, but the ladies were too much for him as yet.

"Those you've done up at Albany Street Barracks are famous: I've seen 'em," said Mr. Sherrick; and remarking that his guest looked rather surprised at the idea of his being in such company, Sherrick said, "What, you think they are too great swells for me? Law bless you, I often go there. I've business with several of 'em; had with Captain Belsize, with the Earl of Kew, who's every inch the gentleman—one of nature's aristocracy, and paid up like a man. The Earl and me has had many dealings together."

Honeyman smiled faintly, and nobody complying with Mr. Sherrick's boisterous entreaties to drink more, the gentlemen quitted the dinner-table, which had been served in a style of prodigious splendour, and went to the drawing-room for a little music.

This was all of the gravest and best kind; so grave indeed, that James Binnie might be heard in a corner giving an accompaniment of little snores to the singers and the piano. But Rosey was delighted with the performance, and Sherrick remarked to Clive, "That's a good gal, that is; I like that gal; she ain't jealous of Julia cutting her out in the music, but listens as pleased as any one. She's a sweet little pipe of her own, too. Miss Mackenzie, if ever you like

to go to the opera, send a word either to my West End or my City office. I've boxes every week, and you're welcome to anything I can give you."

So all agreed that the evening had been a very pleasant one; and they of Fitzroy Square returned home talking in a most comfortable friendly way—that is, two of them, for Uncle James fell asleep again, taking possession of the back seat; and Clive and Rosey prattled together. He had offered to try and take all the young ladies' likenesses. "You know what a failure the last was, Rosey?"—he had very nearly said "dear Rosey."

"Yes, but Miss Sherrick is so handsome, that you will succeed better with her than with my round face, Mr. Newcome."

"Mr. *What?*" cries Clive.

"Well, Clive, then," says Rosey, in a little voice.

He sought for a little hand which was not very far away. "You know we are like brother and sister, dear Rosey?" he said this time.

"Yes," said she, and gave a little pressure of the hand. And then Uncle James woke up; and it seemed as if the whole drive didn't occupy a minute, and they shook hands very very kindly at the door of Fitzroy Square.

Clive made a famous likeness of Miss Sherrick, with which Mr. Sherrick was delighted, and so was Mr. Honeyman, who happened to call upon his nephew once or twice when the ladies happened to be sitting. Then Clive proposed to the Rev. Charles Honeyman to take *his* head off; and made an excellent likeness in chalk of his uncle—that one, in fact, from which the print was taken, which you may see any day at Hogarth's, in the Haymarket, along with a whole regiment of British divines. Charles became so friendly, that he was constantly coming to Charlotte Street, once or twice a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sherrick came to look at the drawing, and were charmed with it; and when Rosey was sitting, they came to see her portrait, which again was not quite so successful. One Monday, the Sherricks and Honeyman too happened to call to see the picture of Rosey, who trotted over with her uncle to Clive's studio, and they all had a great laugh at a paragraph in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, evidently from F. B.'s hand, to the following effect:—

"CONVERSION IN HIGH LIFE.—A foreign nobleman of princely rank, who has married an English lady, and has resided among us

for some time, is likely, we hear and trust, to join the English Church. The Prince de M—ntc—nt—r has been a constant attendant at Lady Whittlesea's chapel, of which the Rev. C. Honeyman is the eloquent incumbent; and it is said this sound and talented divine has been the means of awakening the prince to a sense of the erroneous doctrines in which he has been bred. His ancestors were Protestant, and fought by the side of Henry IV. at *Ivry*. In Louis XIV.'s time, they adopted the religion of that persecuting monarch. We sincerely trust that the present heir of the house of Ivry will see fit to return to the creed which his forefathers so unfortunately abjured."

The ladies received this news with perfect gravity; and Charles uttered a meek wish that it might prove true. As they went away, they offered more hospitalities to Clive and Mr. Binnie and his niece. They liked the music, would they not come and hear it again?

When they had departed with Mr. Honeyman, Clive could not help saying to Uncle James, "Why are those people always coming here; praising me; and asking me to dinner? Do you know, I can't help thinking that they rather want me as a pretender for Miss Sherrick?"

Binnie burst into a loud guffaw, and cried out, "O vanitas vanitawtum!" Rosey laughed too.

"I don't think it any joke at all," said Clive.

"Why, you stupid lad, don't you see it is Charles Honeyman the girl's in love with?" cried Uncle James. "Rosey saw it in the very first instant we entered their drawing-room three weeks ago."

"Indeed, and how?" asked Clive.

"By—by the way she looked at him," said little Rosey.

CHAPTER VII.

A STAG OF TEN.

HE London season was very nearly come to an end, and Lord Farintosh had danced I don't know how many times with Miss Newcome, had drunk several bottles of the old Kew port, had been seen at numerous breakfasts, operas, races, and public places by the young lady's side, and had not as yet made any such proposal as Lady Kew expected for her granddaughter. going to see his military friends in the Regent's Park once, and Captain Butts's portrait in barracks, heard two or three young

talking, and one say to another, "I bet you three to two

Farintosh don't marry her, and I bet you even that he don't ask her." Then as he entered Mr. Butts's room, where these gentlemen were conversing, there was a silence and an awkwardness. The young fellows were making an "event" out of Ethel's marriage, and sporting their money freely on it.

To have an old countess hunting a young marquis so resolutely, that all the world should be able to look on and speculate whether her game would be run down by that staunch toothless old pursuer—that is an amusing sport, isn't it? and affords plenty of fun and satisfaction to those who follow the hunt. But for a heroine of a story, be she ever so clever, handsome, and sarcastic, I don't think for my part, at this present stage of the tale, Miss Ethel Newcome occupies a very dignified position. To break her heart in silence for Tomkins, who is in love with another; to suffer no end of poverty, starvation, capture by ruffians, ill-treatment by a bullying husband, loss of beauty by the small-pox, death even at the end of the volume; all these mishaps a young heroine may endure (and has endured in romances over and over again), without losing the least dignity, or suffering any diminution of the sentimental reader's esteem. But a girl of great beauty, high temper, and strong natural intellect, who submits to be dragged hither and thither in an old grandmother's leash, and in pursuit of a husband who will run away from the couple, such a person, I say, is in a very awkward position as a heroine; and I declare if I had another ready to my hand (and unless there were extenuating circumstances), Ethel should be deposed at this very sentence.

But a novelist must go on with his heroine, as a man with his wife, for better or worse, and to the end. For how many years have the Spaniards borne with their gracious queen, not because she was faultless, but because she was there. So Chambers and grandees cried, "God save her," Alabarderos turned out, drums beat, cannons fired, and people saluted Isabella Segunda, who was no better than the humblest washerwoman of her subjects. Are *we* much better than our neighbours? Do we never yield to our peculiar temptation, our pride, or our avarice, or our vanity, or what not? Ethel is very wrong certainly. But recollect, she is very young. She is in other people's hands. She has been bred up and governed by a very worldly family, and taught their traditions. We would hardly, for instance—the staunchest Protestant in England would hardly be angry

with poor Isabella Segunda for being a Catholic. So if Ethel worships at a certain image which a great number of good folks in England bow to, let us not be too angry with her idolatry, and bear with our queen a little longer before we make our pronunciamento.

No, Miss Newcome, yours is not a dignified position in life, however you may argue that hundreds of people in the world are doing like you. Oh, me! what a confession it is, in the very outset of life and blushing brightness of youth's morning, to own that the aim with which a young girl sets out, and the object of her existence, is to marry a rich man; that she was endowed with beauty so that she might buy wealth, and a title with it; that as sure as she has a soul to be saved, her business here on earth is to try and get a rich husband. That is the career for which many a woman is bred and trained. A young man begins the world with some aspirations at least; he will try to be good and follow the truth; he will strive to win honours for himself, and never do a base action; he will pass nights over his books, and forego ease and pleasure so that he may achieve a name. Many a poor wretch who is worn out now and old, and bankrupt of fame and money too, has commenced life at any rate with noble views and generous schemes, from which weakness, idleness, passion, or overpowering hostile fortune have turned him away. But a girl of the world, *bon Dieu!* the doctrine with which she begins is that she is to have a wealthy husband: the article of Faith in her catechism is, "I believe in elder sons, and a house in town, and a house in the country!" They are mercenary as they step fresh and blooming into the world out of the nursery. They have been schooled there to keep their bright eyes to look only on the Prince and the Duke, Crœsus and Dives. By long cramping and careful process, their little natural hearts have been squeezed up, like the feet of their fashionable little sisters in China. As you see a pauper's child, with an awful premature knowledge of the pawn-shop, able to haggle at market with her wretched halfpence, and battle bargains at hucksters' stalls, you shall find a young beauty, who was a child in the school-room a year since, as wise and knowing as the old practitioners on that exchange; as economical of her smiles, as dexterous in keeping back or producing her beautiful wares, as skilful in setting one bidder against another, as keen as the smartest merchant in Vanity Fair.

If the young gentlemen of the Life Guards Green who were

talking about Miss Newcome and her suitors were silent when Clive appeared amongst them, it was because they were aware not only of his relationship to the young lady, but his unhappy condition regarding her. Certain men there are who never tell their love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheeks; others again must be not always thinking, but talking about the darling object. So it was not very long before Captain Crackthorpe was taken into Clive's confidence, and through Crackthorpe very likely the whole mess became acquainted with his passion. These young fellows, who had been early introduced into the world, gave Clive small hopes of success, putting to him, in their downright phraseology, the point of which he was already aware, that Miss Newcome was intended for his superiors, and that he had best not make his mind uneasy by sighing for those beautiful grapes which were beyond his reach.

But the good-natured Crackthorpe, who had a pity for the young painter's condition, helped him so far (and gained Clive's warmest thanks for his good offices), by asking admission for Clive to certain evening parties of the *beau-monde*, where he had the gratification of meeting his charmer. Ethel was surprised and pleased, and Lady Kew surprised and angry at meeting Clive Newcome at these fashionable houses; the girl herself was touched very likely at his pertinacity in following her. As there was no actual feud between them, she could not refuse now and again to dance with her cousin; and thus he picked up such small crumbs of consolation as a youth in his state can get; lived upon six words vouchsafed to him in a quadrille, or brought home a glance of the eyes which she had presented to him in a waltz, or the remembrance of a squeeze of the hand on parting or meeting. How eager he was to get a card to this party or that! how attentive to the givers of such entertainments! Some friends of his accused him of being a tuft-hunter and flatterer of the aristocracy, on account of his politeness to certain people; the truth was, he wanted to go wherever Miss Ethel was; and the ball was blank to him which she did not attend.

This business occupied not only one season, but two. By the time of the second season, Mr. Newcome had made so many acquaintances, that he needed few more introductions into society. He was very well known as a good-natured handsome young man, and a very good waltzer, the only son of an Indian officer of large

wealth, who chose to devote himself to painting, and who was supposed to entertain an unhappy fondness for his cousin the beautiful Miss Newcome. Kind folks who heard of this little *tendre*, and were sufficiently interested in Mr. Clive, asked him to their houses in consequence. I daresay those people who were good to him may have been themselves at one time unlucky in their own love affairs.

When the first season ended without a declaration from my lord, Lady Kew carried off her young lady to Scotland, where it also so happened that Lord Farintosh was going to shoot, and people made what surmises they chose upon this coincidence. Surmises, why not? You who know the world, know very well that if you see Mrs. So-and-so's name in the list of people at an entertainment, on looking down the list you will presently be sure to come on Mr. Whatd'youcall'em's. If Lord and Lady Blank, of Suchandsuch Castle, received a distinguished circle (including Lady Dash), for Christmas or Easter, without reading farther the names of the guests, you may venture on any wager that Captain Asterisk is one of the company. These coincidences happen every day; and some people are so anxious to meet other people, and so irresistible is the magnetic sympathy I suppose, that they will travel hundreds of miles in the worst of weather to see their friends, and break your door open almost, provided the friend is inside it.

I am obliged to own the fact, that for many months Lady Kew hunted after Lord Farintosh. This rheumatic old woman went to Scotland, where, as he was pursuing the deer, she stalked his lordship: from Scotland she went to Paris, where he was taking lessons in dancing at the Chaumière; from Paris to an English country-house, for Christmas, where he was expected, but didn't come—not being, his professor said, quite complete in the polka, and so on. If Ethel were privy to these manœuvres, or anything more than an unwittingly consenting party, I say we would depose her from her place of heroine at once. But she was acting under her grandmother's orders, a most imperious, irresistible, managing old woman, who exacted everybody's obedience, and managed everybody's business in her family. Lady Ann Newcome being in attendance on her sick husband, Ethel was consigned to the Countess of Kew, her grandmother, who hinted that she should leave Ethel her property when dead, and whilst alive expected the girl should go about with her. She had and wrote as many letters as a Secretary of State almost.

She was accustomed to set off without taking any body's advice, or announcing her departure until within an hour or two of the event. In her train moved Ethel, against her own will, which would have led her to stay at home with her father, but at the special wish and order of her parents. Was such a sum as that of which Lady Kew had the disposal (Hobson Brothers knew the amount of it quite well) to be left out of the family? Forbid it all ye powers! Barnes—who would have liked the money himself, and said truly that *he* would live with his grandmother anywhere she liked if he could get it,—Barnes joined most energetically with Sir Brian and Lady Ann in ordering Ethel's obedience to Lady Kew. You know how difficult it is for one young woman not to acquiesce when the family council strongly orders. In fine, I hope there was a good excuse for the queen of this history, and that it was her wicked domineering old prime minister who led her wrong. Otherwise, I say, we would have another dynasty. Oh, to think of a generous nature, and the world, and nothing but the world, to occupy it!—of a brave intellect, and the milliner's bandboxes, and the scandal of the coteries, and the fiddle-faddle etiquette of the court for its sole exercise! of the rush and hurry from entertainment to entertainment; of the constant smiles and cares of representation; of the prayerless rest at night, and the awaking to a godless morrow! This was the course of life to which Fate, and not her own fault altogether, had for a while handed over Ethel Newcome. Let those pity her who can feel their own weakness and misgoing; let those punish her who are without fault themselves.

Clive did not offer to follow her to Scotland. He knew quite well that the encouragement he had had was only of the smallest; that as a relation she received him frankly and kindly enough, but checked him when he would have adopted another character. But it chanced that they met in Paris, whither he went in the Easter of the ensuing year, having worked to some good purpose through the winter, and despatched, as on a former occasion, his three or four pictures, to take their chance at the Exhibition.

Of these it is our pleasing duty to be able to corroborate, to some extent, Mr. F. Bayham's favourable report. Fancy sketches and historical pieces our young man had eschewed; having convinced himself either that he had not an epic genius, or that to draw portraits of his friends was a much easier task than that which he had set himself

formerly. Whilst all the world was crowding round a pair of J. J.'s little pictures, a couple of chalk heads were admitted into the Exhibition, (his great picture of Captain Crackthorpe on horseback, in full uniform, I must own, was ignominiously rejected,) and the friends of the parties had the pleasure of recognising in the miniature room, No. 1246, "Portrait of an Officer,"—viz., Augustus Butts, Esq., of the Life Guards Green; and "Portrait of the Rev. Charles Honeyman," No. 1272. Miss Sherrick the hangers refused; Mr. Binnie, Clive had spoiled, as usual, in the painting; the chalk heads, however, before named, were voted to be faithful likenesses, and executed in a very agreeable and spirited manner. F. Bayham's criticism on these performances, it need not be said, was tremendous. Since the days of Michael Angelo you would have thought there never had been such drawings. In fact, F. B., as some other critics do, clapped his friends so boisterously on the back, and trumpeted their merits with such prodigious energy as to make his friends themselves sometimes uneasy.

Mr. Clive, whose good father was writing home more and more wonderful accounts of the Bundelcund Bank, in which he had engaged, and who was always pressing his son to draw for more money, treated himself to comfortable rooms at Paris, in the very same hotel where the young Marquis of Farintosh occupied lodgings much more splendid, and where he lived, no doubt, so as to be near the professor, who was still teaching his lordship the polka. Indeed, it must be said that Lord Farintosh made great progress under this artist, and that he danced very much better in his third season than in the first and second years after he had come upon the town. From the same instructor the Marquis learned the latest novelties in French conversation, the choicest oaths and phrases (for which he was famous), so that although his French grammar was naturally defective, he was enabled to order a dinner at Phillipe's, and to bully a waiter, or curse a hackney coachman with extreme volubility. A young nobleman of his rank was received with the distinction which was his due by the French sovereign of that period; and at the Tuileries, and the houses of the French nobility which he visited, Monsieur le Marquis de Farintosh excited considerable remark by the use of some of the phrases which his young professor had taught to him. People even went so far as to say that the Marquis was an awkward and dull young man, of the very worst manners.

Whereas the young Clive Newcome—and it comforted the poor fellow's heart somewhat, and be sure pleased Ethel, who was looking on at his triumphs—was voted the most charming young Englishman who had been seen for a long time in our salons. Madame de Florac, who loved him as a son of her own, actually went once or twice into the world in order to see his *début*. Madame de Montcontour inhabited a part of the "Hôtel de Florac," and received society there. The French people did not understand what bad English she talked, though they comprehended Lord Farintosh's French blunders. "Monsieur Newcome is an artist! What a noble career!" cries a great French lady, the wife of a Marshal, to the astonished Miss Newcome. "This young man is the cousin of the charming Mees? You must be proud to possess such a nephew, Madame!" says another French lady to the Countess of Kew (who, you may be sure, is delighted to have such a relative). And the French lady invites Clive to her receptions expressly in order to make herself agreeable to the old Comtesse. Before the cousins have been three minutes together in Madame de Florac's salon, she sees that Clive is in love with Ethel Newcome. She takes the boy's hand and says "*J'ai votre secret, mon ami;*" and her eyes regard him for a moment as fondly, as tenderly, as ever they looked at his father. Oh, what tears have they shed, gentle eyes! Oh, what faith has it kept, tender heart! If love lives through all life; and survives through all sorrow; and remains steadfast with us through all changes; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly; and, if we die, deplores us for ever, and loves still equally; and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom—whence it passes with the pure soul, beyond death; surely it shall be immortal! Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in Heaven? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love? Forty years have passed away. Youth and dearest memories revisit her, and Hope almost wakes up again out of its grave, as the constant lady holds the young man's hand, and looks at the son of Thomas Newcome.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "HÔTEL DE FLORAC."

SINCE the death of the Duc d'Ivry, the husband of Mary Queen of Scots, the Comte de Florac, who is now the legitimate owner of the ducal title, does not choose to bear it, but continues to be known in the world by his old name. The old Count's world is very small. His doctor, and his director, who comes daily to play his game of picquet; his daughter's children, who amuse him by their laughter, and play round his chair in the garden of his hotel; his faithful wife, and one or two friends as old as himself, form his society. His son the Abbé is with them but seldom. The austerity of his manners frightens his old father, who can little comprehend the religionism of the new school. After going to hear his son preach through Lent at Notre Dame, where the Abbé de Florac gathered a great congregation, the old Count came away quite puzzled at his son's declamations. "I do not understand your new priests," he says; "I knew my son had become a Cordélier; I went to hear him, and found he was a Jacobin. Let me make my salut in quiet, my good Léonore. My director answers for me, and plays a game at trictrac into the bargain with me." Our history has but little to do with this venerable nobleman. He has his chamber looking out into the garden of his hotel; his faithful old domestic to wait upon him; his House of Peers to attend when he is well enough; his few acquaintances to help him to pass the evening. The rest of the hotel he gives up to his son, the Vicomte de Florac, and Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, his daughter-in-law.

When Florac has told his friends of the Club why it is he has assumed a new title—as a means of reconciliation (a reconciliation all philosophical, my friends) with his wife, *née* Higg of Manchester, who adores titles like all Anglaises, and has recently made a great succession, everybody allows that the measure was dictated by prudence, and there is no more laughter at his change of name. The Princess takes the first floor of the hotel at the price paid for it by the American General, who has returned to his original pigs at

Cincinnati. Had not Cincinnatus himself pigs on his farm, and was he not a general and member of Congress too? The honest Princess has a bed-chamber, which, to her terror, she is obliged to open on reception-evenings, when gentlemen and ladies play cards there. It is fitted up in the style of Louis XVI. In her bed is an immense looking-glass, surmounted by stucco cupids: it is an alcove which some powdered Venus, before the Revolution, might have reposed in. Opposite that looking-glass, between the tall windows, at some forty feet distance, is another huge mirror, so that when the poor Princess is in bed, in her prim old curl-papers, she sees a vista of elderly princesses twinkling away into the dark perspective; and is so frightened that she and Betsy, her Lancashire maid, pin up the jonquil silk curtains over the bed-mirror after the first night; though the Princess never can get it out of her head that her image is still there, behind the jonquil hangings, turning as she turns, waking as she wakes, &c. The chamber is so vast and lonely that she has a bed made for Betsy in the room. It is, of course, whisked away into a closet on reception-evenings. A boudoir, rose-tendre, with more cupids and nymphs, by Boucher, sporting over the door-panels—nymphs who may well shock old Betsy and her old mistress—is the Princess's morning-room. "Ah, Mum, what would Mr. Humper at Manchester, Mr. Jowls of Newcome" (the minister whom, in early days, Miss Higgs used to sit under) "say if they was browt into this room!" But there is no question of Mr. Jowls and Mr. Humper, excellent dissenting divines, who preached to Miss Higg, being brought into the Princesse de Montcontour's boudoir.

That paragraph, respecting a conversion in high life, which F. B. in his enthusiasm inserted in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, caused no small excitement in the Florac family. The Florac family read the *Pall Mall Gazette*, knowing that Clive's friends were engaged in that periodical. When Madame de Florac, who did not often read newspapers, happened to cast her eye upon that poetic paragraph of F. B.'s, you may fancy with what a panic it filled the good and pious lady. Her son become a Protestant! After all the grief and trouble his wildness had occasioned to her, Paul forsake his religion! But that her husband was so ill and aged as not to be able to bear her absence, she would have hastened to London to rescue her son out of that perdition. She sent for her younger son, who undertook the embassy; and the Prince and Princesse de Montcontour, in their

hotel at London, were one day surprised by the visit of the Abbé de Florac.

As Paul was quite innocent of any intention of abandoning his religion, the mother's kind heart was very speedily set at rest by her envoy. Far from Paul's conversion to Protestantism, the Abbé wrote home the most encouraging accounts of his sister-in-law's precious dispositions. He had communications with Madame de Montcontour's Anglican director, a man of not powerful mind, wrote M. l'Abbé, though of considerable repute for eloquence in his sect. The good dispositions of his sister-in-law were improved by the French clergyman, who could be most captivating and agreeable when a work of conversion was in hand. The visit reconciled the family to their English relative, in whom good-nature and many other good qualities were to be seen now that there were hopes of reclaiming her. It was agreed that Madame de Montcontour should come and inhabit the "Hôtel de Florac" at Paris: perhaps the Abbé tempted the worthy lady by pictures of the many pleasures and advantages she would enjoy in that capital. She was presented at her own court by the French ambassadress of that day; and was received at the Tuileries with a cordiality which flattered and pleased her.

Having been presented herself, Madame la Princesse in turn presented to her august sovereign Mrs. T. Higg and Miss Higg, of Manchester, Mrs. Samuel Higg, of Newcome; the husbands of those ladies (the Princess's brothers) also sporting a court-dress for the first time. Sam Higg's neighbour, the member for Newcome, Sir Brian Newcome, Bart., was too ill to act as Higg's sponsor before Majesty; but Barnes Newcome was uncommonly civil to the two Lancashire gentlemen; though their politics were different to his, and Sam had voted against Sir Brian at his last election. Barnes took them to dine at a club, recommended his tailor, and sent Lady Clara Pulleyn to call on Mrs. Higg, who pronounced her to be a pretty young woman and most haffable. The Countess of Dorking would have been delighted to present these ladies had the Princess not luckily been in London to do that office. The Hobson Newcomes were very civil to the Lancashire party, and entertained them splendidly at dinner. I believe Mrs. and Mr. Hobson themselves went to court this year, the latter in a deputy-lieutenant's uniform.

If Barnes Newcome was so very civil to the Higg family, we may suppose he had good reason. The Higgs were very strong in New-

come, and it was advisable to conciliate them. They were very rich, and their account would not be disagreeable at the Bank. Madame de Montcontour's—a large easy private account—would be more pleasant still. And, Hobson Brothers having entered largely into the Anglo-Continental Railway, whereof mention has been made, it was a bright thought of Barnes to place the Prince of Montcontour, &c. &c., on the French Direction of the railway; and to take the princely prodigal down to Newcome with his new title, and reconcile him to his wife and the Higg family. Barnes, we may say, invented the principality: rescued the Vicomte de Florac out of his dirty lodgings in Leicester Square, and sent the Prince of Montcontour back to his worthy middle-aged wife again. The disagreeable dissenting days were over. A brilliant young curate of Doctor Bulders, who also wore long hair, straight waistcoats, and no shirt-collars, had already reconciled the Vicomtesse de Florac to the persuasion, whereof the ministers are clad in that queer uniform. The landlord of their hotel in St. James's got his wine from Sherrick, and sent his families to Lady Whittlesea's Chapel. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's eloquence and amiability were appreciated by his new disciple—thus the historian has traced here step by step how all these people became acquainted.

Sam Higg, whose name was very good on 'Change in Manchester and London, joined the direction of the Anglo-Continental. A brother had died lately, leaving his money amongst them, and his wealth had added considerably to Madame de Florac's means; his sister invested a portion of her capital in the railway in her husband's name. The shares were at a premium, and gave a good dividend. The Prince de Montcontour took his place with great gravity at the Paris board, whither Barnes made frequent flying visits. The sense of capitalism sobered and dignified Paul de Florac: at the age of five and forty he was actually giving up being a young man, and was not ill pleased at having to enlarge his waistcoats, and to show a little gray in his mustachio. His errors were forgotten: he was *bien vu* by the government. He might have had the Embassy Extraordinary to Queen Pomaré; but the health of Madame la Princesse was delicate. He paid his wife visits every morning, appeared at her parties and her opera box, and was seen constantly with her in public. He gave quiet little dinners still, at which Clive was present sometimes; and had a private door and key to his apartments, which were separated by all the dreary length of the reception-rooms from the mirrored

chamber and jonquil couch where the Princess and Betsy reposed. When some of his London friends visited Paris, he showed us these rooms, and introduced us duly to Madame la Princesse. He was as simple and as much at home in the midst of these splendours as in the dirty little lodgings in Leicester Square, where he painted his own boots, and cooked his herring over the tongs. As for Clive, he was the infant of the house; Madame la Princesse could not resist his kind face, and Paul was as fond of him in his way as Paul's mother in hers. Would he live at the "Hôtel de Florac"? "There was an excellent atélier in the pavillon, with a chamber for his servant. No! you will be most at ease in apartments of your own. You will have here but the society of women. I do not rise till late; and my affairs, my board, call me away for the greater part of the day. Thou wilt but be ennuyé to play trictrac with my old father. My mother waits on him. My sister au second is given up entirely to her children, who always have the *pituite*. Madame la Princesse is not amusing for a young man. Come and go when thou wilt, Clive, my garçon, my son; thy cover is laid. Wilt thou take the portraits of all the family? Hast thou want of money? I had at thy age and almost ever since, *mon ami;* but now we swim in gold; and when there is a louis in my purse, there are ten francs for thee." To show his mother that he did not think of the Reformed Religion, Paul did not miss going to mass with her on Sunday. Sometimes Madame Paul went too, between whom and her mother-in-law there could not be any liking, but there was now great civility. They saw each other once a day; Madame Paul always paid her visit to the Comte de Florac; and Betsy, her maid, made the old gentleman laugh by her briskness and talk. She brought back to her mistress the most wonderful stories which the old man told her about his doings during the emigration—before he married Madame la Comtesse—when he gave lessons in dancing, parbleu! There was his fiddle still, a trophy of those old times. He chirped, and coughed, and sang, in his cracked old voice, as he talked about them. "Lor! bless you, mum," says Betsy, "he must have been a terrible old man!" He remembered the times well enough, but the stories he sometimes told over twice or thrice in an hour. I am afraid he had not repented sufficiently of those wicked old times; else why did he laugh and giggle so when he recalled them? He would laugh and giggle till he was choked with his old cough; and old Saint Jean, his

man, came and beat M. le Comte on the back, and made M. le Comte take a spoonful of his syrup.

Between two such women as Madame de Florac and Lady Kew, of course, there could be little liking or sympathy. Religion, love, duty, the family, were the French lady's constant occupation,—duty and the family, perhaps, Lady Kew's aim too,—only the notions of duty were different in either person. Lady Kew's idea of duty to her relatives being to push them on in the world: Madame de Florac's to soothe, to pray, to attend them with constant watchfulness, to strive to mend them with pious counsel. I don't know that one lady was happier than the other. Madame de Florac's eldest son was a kindly prodigal; her second had given his whole heart to the church; her daughter had centred hers on her own children, and was jealous if their grandmother laid a finger on them. So Léonore de Florac was quite alone. It seemed as if Heaven had turned away all her children's hearts from her. Her daily business in life was to nurse a selfish old man, into whose service she had been forced in early youth, by a paternal decree which she never questioned; giving him obedience, striving to give him respect, —everything but her heart, which had gone out of her keeping. Many a good woman's life is no more cheerful; a spring of beauty, a little warmth and sunshine of love, a bitter disappointment, followed by pangs and frantic tears, then a long monotonous story of submission. "Not here, my daughter, is to be your happiness," says the priest; "whom Heaven loves it afflicts." And he points out to her the agonies of suffering saints of her sex; assures her of their present beatitudes and glories; exhorts her to bear her pains with a faith like theirs; and is empowered to promise her a like reward.

The other matron is not less alone. Her husband and son are dead, without a tear for either,—to weep was not in Lady Kew's nature. Her grandson, whom she had loved perhaps more than any human being, is rebellious and estranged from her; her children separated from her, save one whose sickness and bodily infirmity the mother resents as disgraces to herself. Her darling schemes fail somehow. She moves from town to town, and ball to ball, and hall to castle, for ever uneasy and always alone. She sees people scared at her coming; is received by sufferance and fear rather than by welcome; likes perhaps the terror which she inspires, and to enter over the breach rather than through the hospitable gate.

She will try and command wherever she goes; and trample over dependants and society, with a grim consciousness that it dislikes her, a rage at its cowardice, and an unbending will to domineer. To be old, proud, lonely, and not have a friend in the world—that is her lot in it. As the French lady may be said to resemble the bird which the fables say feeds her young with her blood; this one, if she has a little natural liking for her brood, goes hunting hither and thither and robs meat for them. And so, I suppose, to make the simile good, we must compare the Marquis of Farintosh to a lamb for the nonce, and Miss Ethel Newcome to a young eaglet. Is it not a rare provision of nature (or fiction of poets, who have their own natural history,) that the strong-winged bird can soar to the sun and gaze at it, and then come down from heaven and pounce on a piece of carrion?

After she became acquainted with certain circumstances, Madame de Florac was very interested about Ethel Newcome, and strove in her modest way to become intimate with her. Miss Newcome and Lady Kew attended Madame de Montcontour's Wednesday evenings. "It is as well, my dear, for the interests of the family that we should be particularly civil to these people," Lady Kew said; and accordingly she came to the "Hôtel de Florac," and was perfectly insolent to Madame la Princesse every Wednesday evening. Towards Madame de Florac even Lady Kew could not be rude. She was so gentle as to give no excuse for assault: Lady Kew vouchsafed to pronounce that Madame de Florac was "très grande-dame,"—"of the sort which is almost impossible to find now-a-days," Lady Kew said, who thought she possessed this dignity in her own person. When Madame de Florac, blushing, asked Ethel to come and see her, Ethel's grandmother consented with the utmost willingness. "She is very *dévote* I have heard, and will try and convert you. Of course you will hold your own about that sort of thing; and have the good sense to keep off theology. There is no Roman Catholic *parti* in England or Scotland that is to be thought of for a moment. You will see they will marry young Lord Derwentwater to an Italian princess; but he is only seventeen, and his directors never lose sight of him. Sir Bartholomew Fawkes will have a fine property when Lord Campion dies, unless Lord Campion leaves the money to the convent where his daughter is—and, of the other families, who is there? I made every inquiry purposely—that is, of course, one is

anxious to know about the Catholics as about one's own people: and little Mr. Rood, who was one of my poor brother Steyne's lawyers, told me there is not one young man of that party at this moment who can be called a desirable person. Be very civil to Madame de Florac; she sees some of the old legitimists, and you know I am *brouillée* with that party of late years."

"There is the Marquis de Montluc, who has a large fortune for France," said Ethel, gravely; "he has a hump-back, but he is very spiritual. Monsieur de Cadillan paid me some compliments the other night, and even asked George Barnes what my *dot* was. He is a widower, and has a wig and two daughters. Which do you think would be the greatest incumbrance, grandmamma,—a hump-back, or a wig and two daughters? I like Madame de Florac; for the sake of the borough, I must try and like poor Madame de Montcontour, and I will go and see them whenever you please."

So Ethel went to see Madame de Florac. She was very kind to Madame de Préville's children, Madame de Florac's grandchildren; she was gay and gracious with Madame de Montcontour. She went again and again to the "Hôtel de Florac," not caring for Lady Kew's own circle of statesmen and diplomatists, Russian, and Spanish, and French, whose talk about the courts of Europe,—who was in favour at St. Petersburg, and who was in disgrace at Schoenbrunn—naturally did not amuse the lively young person. The goodness of Madame de Florac's life, the tranquil grace and melancholy kindness with which the French lady received her, soothed and pleased Miss Ethel. She came and reposed in Madame de Florac's quiet chamber, or sat in the shade in the sober old garden of her hotel; away from all the trouble and chatter of the salons, the gossip of the embassies, the fluttering ceremonial of the Parisian ladies' visits in their fine toilettes, the *fadaises* of the dancing dandies, and the pompous mysteries of the old statesmen who frequented her grandmother's apartment. The world began for her at night; when she went in the train of the old Countess from hotel to hotel, and danced waltz after waltz with Prussian and Neapolitan secretaries, with princes' officers of ordonnance,—with personages even more lofty very likely,—for the court of the Citizen King was then in its splendour; and there must surely have been a number of nimble young royal highnesses who would like to dance with such a beauty as Miss Newcome. The Marquis of Farintosh had a share in these polite amusements. His

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The Marquis "en Montagnard."

English conversation was not brilliant as yet, although his French was eccentric; but at the court balls, whether he appeared in his uniform of the Scotch Archers, or in his native Glenlivat tartan, there certainly was not in his own or the public estimation a handsomer young nobleman in Paris that season. It has been said that he was greatly improved in dancing; and, for a young man of his age, his whiskers were really extraordinarily large and curly.

Miss Newcome, out of consideration for her grandmother's strange antipathy to him, did not inform Lady Kew that a young gentleman by the name of Clive occasionally came to visit the "Hôtel de Florac." At first, with her French education, Madame de Florac never would have thought of allowing the cousins to meet in her house; but with the English it was different. Paul assured her that in the English châteaux, *les Meess* walked for entire hours with the young men, made parties of the fish, mounted to horse with them, the whole with the permission of the mothers. "When I was at Newcome, Miss Ethel rode with me several times," Paul said; "*à preuve* that we went to visit an old relation of the family, who adores Clive and his father." When Madame de Florac questioned her son about the young Marquis to whom it was said Ethel was engaged, Florac flouted the idea. "Engaged! This young Marquis is engaged to the Théâtre des Variétés, my mother. He laughs at the notion of an engagement. When one charged him with it of late at the club; and asked how Mademoiselle Louqsor—she is so tall, that they call her the Louqsor—she is an *Odalisque Obélisque*, ma mère; when one asked how the Louqsor would pardon his pursuit of Miss Newcome? my Ecossois permitted himself to say in full club, that it was Miss Newcome pursued him,—that nymph, that Diane, that charming and peerless young creature! On which, as the others laughed, and his friend Monsieur Walleye applauded, I dared to say in my turn, 'Monsieur le Marquis, as a young man, not familiar with our language, you have said what is not true, Milor, and therefore luckily not mischievous. I have the honour to count of my friends the parents of the young lady of whom you have spoken. You never could have intended to say that a young Miss who lives under the guardianship of her parents, and is obedient to them, whom you meet in society all the nights, and at whose door your carriage is to be seen every day, is capable of that with which you charge her so gaily. These things say themselves, Monsieur, in

the *coulisses* of the theatre, of women from whom you learn ou language; not of young persons pure and chaste, Monsieur d Farintosh! Learn to respect your compatriots; to honour yout and innocence everywhere, Monsieur!—and when you forget yoursel permit one who might be your father to point where you are wrong.'

"And what did he answer?" asked the Countess.

"I attended myself to a *soufflet*," replied Florac; "but his repl was much more agreeable. The young insulary, with many blushe and a *gros juron*, as his polite way is, said he had not wished to say word against that person. 'Of whom the name,' cried I, 'ought neve to be spoken in these places.' Herewith our little dispute ended."

So, occasionally, Mr. Clive had the good luck to meet with hi cousin at the "Hôtel de Florac," where, I dare say, all the inhabitant wished he should have his desire regarding this young lady. Th Colonel had talked early to Madame de Florac about this wish of hi life, impossible then to gratify, because Ethel was engaged to Lor Kew. Clive, in the fulness of his heart, imparted his passion t Florac, and in answer to Paul's offer to himself, had shown th Frenchman that kind letter in which his father bade him carry ai to "Léonore de Florac's son," in case he should need it. The cas was all clear to the lively Paul. "Between my mother and your goo Colonel there must have been an affair of the heart in the early day during the emigration." Clive owned his father had told him a much, at least that he himself had been attached to Mademoiselle d Blois. "It is for that that her heart yearns towards thee, that I hav felt myself *entrained* towards thee since I saw thee"—Clive momen arily expected to be kissed again. "Tell thy father that I feel—ai touched by his goodness with an eternal gratitude, and love ever one that loves my mother." As far as wishes went, these two wer eager promoters of Clive's little love affair; and Madame la Princess became equally not less willing. Clive's good looks and good-natu had had their effects upon that good-natured woman, and he was a great a favourite with her as with her husband. And thus it hap pened that when Miss Ethel came to pay her visit, and sat wit Madame de Florac and her grandchildren in the garden, Mr. New come would sometimes walk up the avenue there, and salute th ladies.

If Ethel had not wanted to see him, would she have come Yes; she used to say she was going to Madame de Préville's, not t

Madame de Florac's, and would insist, I have no doubt, that it *was* Madame de Préville whom she went to see, (whose husband was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a Conseiller d'État, or other French big-wig,) and that she had no idea of going to meet Clive, or that he was more than a casual acquaintance at the "Hôtel de Florac." There was no part of her conduct in all her life which this lady, when it was impugned, would defend more strongly than this intimacy at the "Hôtel de Florac." It is not with this I quarrel especially. My fair young readers, who have seen a half-dozen of seasons, can you call to mind the time when you had such a friendship for Emma Tomkins, that you were always at the Tomkins's, and notes were constantly passing between your house and hers? When her brother, Paget Tomkins, returned to India, did not your intimacy with Emma fall off? If your younger sister is not in the room, I know you will own as much to me. I think you are always deceiving yourselves and other people. I think the motive you put forward is very often not the real one; though you will confess, neither to yourself, nor to any human being, what the real motive is. I think that what you desire you pursue, and are as selfish in your way as your bearded fellow creatures are. And as for the truth being in you, of all the women in a great acquaintance, I protest there are but—never mind. A perfectly honest woman, a woman who never flatters, who never manages, who never cajoles, who never conceals, who never uses her eyes, who never speculates on the effect which she produces, who never is conscious of unspoken admiration, what a monster, I say, would such a female be! Miss Hopkins, you have been a coquette since you were a year old; you worked on your papa's friends in the nurse's arms by the fascination of your lace frock and pretty new sash and shoes; when you could just toddle, you practised your arts upon other children in the square, poor little lambkins sporting among the daisies; and *nunc in ovilia, mox in reluctantes dracones*, proceeding from the lambs to reluctant dragoons, you tried your arts upon Captain Paget Tomkins, who behaved so ill, and went to India without—without making those proposals which of course you never expected. Your intimacy was with Emma. It has cooled. Your sets are different. The Tomkins's are not *quite*, &c. &c. You believe Captain Tomkins married a Miss O'Grady, &c. &c. Ah, my pretty, my sprightly Miss Hopkins, be gentle in your judgment of your neighbours!

CHAPTER IX.

CONTAINS TWO OR THREE ACTS OF A LITTLE COMEDY.

LL this story is told by or who, if he was not actua present at the circumstanc here narrated, yet had inf mation concerning them, a could supply such a narrati of facts and conversations is, indeed, not less authen than the details we have other histories. How can tell the feelings in a you lady's mind; the thoughts a young gentleman's boson —As Professor Owen or Pr fessor Agassiz takes a fragment of a bone, and builds an enormo forgotten monster out of it, wallowing in primæval quagmires, tearir down leaves and branches of plants that flourished thousands of yea ago, and perhaps may be coal by this time—so the novelist puts th and that together: from the footprint finds the foot; from the foo the brute who trode on it; from the brute, the plant he browsed o the marsh in which he swam—and thus, in his humble way a physi logist too, depicts the habits, size, appearance of the beings where he has to treat;—traces this slimy reptile through the mud, a describes his habits filthy and rapacious; prods down this butter with a pin, and depicts his beautiful coat and embroidered waistcoa points out the singular structure of yonder more important anim the megatherium of his history.

Suppose then, in the quaint old garden of the "Hôtel de Flora two young people are walking up and down in an avenue of lim trees, which are still permitted to grow in that ancient place. In th centre of that avenue is a fountain, surmounted by a Triton so gr and moss-eaten, that though he holds his conch to his swelling lip

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curling his tail in the arid basin, his instrument has had a sinecure for at least fifty years; and did not think fit even to play when the Bourbons, in whose time he was erected, came back from their exile. At the end of the lime-tree avenue is a broken-nosed damp Faun, with a marble panpipe, who pipes to the spirit ditties which I believe never had any tune. The *perron* of the hotel is at the other end of the avenue; a couple of Cæsars on either side of the door-window, from which the inhabitants of the hotel issue into the garden—Caracalla frowning over his mouldy shoulder at Nerva, on to whose clipped hair the roofs of the gray chateau have been dribbling for ever so many long years. There are more statues gracing this noble place. There is Cupid, who has been at the point of kissing Psyche this half-century at least, though the delicious event has never come off through all those blazing summers and dreary winters; there is Venus and her Boy under the damp little dome of a cracked old temple. Through the alley of this old garden, in which their ancestors have disported in hoops and powder, Monsieur de Florac's chair is wheeled by St. Jean, his attendant; Madame de Préville's children trot about, and skip, and play at cache-cache. The R. P. de Florac (when at home) paces up and down and meditates his sermons; Madame de Florac sadly walks sometimes to look at her roses; and Clive and Ethel Newcome are marching up and down; the children, and their bonne of course, being there jumping to and fro; and Madame de Florac, having just been called away to Monsieur le Comte, whose physician has come to see him.

Ethel says, "How charming and odd this solitude is; and how pleasant to hear the voices of the children playing in the neighbouring Convent Garden," of which they can see the new Chapel rising over the trees.

Clive remarks that "the neighbouring hotel has curiously changed its destination. One of the members of the Directory had it; and, no doubt, in the groves of its garden, Madame Tallien, and Madame Récamier, and Madame Beauharnais have danced under the lamps. Then a Marshal of the Empire inhabited it. Then it was restored to its legitimate owner, Monsieur le Marquis de Bricquabracque, whose descendants, having a law-suit about the Bricquabracque succession, sold the hotel to the Convent."

After some talk about nuns, Ethel says, "There were convents in

England. She often thinks she would like to retire to one;" and she sighs as if her heart were in that scheme.

Clive, with a laugh, says, "Yes. If you could retire after the season, when you were very weary of the balls, a convent would be very nice. At Rome he had seen San Pietro in Montorio and Sant Onofrio, that delightful old place where Tasso died: people go and make a retreat there. In the ladies' convents, the ladies do the same thing—and he doubts whether they are much more or less wicked, after their retreat, than gentlemen and ladies in England or France."

Ethel. Why do you sneer at all faith? Why should not a retreat do people good? Do you suppose the world is so satisfactory, that those who are in it never wish for a while to leave it? (*She heaves a sigh and looks down towards a beautiful new dress of many flounces, which Madame de Flouncival, the great milliner, has sent her home that very day.*)

Clive. I do not know what the world is, except from afar off. I am like the Peri who looks into Paradise and sees angels within it. I live in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, which is not within the gates of Paradise. I take the gate to be somewhere in Davies Street, leading out of Oxford Street into Grosvenor Square. There's another gate in Hay Hill: and another in Bruton Street, Bond ——

Ethel. Don't be a goose.

Clive. Why not? It is as good to be a goose as to be a lady—no, a gentleman of fashion. Suppose I were a Viscount, an Earl, a Marquis, a Duke, would you say Goose? No, you would say Swan.

Ethel. Unkind and unjust!—ungenerous to make taunts which common people make: and to repeat to me those silly sarcasms which your low *Radical literary* friends are always putting in their books! Have I ever made any difference to *you?* Would I not sooner see you than the fine people? Would I talk with you, or with the young dandies most willingly? Are we not of the same blood, Clive; and of all the grandees I see about, can there be a grander gentleman than your dear old father? You need not squeeze my hand so.—Those little imps are look——that has nothing to do with the question. Viens, Léonore! Tu connais bien Monsieur, n'est, ce pas? qui te fait de si jolis desseins?

Léonore. Ah, oui! Vous m'en ferez toujours, n'est-ce pas, Monsieur Clive? des chevaux, et puis de petites filles avec leurs

gouvernantes, et puis des maisons—et puis—et puis des maisons encore—où est bonne Maman? [*Exit little* LEONORE *down an alley.*

Ethel. Do you remember when we were children, and you used to make drawings for us? I have some now that you did—in my geography book, which I used to read and read with Miss Quigley.

Clive. I remember all about our youth, Ethel.

Ethel. Tell me what you remember?

Clive. I remember one of the days, when I first saw you, I had been reading the "Arabian Nights" at school—and you came in in a bright dress of shot silk, amber and blue—and I thought you were like that fairy-princess who came out of the crystal box—because——

Ethel. Because why?

Clive. Because I always thought that fairy somehow must be the most beautiful creature in all the world—that is, "why and because." Do not make me May Fair curtsies. You know whether you are good-looking or not; and how long I have thought you so. I remember when I thought I would like to be Ethel's knight, and that if there was anything she would have me do, I would try and achieve it in order to please her. I remember when I was so ignorant I did not know there was any difference in rank between us.

Ethel. Ah, Clive!

Clive. Now it is altered. Now I know the difference between a poor painter and a young lady of the world. Why haven't I a title and a great fortune? Why did I ever see you, Ethel; or, knowing the distance which it seems fate has placed between us, why have I seen you again?

Ethel (*innocently*). Have I ever made any difference between us? Whenever I may see you, am I not too glad? Don't I see you sometimes when I should not—no—I do not say when I should not; but when others, whom I am bound to obey, forbid me? What harm is there in my remembering old days? Why should I be ashamed of our relationship?—no, not ashamed—why should I forget it? Don't do that, sir, we have shaken hands twice already. Léonore! Xavier!

Clive. At one moment you like me: and at the next you seem to repent it. One day you seem happy when I come; and another day you are ashamed of me. Last Tuesday, when you came with those fine ladies to the Louvre, you seemed to blush when you saw

me copying at my picture; and that stupid young lord looked quite alarmed because you spoke to me. My lot in life is not very brilliant; but I would not change it against that young man's—no, not with all his chances.

Ethel. What do you mean with all his chances?

Clive. You know very well. I mean I would not be as selfish, or as dull, or as ill educated—I won't say worse of him—not to be as handsome, or as wealthy, or as noble as he is. I swear I would not now change my place against his, or give up being Clive Newcome to be my Lord Marquis of Farintosh, with all his acres and titles of nobility.

Ethel. Why are you for ever harping about Lord Farintosh and his titles? I thought it was only women who were jealous—you gentlemen say so.—(*Hurriedly.*)—I am going to-night with grandmamma to the Minister of the Interior, and then to the Russian ball; and to-morrow to the Tuileries. We dine at the Embassy first; and on Sunday, I suppose, we shall go to the Rue d'Aguesseau. I can hardly come here before Mon—. Madame de Florac! Little Léonore is very like you—resembles you very much. My cousin says he longs to make a drawing of her.

Madame de Florac. My husband always likes that I should be present at his dinner. Pardon me, young people, that I have been away from you for a moment.

[*Exeunt* CLIVE, ETHEL, *and* Madame DE F. *into the house.*

CONVERSATION II.—*Scene* I.

Miss Newcome arrives in Lady Kew's carriage, which enters the court of the Hôtel de Florac.

Saint Jean. Mademoiselle—Madame la Comtesse is gone out: but Madame has charged me to say, that she will be at home to the dinner of M. le Comte, as to the ordinary.

Miss Newcome. Madame de Préville is at home?

Saint Jean. Pardon me, Madame is gone out with M. le Baron, and M. Xavier, and Mademoiselle de Préville. They are gone, Miss, I believe, to visit the parents of Monsieur le Baron; of whom it is probably to-day the fête: for Mademoiselle Léonore carried a bouquet—no doubt for her grandpapa. Will it please Mademoiselle to enter? I think Monsieur the Count sounds me. (*Bell rings.*)

Miss Newcome. Madame la Prince—Madame la Vicomtesse is at home? Monsieur St. Jean!

Saint Jean. I go to call the people of Madame la Vicomtesse.

[*Exit old* SAINT JEAN *to the carriage: a* Lackey *comes presently in a gorgeous livery, with buttons like little cheese-plates.*

The Lackey. The Princess is at home, Miss, and will be most 'appy to see you, Miss. (MISS *trips up the great stair: a gentleman out of livery has come forth to the landing, and introduces her to the apartments of* Madame la Princesse.)

The Lackey to the Servants on the box. Good morning, Thomas. How dy' do, old Backystopper?

Backystopper. How de do, Jim. I say, you couldn't give a feller a drink of beer, could yer, Muncontour? It was precious *wet* last night, I can tell you. 'Ad to stop for three hours at the Napolitum Embassy, where we was a dancing. Me and some chaps went into Bob Parsom's and had a drain. Old Cat came out and couldn't find her carriage, not by no means, could she, Tommy? Blest if I didn't

nearly drive her into a wegetable cart. I was so uncommon scruey! Who's this a hentering at your pot-coshare? Billy, my fine feller!

Clive Newcome (*by the most singular coincidence*). Madame la Princesse?

Lackey. We, Munseer. (*He rings a bell: the gentleman in black appears as before on the landing-place up the stair.*) [*Exit* CLIVE.

Backystopper. I say, Bill: is that young chap often a coming about here! They'd run pretty in a curricle, wouldn't they? Miss N. and Master N. Quiet, old woman! Jest look to that mare's 'ead, will you, Billy? He's a fine young feller, that is. He gave me a sovering the other night. Whenever I sor him in the Park, he was always riding an 'ansum hanimal. What is he? They said in our 'all he was a hartis. I can 'ardly think that. Why, there used to be a hartis come to our club, and painted two or three of my 'osses, and my old woman too.

Lackey. There's hartises and hartises, Backystopper. Why there's some on 'em comes here with more stars on their coats than Dukes has got. Have you never 'eard of Mossyer Verny, or Mossyer Gudang?

Backystopper. They say this young gent is sweet on Miss N.; which I guess, I wish he may get it.

Tommy. He! he! he!

Backystopper. Brayvo, Tommy. Tom ain't much of a man for conversation, but he's a precious one to drink. *Do* you think the young gent is sweet on her, Tommy? I sor him often prowling about our 'ouse in Queen Street, when we was in London.

Tommy. I guess he wasn't let in in Queen Street. I guess hour little Buttons was very near turned away for saying we was at home to him. I guess a footman's place is to keep his mouth hopen—no, his *heyes* hopen—and his mouth shut. (*He lapses into silence.*)

Lackey. I think Thomis is in love, Thomis is. Who was that young woman I saw you a dancing of at the Showmier, Thomis? How the young Marquis was a cuttin' of it about there! The pleace was obliged to come up and stop him dancing. His man told old Buzfuz upstairs that the Marquis's goings on is hawful. Up till four or five every morning; blind hookey, shampaign, the dooce's own delight. That party have had I don't know how much in diamonds, and they quarrel and swear at each other, and fling plates: it's tremendous.

Tommy. Why doesn't the Marquis's man mind his own affairs?

He's a supersellious beast: and will no more speak to a man, except he's out-a-livery, than he would to a chimbly swip. He! Cuss him, I'd fight 'im for 'alf a crown.

Lackey. And we'd back you, Tommy. Buzfuz upstairs ain't supersellious; nor is the Prince's walet nether. That old Sangjang's a rum old guvnor. He was in England with the Count, fifty years ago—in the hemigration—in Queen Hann's time, you know. He used to support the old Count. He says he remembers a young Musseer Newcome then, that used to take lessons from the Shevallier, the Countess' father—there's my bell. [*Exit Lackey.*

Backystopper. Not a bad chap that. Sports his money very free—sings an uncommon good song.

Thomas. Pretty voice, but no cultiwation.

Lackey (*who re-enters*). Be here at two o'clock for Miss N. Take anything? Come round the corner.—There's a capital shop round the corner. [*Exeunt Servants.*

SCENE II.

Ethel. I can't think where Madame de Montcontour has gone. How very odd it was that you should come here—that we should both come here to-day! How surprised I was to see you at the Minister's! Grandmamma was so angry! "That boy pursues us wherever we go," she said. I am sure I don't know why we shouldn't meet, Clive. It seems to be wrong even my seeing you by chance here. Do you know, sir, what a scolding I had about—about going to Brighton with you? My grandmother did not hear of it till we were in Scotland, when that foolish maid of mine talked of it to her maid; and there was oh, such a tempest! If there were a Bastile here, she would like to lock you into it. She says that you are always upon our way—I don't know how, I am sure. She says, but for you I should have been—you know what I should have been: but I am thankful that I wasn't, and Kew has got a much nicer wife in Henrietta Pulleyn, than I could ever have been to him. She will be happier than Clara, Clive. Kew is one of the kindest creatures in the world—not very wise; not very strong: but he is just such a kind, easy, generous, little man, as will make a girl like Henrietta quite happy.

Clive. But not you, Ethel?

Ethel. No, nor I him. My temper is difficult, Clive, and I fear

few men would bear with me. I feel, somehow, always very lon
How old am I? Twenty—I feel sometimes as if I was a hundr
and in the midst of all these admirations and fêtes and flatteries,
tired, oh, so tired! And yet if I don't have them, I miss them. H
I wish I was religious like Madame de Florac: there is no day t
she does not go to church. She is for ever busy with charit
clergymen, conversions; I think the Princess will be brought o
ere long—that dear old Madame de Florac! and yet she is
happier than the rest of us. Hortense is an empty little thi
who thinks of her prosy fat Camille with spectacles, and of her t
children, and of nothing else in the world besides. Who is hap
Clive?

Clive. You say Barnes's wife is not.

Ethel. We are like brother and sister, so I may talk to y
Barnes is very cruel to her. At Newcome, last winter, poor Cl
used to come into my room with tears in her eyes morning a
morning. He calls her a fool; and seems to take a pride in hu
liating her before company. My poor father has luckily taken
great liking to her: and before him, for he has grown very very h
tempered since his illness, Barnes leaves poor Clara alone. We w
in hopes that the baby might make matters better, but as it is a lit
girl, Barnes chooses to be very much disappointed. He wants pa
to give up his seat in Parliament, but he clings to that more th
anything. Oh, dear me! who is happy in the world? What a p
Lord Highgate's father had not died sooner! He and Barnes ha
been reconciled. I wonder my brother's spirit did not revolt agai
it. The old lord used to keep a great sum of money at the bank
believe; and the present one does so still; he has paid all his del
off; and Barnes is actually friends with him. He is always abusi
the Dorkings, who want to borrow money from the bank, he sa
This eagerness for money is horrible. If I had been Barnes I wo
never have been reconciled with Mr. Belsize, never, never! A
yet they say he was quite right; and grandmamma is even plea
that Lord Highgate should be asked to dine in Park Lane. P
papa is there: come to attend his parliamentary duties as he thin
He went to a division the other night; and was actually lifted ou
his carriage and wheeled into the lobby in a chair. The minist
thanked him for coming. I believe he thinks he will have his peer
yet. Oh, what a life of vanity ours is!

Enter Madame de Montcontour. What are you young folks a talkin' bout—Balls and Operas? When first I was took to the Opera I lid not like it—and fell asleep. But now, oh, it's 'eavenly to hear Grisi sing!

The Clock. Ting, Ting!

Ethel. Two o'clock already! I must run back to grandmamma. Good-by, Madame de Montcontour; I am so sorry I have not been able to see dear Madame de Florac. I will try and come to her on Thursday—please tell her. Shall we meet you at the American minister's to-night, or at Madame de Brie's to-morrow? Friday is your own night—I hope grandmamma will bring me. How charming your last music was! Good-by, mon cousin! You shall *not* come down stairs with me, I insist upon it, sir: and had much best remain here, and finish your drawing of Madame de Montcontour.

Princess. I've put on the velvet, you see, Clive—though it's very 'ot in May. Good-by, my dear. [*Exit* ETHEL.

As far as we can judge from the above conversation, which we need not prolong—as the talk between Madame de Montcontour and Monsieur Clive, after a few complimentary remarks about Ethel, had nothing to do with the history of the Newcomes—as far as we can judge, the above little colloquy took place on Monday, and about Wednesday, Madame la Comtesse de Florac received a little note from Clive, in which he said, that one day when she came to the Louvre, where he was copying, she had admired a picture of a Virgin and Child, by Sasso Ferrato, since when he had been occupied in making a water-colour drawing after the picture, and hoped she would be pleased to accept the copy from her affectionate and grateful servant, Clive Newcome. The drawing would be done the next day, when he would call with it in his hand. Of course Madame de Florac received this announcement very kindly; and sent back by Clive's servant a note of thanks to that young gentleman.

Now on Thursday morning, about one o'clock, by one of those singular coincidences which &c. &c., who should come to the "Hôtel de Florac" but Miss Ethel Newcome? Madame la Comtesse was at home, waiting to receive Clive and his picture; but Miss Ethel's appearance frightened the good lady, so much so that she felt quite guilty at seeing the girl, whose parents might think—I don't know that they might not think—that Madame de Florac was trying to

make a match between the young people. Hence arose the words uttered by the Countess, after a while, in

CONVERSATION III.

Madame de Florac (*at work*). And so you like to quit the world, and to come to our *triste* old hotel. After to-day you will find it still more melancholy, my poor child.

Ethel. And why?

Madame de F. Some one who has been here to *égayer* our little meetings will come no more.

Ethel. Is the Abbé de Florac going to quit Paris, Madame?

Madame de F. It is not of him that I speak, thou knowest it very well, my daughter. Thou hast seen my poor Clive twice here. He will come once again, and then no more. My conscience reproaches me that I have admitted him at all. But he is like a son to me, and was so confided to me by his father. Five years ago, when we met, after an absence—of how many years!—Colonel Newcome told me what hopes he had cherished for his boy. You know well, my daughter, with whom those hopes were connected. Then he wrote me that family arrangements rendered his plans impossible—that the hand of Miss Newcome was promised elsewhere. When I heard from my son Paul how these negotiations were broken, my heart rejoiced, Ethel, for my friend's sake. I am an old woman now, who have seen the world, and all sorts of men. Men more brilliant, no doubt, I have known; but such a heart as his, such a faith as his, such a generosity and simplicity as Thomas Newcome's—never!

Ethel (*smiling*). Indeed, dear lady, I think with you.

Madame de F. I understand thy smile, my daughter. I can say to thee, that when we were children almost, I knew thy good uncle. My poor father took the pride of his family into exile with him. Our poverty only made his pride the greater. Even before the emigration a contract had been passed between our family and the Count de Florac. I could not be wanting to the word given by my father. For how many long years have I kept it! But when I see a young girl who may be made the victim—the subject of a marriage of convenience, as I was—my heart pities her. And if I love her, as I love you, I tell her my thoughts. Better poverty, Ethel—better a cell in a convent, than a union without love. Is it written eternally that men

re to make slaves of us? Here in France, above all, our fathers sell us every day. And what a society ours is! Thou wilt know this when thou art married. There are some laws so cruel that nature revolts against them, and breaks them—or we die in keeping them. You smile. I have been nearly fifty years dying—*n'est-ce pas?*—and am here an old woman, complaining to a young girl. It is because our recollections of youth are always young; and because I have suffered so, that I would spare those I love a like grief. Do you know that the children of those who do not love in marriage seem to bear an hereditary coldness, and do not love their parents as other children do? They witness our differences and our indifferences, hear our recriminations, take one side or the other in our disputes, and are partisans for father or mother. We force ourselves to be hypocrites, and hide our wrongs from them; we speak of a bad father with false praises; we wear feigned smiles over our tears, and deceive our children—deceive them, do we? Even from the exercise of that pious deceit there is no woman but suffers in the estimation of her sons. They may shield her as champions against their father's selfishness or cruelty. In this case, what a war! What a home, where the son sees a tyrant in the father, and in the mother but a trembling victim! I speak not for myself—whatever may have been the course of our long wedded life, I have not to complain of these ignoble storms. But when the family chief neglects his wife, or prefers another to her, the children too, courtiers as we are, will desert her. You look incredulous about domestic love. Tenez, my child, if I may so surmise, I think you cannot have seen it.

Ethel (*blushing, and thinking, perhaps, how she esteems her father, how her mother, and how much they esteem each other*). My father and mother have been most kind to all their children, madam; and no one can say that their marriage has been otherwise than happy. My mother is the kindest and most affectionate mother, and— (*Here a vision of Sir Brian alone in his room, and nobody really caring for him so much as his valet, who loves him to the extent of fifty pounds a year and perquisites; or, perhaps, Miss Cann, who reads to him, and plays a good deal of evenings, much to Sir Brian's liking—here this vision, we say, comes, and stops Miss Ethel's sentence*).

Madame de F. Your father, in his infirmity—and yet he is five years younger than Colonel Newcome—is happy to have such a wife and such children. They comfort his age; they cheer his sickness;

they confide their griefs and pleasures to him—is it not so? His closing days are soothed by their affection.

Ethel. Oh, no, no! And yet it is not his fault or ours that he is a stranger to us. He used to be all day at the bank, or at night in the House of Commons, or he and mamma went to parties, and we young ones remained with the governess. Mamma is very kind. I have never, almost, known her angry; never with us; about us, sometimes, with the servants. As children, we used to see papa and mamma at breakfast; and then when she was dressing to go out. Since he has been ill, she has given up all parties. I wanted to do so too. I feel ashamed in the world, sometimes, when I think of my poor father at home, alone. I wanted to stay, but my mother and my grandmother forbade me. Grandmamma has a fortune, which she says I am to have; since then they have insisted on my being with her. She is very clever, you know; she is kind too in her way; but she cannot live out of society. And I, who pretend to revolt, I like it too; and I, who rail and scorn flatterers—oh, I like admiration! I am pleased when the women hate me, and the young men leave them for me. Though I despise many of these, yet I can't help drawing them towards me. One or two of them I have seen unhappy about me, and I like it; and if they are indifferent I am angry, and never tire till they come back. I love beautiful dresses; I love fine jewels; I love a great name and a fine house—oh, I despise myself, when I think of these things! When I lie in bed, and say I have been heartless and a coquette, I cry with humiliation; and then rebel and say, Why not?—and to-night—yes, to-night—after leaving you, I shall be wicked, I know I shall.

Madame de F. (*sadly*). One will pray for thee, my child.

Ethel (*sadly*). I thought I might be good once. I used to say my own prayers then. Now I speak them but by rote, and feel ashamed—yes, ashamed to speak them. Is it not horrid to say them, and next morning to be no better than you were last night? Often I revolt at these as at other things, and am dumb. The Vicar comes to see us at Newcome, and eats so much dinner, and pays us such court, and "Sir Brian's" papa, and "Your ladyship's" mamma. With grandmamma I go to hear a fashionable preacher—Clive's uncle, whose sister lets lodgings at Brighton; such a queer, bustling, pompous, honest old lady. Do you know that Clive's aunt lets lodgings at Brighton?

Madame de F. My father was an usher in a school. Monsieur de lorac gave lessons in the emigration. Do you know in what?

Ethel. Oh, the old nobility! that is different, you know. That fr. Honeyman is so affected that I have no patience with him!

Madame de F. (*with a sigh.*) I wish you could attend the services f a better church. And when was it you thought you might be good, Ethel?

Ethel. When I was a girl. Before I came out. When I used to take long rides with my dear Uncle Newcome; and he used to talk to me in his sweet simple way; and he said I reminded him of some one he once knew.

Madame de F. Who—who was that, Ethel?

Ethel (*looking up at Gerard's picture of the Countess de Florac*). What odd dresses you wore in the time of the Empire, Madame de Florac! How could you ever have such high waists, and such wonderful *fraises!* (MADAME DE FLORAC *kisses* ETHEL. *Tableau.*)

Enter SAINT JEAN *preceding a gentleman with a drawing-board under his arm.*

Saint Jean. Monsieur Claive! [*Exit* SAINT JEAN.

Clive. How do you do, Madame la Comtesse? Mademoiselle, j'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter le bon jour.

Madame de F. Do you come from the Louvre? Have you finished that beautiful copy, mon ami?

Clive. I have brought it for you. It is not very good. There are always so many *petites demoiselles* copying that Sasso Ferrato; and they chatter about it so, and hop from one easel to another; and the young artists are always coming to give them advice—so that there is no getting a good look at the picture. But I have brought you the sketch; and am so pleased that you asked for it.

Madame de F. (*surveying the sketch.*) It is charming—charming! What shall we give to our painter for his chef-d'œuvre?

Clive (*kisses her hand*). There is my pay! And you will be glad to hear that two of my portraits have been received at the Exhibition. My uncle the clergyman, and Mr. Butts, of the Life Guards.

Ethel. Mr. Butts—quel nom! Je ne connois aucun M. Butts!

Clive. He has a famous head to draw. They refused Crackthorpe, nd—and one or two other heads I sent in.

Ethel (*tossing up hers*). Miss Mackenzie's, I suppose!

Clive. Yes, Miss Mackenzie's. It is a sweet little face; too delicate for my hand though.

Ethel. So is a wax-doll's a pretty face. Pink cheeks; china-blue eyes; and hair the colour of old Madame Hempenfeld's—not her last hair—her last but one. (*She goes to a window that looks into the court.*)

Clive (*to the Countess*). Miss Mackenzie speaks more respectfully of other people's eyes and hair. She thinks there is nobody in the world to compare to Miss Newcome.

Madame de F. (*aside.*) And you, mon ami? This is the last time, entendez-vous? You must never come here again. If M. le Comte knew it he never would pardon me. Encore! (*He kisses her ladyship's hand again.*)

Clive. A good action gains to be repeated. Miss Newcome, does the view of the court-yard please you? The old trees and the garden are better. That dear old Faun without a nose! I must have a sketch of him: the creepers round the base are beautiful.

Miss N. I was looking to see if the carriage had come for me. It is time that I return home.

Clive. That is my brougham. May I carry you anywhere? I hire him by the hour; and I will carry you to the end of the world.

Miss N. Where are you going, Madame de Florac?—to show that sketch to M. le Comte? Dear me! I don't fancy that M. de Florac can care for such things! I am sure I have seen many as pretty on the quays for twenty-five sous. I wonder the carriage is not come for me.

Clive. You can take mine without my company, as that seems not to please you.

Miss N. Your company is sometimes very pleasant—when you please. Sometimes, as last night, for instance, you are not particularly lively.

Clive. Last night, after moving heaven and earth to get an invitation to Madame de Brie—I say, heaven and earth, that is a French phrase—I arrive there; I find Miss Newcome engaged for almost every dance, waltzing with M. de Klingenspohr, galoping with Count de Capri, galoping and waltzing with the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh. She will scarce speak to me during the evening; and when I wait till midnight, her grandmamma whisks her home, and I am left alone for my pains. Lady Kew is in one of her high moods, and the only words she condescends to say to me are, "Oh, I thought

you had returned to London," with which she turns her venerable back upon me.

Miss N. A fortnight ago you said you were going to London. You said the copies you were about here would not take you another week, and that was three weeks since.

Clive. It were best I had gone.

Miss N. If you think so, I cannot but think so.

Clive. Why do I stay and hover about you, and follow you—you know I follow you? Can I live on a smile vouchsafed twice a week, and no brighter than you give to all the world? What do I get, but to hear your beauty praised, and to see you, night after night, happy and smiling and triumphant, the partner of other men? Does it add zest to your triumph, to think that I behold it? I believe you would like a crowd of us to pursue you.

Miss N. To pursue me; and if they find me alone, by chance to compliment me with such speeches as you make? That would be pleasure indeed! Answer me here in return, Clive. Have I ever disguised from any of my friends the regard I have for you? Why should I? Have not I taken your part when you were maligned? In former days when—when Lord Kew asked me, as he had a right to do then—I said it was as a brother I held you; and always would. If I have been wrong, it has been for two or three times in seeing you at all—or seeing you thus; in letting you speak to me as you do—injure me as you do. Do you think I have not had hard enough words said to me about you, but that you must attack me too in turn? Last night only, because you were at the ball,—it was very, very wrong of me to tell you I was going there,—as we went home, Lady Kew——Go, sir. I never thought you would have seen in me this humiliation.

Clive. Is it possible that I should have made Ethel Newcome shed tears? Oh, dry them, dry them. Forgive me, Ethel, forgive me! I have no right to jealousy, or to reproach you—I know that. If others admire you, surely I ought to know that they—they do but as I do: I should be proud, not angry, that they admire my Ethel—my sister, if you can be no more.

Ethel. I will be that always, whatever harsh things you think or say of me. There, sir, I am not going to be so foolish as to cry again. Have you been studying very hard? Are your pictures good at the Exhibition? I like you with your mustachios best, and order

you not to cut them off again. The young men here wear them. I hardly knew Charles Beardmore when he arrived from Berlin the other day, like a sapper and miner. His little sisters cried out, and were quite frightened by his apparition. Why are you not in diplomacy? That day, at Brighton, when Lord Farintosh asked whether you were in the army, I thought to myself, why is he not?

Clive. A man in the army may pretend to anything, *n'est-ce pas?* He wears a lovely uniform. He may be a General, a K.C.B., a Viscount, an Earl. He may be valiant in arms, and wanting a leg, like the lover in the song. It is peace time, you say? so much the worse career for a soldier. My father would not have me, he said, for ever dangling in barracks, or smoking in country billiard-rooms. I have no taste for law; and as for diplomacy, I have no relations in the Cabinet, and no uncles in the House of Peers. Could my uncle, who is in Parliament, help me much, do you think? or would he, if he could?—or Barnes, his noble son and heir, after him?

Ethel (*musing*). Barnes would not, perhaps, but papa might even still, and you have friends who are fond of you.

Clive. No—no one can help me; and my art, Ethel, is not only my choice and my love, but my honour too. I shall never distinguish myself in it; I may take smart likenesses, but that is all. I am not fit to grind my friend Ridley's colours for him. Nor would my father, who loves his own profession so, make a good general probably. He always says so. I thought better of myself when I began as a boy; and was a conceited youngster, expecting to carry all before me. But as I walked the Vatican, and looked at Raphael, and at the great Michael—I knew I was but a poor little creature; and in contemplating his genius, shrunk up till I felt myself as small as a man looks under the dome of St. Peter's. Why should I wish to have a great genius?—Yes, there is one reason why I should like to have it—

Ethel. And that is?

Clive. To give it you, if it pleased you, Ethel. But I might wish for the roc's egg: there is no way of robbing the bird. I must take a humble place, and you want a brilliant one. A brilliant one! Oh, Ethel, what a standard we folks measure fame by! To have your name in the *Morning Post*, and to go to three balls every night. To have your dress described at the Drawing-Room; and your arrival, from a round of visits in the country, at your town-house; and the entertainment of the Marchioness of Farin——

Ethel. Sir, if you please, no calling names.

Clive. I wonder at it. For you are in the world, and you love the world, whatever you may say. And I wonder that one of your strength of mind should so care for it. I think my simple old father is much finer than all your grandees: his single-mindedness more lofty than all their bowing, and haughtiness, and scheming. What are you thinking of, as you stand in that pretty attitude—like Mnemosyne—with your finger on your chin?

Ethel. Mnemosyne! who was she? I think I like you best when you are quiet and gentle, and not when you are flaming out and sarcastic, sir. And so you think you will never be a famous painter? They are quite in society here. I was so pleased, because two of them dined at the Tuileries when grandmamma was there; and she mistook one, who was covered all over with crosses, for an ambassador, I believe, till the Queen called him Monsieur Delaroche. She says there is no knowing people in this country. And do you think you will never be able to paint as well as M. Delaroche?

Clive. No—never.

Ethel. And—and—you will never give up painting?

Clive. No—never. That would be like leaving your friend who was poor; or deserting your mistress because you were disappointed about her money. They do those things in the great world, Ethel.

Ethel (*with a sigh*). Yes.

Clive. If it is so false, and base, and hollow, this great world—if its aims are so mean, its successes so paltry, the sacrifices it asks of you so degrading, the pleasures it gives you so wearisome, shameful even, why does Ethel Newcome cling to it? Will you be fairer, dear, with any other name than your own? Will you be happier, after a month, at bearing a great title, with a man whom you can't esteem, tied for ever to you, to be the father of Ethel's children, and the lord and master of her life and actions? The proudest woman in the world consent to bend herself to this ignominy, and own that a coronet is a bribe sufficient for her honour! What is the end of a Christian life, Ethel; a girl's pure nurture—it can't be this! Last week, as we walked in the garden here, and heard the nuns singing in their chapel, you said how hard it was that poor women should be imprisoned so, and were thankful that in England we had abolished that slavery. Then you cast your eyes to the ground, and mused as

you paced the walk ; and thought, I know, that perhaps their lot was better than some others.

Ethel. Yes, I did. I was thinking that almost all women are made slaves one way or other, and that these poor nuns perhaps were better off than we are.

Clive. I never will quarrel with nun or matron for following her vocation. But for our women, who are free, why should they rebel against Nature, shut their hearts up, sell their lives for rank and money, and forego the most precious right of their liberty? Look, Ethel, dear. I love you so, that if I thought another had your heart, an honest man, a loyal gentleman, like—like him of last year even, I think I could go back with a God bless you, and take to my pictures again, and work on in my own humble way. You seem like a queen to me, somehow; and I am but a poor, humble fellow, who might be happy, I think, if you were. In those balls, where I have seen you surrounded by those brilliant young men, noble and wealthy, admirers like me, I have often thought, "How could I aspire to such a creature, and ask her to forego a palace to share the crust of a poor painter?"

Ethel. You spoke quite scornfully of palaces just now, Clive. I won't say a word about the—the regard which you express for me. I think you have it. Indeed, I do. But it were best not said, Clive; best for me, perhaps, not to own that I know it. In your speeches, my poor boy—and you will please not to make any more, or I never can see you or speak to you again, never—you forgot one part of a girl's duty: obedience to her parents. They would never agree to my marrying any one below—any one whose union would not be advantageous in a worldly point of view. I never would give such pain to the poor father, or to the kind soul who never said a harsh word to me since I was born. My grandmamma is kind, too, in her way. I came to her of my own free will. When she said she would leave me her fortune, do you think it was for myself alone that I was glad? My father's passion is to make an estate, and all my brothers and sisters will be but slenderly portioned. Lady Kew said she would help them if I came to her—and—it is the welfare of those little people that depends upon me, Clive. Now, do you see, *brother*, why you must speak to me so no more? There is the carriage. God bless you, dear Clive.

(Clive sees the carriage drive away after Miss Newcome has

entered it without once looking up to the window where he stands. When it is gone he goes to the opposite windows of the salon, which are open, towards the garden. The chapel music begins to play from the convent, next door. As he hears it he sinks down, his head in his hands.)

Enter Madame de Florac. (*She goes to him with anxious looks.*) What hast thou, my child? Hast thou spoken?

Clive (*very steadily*). Yes.

Madame de F. And she loves thee? I know she loves thee.

Clive. You hear the organ of the convent?

Madame de F. Qu'as tu?

Clive. I might as well hope to marry one of the sisters of yonder convent, dear lady. (*He sinks down again and she kisses him.*)

Clive. I never had a mother; but you seem like one.

Madame de F. Mon fils! Oh, mon fils!

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH BENEDICK IS A MARRIED MAN.

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lady thought pardonable, and even natural, in a young nobleman
high station, which she never would have excused in persons
vulgar condition.

Her ladyship's little knot of associates and scandal-bearers
elderly roués and ladies of the world, whose business it was to kn
all sorts of noble intrigues and exalted tittle-tattle; what w
happening among the devotees of the exiled court at Frohsdo
what among the citizen princes of the Tuileries; who was t
reigning favourite of the Queen Mother at Aranjuez; who w

smitten with whom at Vienna or Naples; and the last particulars of the *chroniques scandaleuses* of Paris and London;—Lady Kew, I say, must have been perfectly aware of my Lord Farintosh's amusements, associates, and manner of life, and yet she never, for one moment, exhibited any anger or dislike towards that nobleman. Her amiable heart was so full of kindness and forgiveness towards the young prodigal that, even without any repentance on his part, she was ready to take him to her old arms, and give him her venerable benediction. Pathetic sweetness of nature! Charming tenderness of disposition! With all his faults and wickednesses, his follies and his selfishness, there was no moment when Lady Kew would not have received the young lord, and endowed him with the hand of her darling Ethel.

But the hopes which this fond forgiving creature had nurtured for one season, and carried on so resolutely to the next, were destined to be disappointed yet a second time, by a most provoking event which occurred in the Newcome family. Ethel was called away suddenly from Paris by her father's third and last paralytic seizure. When she reached her home, Sir Brian could not recognise her. A few hours after her arrival, all the vanities of the world were over for him: and Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, reigned in his stead. The day after Sir Brian was laid in his vault at Newcome, a letter appeared in the local papers addressed to the Independent Electors of that Borough, in which his orphaned son, feelingly alluding to the virtue, the services, and the political principles of the deceased, offered himself as a candidate for the seat in Parliament now vacant. Sir Barnes announced that he should speedily pay his respects in person to the friends and supporters of his lamented father. That he was a staunch friend of our admirable constitution need not be said. That he was a firm, but conscientious upholder of our Protestant religion, all who knew Barnes Newcome must be aware. That he would do his utmost to advance the interests of this great agricultural, this great manufacturing county and borough, we may be assured he avowed; as that he would be (if returned to represent Newcome in Parliament) the advocate of every rational reform, the unhesitating opponent of every reckless innovation. In fine, Barnes Newcome's manifesto to the Electors of Newcome was as authentic a document, and gave him credit for as many public virtues, as that slab over poor Sir Brian's bones in the chancel of Newcome church, which

commemorated the good qualities of the defunct, and the grief of his heir.

In spite of the virtues, personal and inherited, of Barnes, his seat for Newcome was not got without a contest. The Dissenting interest and the respectable Liberals of the borough wished to set up Samuel Higg, Esq. against Sir Barnes Newcome; and now it was that Barnes's civilities of the previous year, aided by Madame de Montcontour's influence over her brother, bore their fruit. Mr. Higg declined to stand against Sir Barnes Newcome, although Higg's political principles were by no means those of the honourable Baronet; and the candidate from London, whom the Newcome extreme Radicals set up against Barnes, was nowhere on the poll when the day of election came. So Barnes had the desire of his heart; and, within two months after his father's decease, he sat in Parliament as Member for Newcome.

The bulk of the late Baronet's property descended, of course, to his eldest son: who grumbled, nevertheless, at the provision made for his brothers and sisters, and that the town-house should have been left to Lady Ann, who was too poor to inhabit it. But Park Lane is the best situation in London, and Lady Ann's means were greatly improved by the annual produce of the house in Park Lane, which, as we all know, was occupied by a foreign minister for several subsequent seasons. Strange mutations of fortune: old places; new faces; what Londoner does not see and speculate upon them every day? Cœlia's boudoir, who is dead with the daisies over her at Kensal Green, is now the chamber where Delia is consulting Dr. Locock, or Julia's children are romping: Florio's dining-tables have now Pollio's wine upon them: Calista, being a widow, and (to the surprise of everybody who knew Trimalchio, and enjoyed his famous dinners,) left but very poorly off, lets the house and the rich, chaste, and appropriate planned furniture, by Dowbiggin, and the proceeds go to keep her little boys at Eton. The next year, as Mr. Clive Newcome rode by the once familiar mansion (whence the hatchment had been removed, announcing that there was *in Cœlo Quies* for the late Sir Brian Newcome, Bart.,) alien faces looked from over the flowers in the balconies. He got a card for an entertainment from the occupant of the mansion, H.E. the Bulgarian minister; and there was the same crowd in the reception-room and on the stairs, the same grave men from Gunter's distributing the refreshments in the dining-

om, the same old Smee, R.A., (always in the room where the libles were,) cringeing to and flattering the new occupants; and the me effigy of poor Sir Brian, in his deputy-lieutenant's uniform, oking blankly down from over the sideboard, at the feast which his uccessors were giving. A dreamy old ghost of a picture. Have you ver looked at those round George IV.'s banqueting hall at Windsor? Their frames still hold them, but they smile ghostly smiles, and swagger in robes and velvets which are quite faint and faded; their crimson coats have a twilight tinge; the lustre of their stars has twinkled out; they look as if they were about to flicker off the wall and retire to join their originals in limbo.

Nearly three years had elapsed since the good Colonel's departure for India, and during this time certain changes had occurred in the lives of the principal actors and the writer of this history. As regards the latter, it must be stated that the dear old firm of Lamb Court had been dissolved, the junior member having contracted another partnership. The chronicler of these memoirs was a bachelor no longer. My wife and I had spent the winter at Rome (favourite resort of young married couples); and had heard from the artists there Clive's name affectionately repeated; and many accounts of his sayings and doings, his merry supper-parties, and the talents of young Ridley, his friend. When we came to London in the spring, almost our first visit was to Clive's apartments in Charlotte Street, whither my wife delightedly went to give her hand to the young painter.

But Clive no longer inhabited that quiet region. On driving to the house we found a bright brass plate, with the name of Mr. J. J. Ridley on the door, and it was J. J.'s hand which I shook (his other being engaged with a great palette, and a sheaf of painting-brushes,) when we entered the well-known quarters. Clive's picture hung over the mantel-piece, where his father's head used to hang in our time —a careful and beautifully executed portrait of the lad in a velvet coat, and a Roman hat, with that golden beard which was sacrificed to the exigencies of London fashion. I showed Laura the likeness until she could become acquainted with the original. On her expressing her delight at the picture, the painter was pleased to say, in his modest blushing way, that he would be glad to execute my wife's portrait too, nor, as I think, could any artist find a subject more pleasing.

After admiring others of Mr. Ridley's works, our talk naturally reverted to his predecessor. Clive had migrated to much more splendid quarters. Had we not heard? he had become a rich man, a man of fashion. "I fear he is very lazy about the arts," J. J. said, with regret on his countenance; "though I begged and prayed him to be faithful to his profession. He would have done very well in it, in portrait-painting especially. Look here, and here, and here!" said Ridley, producing fine vigorous sketches of Clive's. "He had the art of seizing the likeness, and of making all his people look like gentlemen, too. He was improving every day, when this abominable bank came in the way, and stopped him."

What bank? I did not know the new Indian bank of which the Colonel was a director? Then, of course, I was aware that the mercantile affair in question was the Bundlecund Bank, about which the Colonel had written to me from India more than a year since, announcing that fortunes were to be made by it, and that he had reserved shares for me in the company. Laura admired all Clive's sketches which his affectionate brother artist showed to her, with the exception of one representing the reader's humble servant; which Mrs. Pendennis considered by no means did justice to the original.

Bidding adieu to the kind J. J., and leaving him to pursue his art, in that silent serious way in which he daily laboured at it, we drove to Fitzroy Square hard by, where I was not displeased to show the good old hospitable James Binnie the young lady who bore my name. But here, too, we were disappointed. Placards wafered in the windows announced that the old house was to let. The woman who kept it brought a card in Mrs. Mackenzie's frank hand-writing, announcing Mr. James Binnie's address was "Poste restante Pau in the Pyrenees," and that his London agents were Messrs. So-and-so. The woman said she believed the gentleman had been unwell. The house, too, looked very pale, dismal, and disordered. We drove away from the door, grieving to think that ill health, or any other misfortunes, had befallen good old James.

Mrs. Pendennis drove back to our lodgings, Brixham's, in Jermyn Street, while I sped to the City, having business in that quarter. It has been said that I kept a small account with Hobson Brothers, to whose bank I went, and entered the parlour with that trepidation which most poor men feel on presenting themselves before City magnates and capitalists. Mr. Hobson Newcome shook hands most

ovially and good-naturedly, congratulated me on my marriage, and so forth, and presently Sir Barnes Newcome made his appearance, still wearing his mourning for his deceased father.

Nothing could be more kind, pleasant, and cordial than Sir Barnes's manner. He seemed to know well about my affairs; complimented me on every kind of good fortune; had heard that I had canvassed the borough in which I lived; hoped sincerely to see me in Parliament and on the right side; was most anxious to become acquainted with Mrs. Pendennis, of whom Lady Rockminster said all sorts of kind things; and asked for our address, in order that Lady Clara Newcome might have the pleasure of calling on my wife. This ceremony was performed soon afterwards; and an invitation to dinner from Sir Barnes and Lady Clara Newcome speedily followed it.

Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., M.P., I need not say, no longer inhabited the small house which he had occupied immediately after his marriage; but dwelt in a much more spacious mansion in Belgravia, where he entertained his friends. Now that he had come into his kingdom, I must say that Barnes was by no means so insufferable as in the days of his bachelorhood. He had sown his wild oats, and spoke with regret and reserve of that season of his moral culture. He was grave, sarcastic, statesmanlike: did not try to conceal his baldness (as he used before his father's death, by bringing lean wisps of hair over his forehead from the back of his head); talked a great deal about the House; was assiduous in his attendance there and in the City; and conciliating with all the world. It seemed as if we were all his constituents, and though his efforts to make himself agreeable were rather apparent, the effect succeeded pretty well. We met Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, and Clive, and Miss Ethel looking beautiful in her black robes. It was a family party, Sir Barnes said, giving us to understand, with a decorous solemnity in face and voice, that no *large* parties as yet could be received in that house of mourning.

To this party was added, rather to my surprise, my Lord Highgate, who under the sobriquet of Jack Belsize has been presented to the reader of this history. Lord Highgate gave Lady Clara his arm to dinner, but went and took a place next Miss Newcome, on the other side of her; that immediately by Lady Clara being reserved for a guest who had not as yet made his appearance.

Lord Highgate's attentions to his neighbour, his laughing and

talking, were incessant; so much so that Clive, from his end of table, scowled in wrath at Jack Belsize's assiduities: it was evic that the youth, though hopeless, was still jealous and in love with charming cousin.

Barnes Newcome was most kind to all his guests: from A Hobson to your humble servant there was not one but the maste the house had an agreeable word for him. Even for his cou Samuel Newcome, a gawky youth with an eruptive countenan Barnes had appropriate words of conversation, and talked ab King's College, of which the lad was an ornament, with the utm affability. He complimented that institution and young Samuel, a by that shot knocked not only over Sam but his mamma too. talked to Uncle Hobson about his crops; to Clive about pictures; to me about the great effect which a certain article in t *Pall Mall Gazette* had produced in the House, where the Chancel of the Exchequer was perfectly livid with fury, and Lord Jo bursting out laughing at the attack; in fact, nothing could be m amiable than our host on this day. Lady Clara was very pretty grown a little stouter since her marriage; the change only beca her. She was a little silent, but then she had Uncle Hobson on l left-hand side, between whom and her ladyship there could not much in common, and the place at the right hand was still vaca The person with whom she talked most freely was Clive, who h made a beautiful drawing of her and her little girl, for which mother and the father too, as it appeared, were very grateful.

What has caused this change in Barnes's behaviour? (particular merits or his own private reform?. In the two years o which this narrative has had to run in the course of as ma chapters, the writer had inherited a property so small that it co not occasion a banker's civility; and I put down Sir Bar Newcome's politeness to a sheer desire to be well with me. with Lord Highgate and Clive the case was different, as you m now hear.

Lord Highgate, having succeeded to his father's title and fortu had paid every shilling of his debts, and had sowed his wild oats the very last corn. His lordship's account at Hobson Brothers v very large. Painful events of three years' date, let us hope, w forgotten—gentlemen cannot go on being in love and despairi and quarrelling for ever. When he came into his funds, Highg

behaved with uncommon kindness to Rooster, who was always straitened for money; and when the late Lord Dorking died and Rooster succeeded to him, there was a meeting at Chanticlere between Highgate and Barnes Newcome and his wife, which went off very comfortably. At Chanticlere the Dowager Lady Kew and Miss Newcome were also staying, when Lord Highgate announced his prodigious admiration for the young lady; and, it was said, corrected Farintosh, as a low-minded foul-tongued young cub for daring to speak disrespectfully of her. Nevertheless, *vous concevez*, when a man of the Marquis's rank was supposed to look with the eyes of admiration upon a young lady, Lord Highgate would not think of spoiling sport, and he left Chanticlere declaring that he was always destined to be unlucky in love. When old Lady Kew was obliged to go to Vichy for her lumbago, Highgate said to Barnes, "Do ask your charming sister to come to you in London; she will bore herself to death with the old woman at Vichy, or with her mother at Rugby" (whither Lady Ann had gone to get her boys educated), and accordingly Miss Newcome came on a visit to her brother and sister, at whose house we have just had the honour of seeing her.

When Rooster took his seat in the House of Lords, he was introduced by Highgate and Kew, as Highgate had been introduced by Kew previously. Thus these three gentlemen all rode in gold coaches; had all got coronets on their heads; as you will, my respected young friend, if you are the eldest son of a peer who dies before you. And now they were rich, they were all going to be very good boys, let us hope. Kew, we know, married one of the Dorking family, that second Lady Henrietta Pulleyn, whom we described as frisking about at Baden, and not in the least afraid of him. How little the reader knew, to whom we introduced the girl in that chatty off-hand way, that one day the young creature would be a countess! But *we* knew it all the while—and when she was walking about with the governess, or romping with her sisters; and when she had dinner at one o'clock; and when she wore a pinafore very likely—we secretly respected her as the future Countess of Kew, and mother of the Viscount Walham.

Lord Kew was very happy with his bride, and very good to her. He took Lady Kew to Paris, for a marriage trip; but they lived almost altogether at Kewbury afterwards, where his lordship sowed

tame oats now after his wild ones, and became one of the most active farmers of his county. He and the Newcomes were not very intimate friends; for Lord Kew was heard to say that he disliked Barnes more after his marriage than before. And the two sisters, Lady Clara and Lady Kew, had a quarrel on one occasion, when the latter visited London just before the dinner at which we have just assisted—nay, at which we are just assisting, took place—a quarrel about Highgate's attentions to Ethel very likely. Kew was dragged into it, and hot words passed between him and Jack Belsize; and Jack did not go down to Kewbury afterwards, though Kew's little boy was christened after him. All these interesting details about people of the very highest rank we are supposed to whisper in the reader's ear as we are sitting at a Belgravian dinner-table. My dear Barmecide friend, isn't it pleasant to be in such fine company?

And now we must tell how it is that Clive Newcome, Esq., whose eyes are flashing fire across the flowers of the table at Lord Highgate, who is making himself so agreeable to Miss Ethel—now we must tell how it is that Clive and his cousin Barnes have grown to be friends again.

The Bundlecund Bank, which had been established for four years, had now grown to be one of the most flourishing commercial institutions in Bengal. Founded, as the prospectus announced, at a time when all private credit was shaken by the failure of the great Agency Houses, of which the downfall had carried dismay and ruin throughout the presidency, the B. B. had been established on the *only* sound principle of commercial prosperity—that of association. The native capitalists, headed by the great firm of Rummun Loll & Co., of Calcutta, had largely embarked in the B. B., and the officers of the two services and the European mercantile body of Calcutta had been invited to take shares in an institution which to merchants, native and English, civilians and military men, was alike advantageous and indispensable. How many young men of the latter services had been crippled for life by the ruinous cost of agencies, of which the profits to the agents themselves were so enormous! The shareholders of the B. B. were their own agents; and the greatest capitalist in India as well as the youngest ensign in the service might invest at the largest and safest premium, and borrow at the smallest interest, by becoming, according to his means,

a shareholder in the B. B. Their correspondents were established in each presidency and in every chief city of India, as well as at Sydney, Singapore, Canton, and, of course, London. With China they did an immense opium-trade, of which the profits were so great, that it was only in private sittings of the B. B. managing committee that the details and accounts of these operations could be brought forward. Otherwise the books of the bank were open to every shareholder; and the ensign or the young civil servant was at liberty at any time to inspect his own private account as well as the common ledger. With New South Wales they carried on a vast trade in wool, supplying that great colony with goods, which their London agents enabled them to purchase in such a way as to give them the command of the market. As if to add to their prosperity, copper-mines were discovered on lands in the occupation of the B. Banking Company, which gave the most astonishing returns. And throughout the vast territories of British India, through the great native firm of Rummun Loll & Co., the Bundlecund Banking Company had possession of the native markets. The order from Birmingham for idols alone (made with their copper, and paid in their wool) was enough to make the Low Church party in England cry out; and a debate upon this subject actually took place in the House of Commons, of which the effect was to send up the shares of the Bundlecund Banking Company very considerably upon the London Exchange.

The fifth half-yearly dividend was announced at twelve and a quarter per cent. of the paid-up capital: the accounts from the copper mine sent the dividend up to a still greater height, and carried the shares to an extraordinary premium. In the third year of the concern, the house of Hobson Brothers, of London, became the agents of the Bundlecund Banking Company of India; and amongst our friends, James Binnie, who had prudently held out for some time, and Clive Newcome, Esq., became shareholders, Clive's good father having paid the first instalments of the lad's shares up in Calcutta, and invested every rupee he could himself command in this enterprise. When Hobson Brothers joined it, no wonder James Binnie was convinced; Clive's friend, the Frenchman, and through that connection the house of Higg, of Newcome and Manchester, entered into the affair; and amongst the minor contributors in England we may mention Miss Cann, who took a little fifty-pound-note share, and dear old

Miss Honeyman; and J. J., and his father, Ridley, who brought a small bag of savings—all knowing that their Colonel, who was eager that his friends should participate in his good fortune, would never lead them wrong. To Clive's surprise Mrs. Mackenzie, between whom and himself there was a considerable coolness, came to his chambers, and with a solemn injunction that the matter between them should be quite private, requested him to purchase 1500*l.* worth of Bundlecund shares for her and her darling girls, which he did, astonished to find the thrifty widow in possession of so much money. Had Mr. Pendennis's mind not been bent at this moment on quite other subjects, he might have increased his own fortune by the Bundlecund Bank speculation; but in these two years I was engaged in matrimonial affairs (having Clive Newcome, Esq., as my groom's-man on a certain interesting occasion). When we returned from our tour abroad the India Bank shares were so very high that I did not care to purchase, though I found an affectionate letter from our good Colonel (enjoining me to make my fortune) awaiting me at the agent's, and my wife received a pair of beautiful Cashmere shawls from the same kind friend.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTAINS AT LEAST SIX MORE COURSES AND TWO DESSERTS.

THE banker's dinner-party over, we returned to our apartments, having dropped Major Pendennis at his lodgings, and there, as the custom is amongst most friendly married couples, talked over the company and the dinner. I thought my wife would naturally have liked Sir Barnes Newcome, who was very attentive to her, took her to dinner as the bride, and talked ceaselessly to her during the whole entertainment.

Laura said No—she did not know why—could there be any better reason? There was a tone about Sir Barnes Newcome she did not like—especially in his manner to women.

I remarked that he spoke sharply and in a sneering manner to his wife, and treated one or two remarks which she made as if she was an idiot.

Mrs. Pendennis flung up her head as much as to say, "And so she is."

Mr. Pendennis. What, the wife, too, my dear Laura! I should have thought such a pretty, simple, innocent, young woman, with just enough good looks to make her pass muster, who is very well bred and not brilliant at all,—I should have thought such a one might have secured a sister's approbation.

Mrs. Pendennis. You fancy we are all jealous of one another. No protests of ours can take that notion out of your heads. My dear

Pen, I do not intend to try. We are not jealous of mediocrity; we are not patient of it. I dare say we are angry because we see men admire it so. You gentlemen, who pretend to be our betters, give yourselves such airs of protection, and profess such a lofty superiority over us, prove it by quitting the cleverest woman in the room for the first pair of bright eyes and dimpled cheeks that enter. It was those charms which attracted you in Lady Clara, sir.

Pendennis. I think she is very pretty, and very innocent, and artless.

Mrs. P. Not very pretty, and perhaps not so very artless.

Pendennis. How can you tell, you wicked woman? Are you such a profound deceiver yourself, that you can instantly detect artifice in others? Oh, Laura!

Mrs. P. We can detect all sorts of things. The inferior animals have instincts, you know. (I must say my wife is always very satirical upon this point of the relative rank of the sexes.) One thing I am sure of is that she is not happy; and oh, Pen! that she does not care much for her little girl.

Pendennis. How do you know that, my dear?

Mrs. P. We went upstairs to see the child after dinner. It was at my wish. The mother did not offer to go. The child was awake and crying. Lady Clara did not offer to take it. Ethel—Miss Newcome took it, rather to my surprise, for she seems very haughty, and the nurse, who I suppose was at supper, came running up at the noise, and then the poor little thing was quiet.

Pendennis. I remember we heard the music as the dining-room door was open; and Newcome said, "That is what you will have to expect, Pendennis."

Mrs. P. Hush, sir! If my baby cries, I think you must expect me to run out of the room. I liked Miss Newcome after seeing her with the poor little thing. She looked so handsome as she walked with it! I longed to have it myself.

Pendennis. Tout vient à fin, à qui sait . . .

Mrs. P. Don't be silly. What a dreadful dreadful place this great world of yours is, Arthur; where husbands do not seem to care for their wives; where mothers do not love their children; where children love their nurses best; where men talk what they call gallantry!

Pendennis. What?

Mrs. P. Yes, such as that dreary, languid, pale, bald, cadaverous,

leering man whispered to me. Oh, how I dislike him! I am sure he is unkind to his wife. I am sure he has a bad temper; and if there is any excuse for ——

Pendennis. For what?

Mrs. P. For nothing. But you heard yourself that he had a bad temper, and spoke sneeringly to his wife. What could make her marry him?

Pendennis. Money, and the desire of papa and mamma. For the same reason Clive's flame, poor Miss Newcome, was brought out to-day; that vacant seat at her side was for Lord Farintosh, who did not come. And the Marquis not being present, the Baron took his innings. Did you not see how tender he was to her, and how fierce poor Clive looked?

Mrs. P. Lord Highgate was very attentive to Miss Newcome, was he?

Pendennis. And some years ago, Lord Highgate was breaking his heart about whom do you think? about Lady Clara Pulleyn, our hostess of last night. He was Jack Belsize then, a younger son, plunged over head and ears in debt; and of course there could be no marriage. Clive was present at Baden when a terrible scene took place, and carried off poor Jack to Switzerland and Italy, where he remained till his father died, and he came into the title in which he rejoices. And now he is off with the old love, Laura, and on with the new. Why do you look at me so? Are you thinking that other people have been in love two or three times too?

Mrs. P. I am thinking that I should not like to live in London, Arthur.

And this was all that Mrs. Laura could be brought to say. When this young woman chooses to be silent, there is no power that can extract a word from her. It is true that she is generally in the right; but that is only the more aggravating. Indeed, what can be more provoking, after a dispute with your wife, than to find it is you, and not she, who has been in the wrong?

Sir Barnes Newcome politely caused us to understand that the entertainment of which we had just partaken was given in honour of the bride. Clive must needs not be outdone in hospitality; and invited us and others to a fine feast at the "Star and Garter" at Richmond, where Mrs. Pendennis was placed at his right hand. I

smile as I think how much dining has been already comm in these veracious pages; but the story is an everyday rec does not dining form a certain part of the pleasure and b every day? It is at that pleasant hour that our sex has the of meeting the other. The morning man and woman alike business; or pass mainly in the company of their own kin has his office; Jane her household, her nursery, her mil daughters and their masters. In the country he has his hu fishing, his farming, his letters; she her schools, her poor, h or what not. Parted through the shining hours, and impro let us trust, we come together towards sunset only, we ma and amuse ourselves. We chat with our pretty neighbour, the young ones sporting; we make love and are jealous; or obsequiously turn over the leaves of Cecilia's music-book whist, or go to sleep in the arm-chair, according to our ages ditions. Snooze gently in thy arm-chair, thou easy bald-h your whist, or read your novel, or talk scandal over your worthy dowagers and fogies! Meanwhile the young ones fr or dance, or sing, or laugh; or whisper behind curtains ir windows; or shirk away into the garden, and come back s cigars; nature having made them so to do.

Nature at this time irresistibly impelled Clive Newcom love-making. It was pairing-season with him. Mr. Clive some three-and twenty years old: enough has been said good looks, which were in truth sufficient to make him a the young lady on whom he had set his heart, and fro during this entertainment which he gave to my wife, he co keep his eyes away for three minutes. Laura's did not nee keen as they were in order to see what poor Clive's cond She did not in the least grudge the young fellow's inat herself; or feel hurt that he did not seem to listen when s she conversed with J. J., her neighbour, who was very m agreeable; while her husband, not so well pleased, had Mr Newcome for his partner during the chief part of the ente Mrs. Hobson and Lady Clara were the matrons who gave th of their presence to this bachelor-party. Neither of their could come to Clive's little fête; had they not the City and of Commons to attend? My uncle, Major Pendennis, wa of the guests; who for his part found the party was what

fellows call very slow. Dreading Mrs. Hobson and her powers of conversation, the old gentleman nimbly skipped out of her neighbourhood, and fell by the side of Lord Highgate, to whom the Major was inclined to make himself very pleasant. But Lord Highgate's broad back was turned upon his neighbour, who was forced to tell stories to Captain Crackthorpe, which had amused dukes and marquises in former days, and were surely quite good enough for any baron in this realm. "Lord Highgate sweet upon *la belle* Newcome, is he?" said the testy Major afterwards. "He seemed to me to talk to Lady Clara the whole time. When I awoke in the garden after dinner, as Mrs. Hobson was telling one of her confounded long stories, I found her audience was diminished to one. Crackthorpe, Lord Highgate, and Lady Clara, we had all been sitting there when the bankeress cut in (in the midst of a very good story I was telling them, which entertained them very much,) and never ceased talking till I fell off into a doze. When I roused myself, begad, she was still going on. Crackthorpe was off, smoking a cigar on the terrace: my Lord and Lady Clara were nowhere; and you four, with the little painter, were chatting cozily in another arbour. Behaved himself very well, the little painter. Doosid good dinner Ellis gave us. But as for Highgate being *aux soins* with *la belle Banquière*, trust me, my boy, he is . . . upon my word, my dear, it seemed to me his thoughts went quite another way. To be sure, Lady Clara is a *belle Banquière* too now. He! he! he! How could he say he had no carriage to go home in? He came down in Crackthorpe's cab, who passed us just now, driving back young Whatdyecall the painter."

Thus did the Major discourse, as we returned towards the City. I could see in the open carriage which followed us (Lady Clara Newcome's) Lord Highgate's white hat, by Clive's on the back seat.

Laura looked at her husband. The same thought may have crossed their minds, though neither uttered it; but although Sir Barnes and Lady Clara Newcome offered us other civilities during our stay in London, no inducements could induce Laura to accept the proffered friendship of that lady. When Lady Clara called, my wife was not at home; when she invited us, Laura pleaded engagements. At first she bestowed on Miss Newcome, too, a share of this haughty dislike, and rejected the advances which that young lady, who professed to like my wife very much, made towards an intimacy. When I appealed to her (for Newcome's house was after all a very pleasant one, and you

met the best people there,) my wife looked at me with an expression of something like scorn, and said: "Why don't I like Miss Newcome? of course because I am jealous of her—all women, you know, Arthur, are jealous of such beauties." I could get for a long while no better explanation than these sneers for my wife's antipathy towards this branch of the Newcome family; but an event came presently which silenced my remonstrances, and showed to me that Laura had judged Barnes and his wife only too well.

Poor Mrs. Hobson Newcome had reason to be sulky at the neglect which all the Richmond party showed her, for nobody, not even Major Pendennis, as we have seen, would listen to her intellectual conversation; nobody, not even Lord Highgate, would drive back to town in her carriage, though the vehicle was large and empty, and Lady Clara's barouche, in which his Lordship chose to take a place, had already three occupants within it:—but in spite of these rebuffs and disappointments the virtuous lady of Bryanstone Square was bent upon being good-natured and hospitable; and I have to record, in the present chapter, yet one more feast of which Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis partook at the expense of the most respectable Newcome family.

Although Mrs. Laura here also appeared, and had the place of honour in her character of bride, I am bound to own my opinion that Mrs. Hobson only made us the pretext of her party, and that in reality it was given to persons of a much more exalted rank. We were the first to arrive, our good old Major, the most punctual of men, bearing us company. Our hostess was arrayed in unusual state and splendour; her fat neck was ornamented with jewels, rich bracelets decorated her arms, and this Bryanstone Square Cornelia had likewise her family jewels distributed round her, priceless male and female Newcome gems, from the King's College youth, with whom we have made a brief acquaintance, and his elder sister, now entering into the world, down to the last little ornament of the nursery, in a prodigious new sash, with ringlets hot and crisp from the tongs of a Marylebone hairdresser. We had seen the cherub faces of some of these darlings pressed against the drawing-room windows as our carriage drove up to the door; when, after a few minutes' conversation, another vehicle arrived, away they dashed to the windows again, the innocent little dears crying out, "Here's the Marquis;" and in sadder tones, "No, it isn't the Marquis," by which artless

expressions they showed how eager they were to behold an expected guest of a rank only inferior to Dukes in this great empire.

Putting two and two together, as the saying is, it was not difficult for me to guess who the expected Marquis was—and, indeed, the King's College youth set that question at once to rest, by wagging his head at me, and winking his eye, and saying, "We expect Farintosh."

"Why, my dearest children," Matronly Virtue exclaimed, "this anxiety to behold the young Marquis of Farintosh, whom we expect at our modest table, Mrs. Pendennis, to-day? Twice you have been at the window in your eagerness to look for him. Louisa, you silly child, do you imagine that his lordship will appear in his robes and coronet? Rodolf, you absurd boy, do you think that a Marquis is other than a man? I have never admired aught but intellect, Mrs. Pendennis; *that*, let us be thankful, is the only true title to distinction in our country now-a-days."

"Begad, sir," whispers the old Major to me, "intellect may be a doosid fine thing, but in my opinion a Marquisate and eighteen or twenty thousand a year—I should say the Farintosh property, with the Glenlivat estate, and the Roy property in England, must be worth nineteen thousand a year at the very lowest figure; and I remember when this young man's father was only Tom Roy of the 42nd, with no hope of succeeding to the title, and doosidly out at elbows too . . . I say what does the bankeress mean by chattering about intellect? Hang me, a Marquis is a Marquis; and Mrs. Newcome knows it as well as I do." My good Major was growing old, and was not unnaturally a little testy at the manner in which his hostess received him. Truth to tell, she hardly took any notice of him, and cut down a couple of the old gentleman's stories before he had been five minutes in the room.

To our party presently comes the host in a flurried countenance, with a white waistcoat, holding in his hand an open letter, towards which his wife looks with some alarm. "How dy' doo, Lady Clara; how dy' doo, Ethel?" he says, saluting those ladies whom the second carriage had brought to us. "Sir Barnes is not coming, that's one place vacant; that, Lady Clara, you won't mind, you see him at home; but here's a disappointment for you, Miss Newcome: Lord Farintosh can't come."

At this, two of the children cry out "oh! oh!" with such a melancholy accent that Miss Newcome and Lady Clara burst out laughing.

"Got a dreadful toothache," said Mr. Hobson; "here's his letter."

"Hang it, what a bore!" cries artless-young King's College.

"Why a bore, Samuel? A bore, as you call it, for Lord Farintosh, I grant; but do you suppose that the high in station are exempt from the ills of mortality? I know nothing more painful than a tooth-ache," exclaims a virtuous matron, using the words of philosophy, but showing the countenance of anger.

"Hang it, why didn't he have it out?" says Samuel.

Miss Ethel laughed. "Lord Farintosh would not have that tooth out for the world, Samuel," she cried, gaily. "He keeps it in on purpose, and it always aches when he does not want to go out to dinner."

"I know *one* humble family who will never ask him again," Mrs. Hobson exclaims, rustling in all her silks, and tapping her fan and her foot. The eclipse, however, passes off her countenance and light is restored; when at this moment, a cab having driven up during the period of darkness, the door is flung open, and Lord Highgate is announced by a loud-voiced butler.

My wife, being still the bride on this occasion, had the honour of being led to the dinner-table by our banker and host. Lord Highgate was reserved for Mrs. Hobson, who, in an engaging manner, requested poor Clive to conduct his cousin Maria to dinner, handing over Miss Ethel to another guest. Our Major gave his arm to Lady Clara, and I perceived that my wife looked very grave as he passed the place where she sat, and seated Lady Clara in the next chair to that which Lord Highgate chanced to occupy. Feeling himself *en veine*, and the company being otherwise rather mum and silent, my uncle told a number of delightful anecdotes about the beau-monde of his time, about the Peninsular war, the Regent, Brummell, Lord Steyne, Pea Green Payne, and so forth. He said the evening was very pleasant, though some others of the party, as it appeared to me, scarcely seemed to think so. Clive had not a word for his cousin Maria, but looked across the table at Ethel all dinner-time. What could Ethel have to say to her partner, old Colonel Sir Donald M'Craw, who gobbled and drank as his wont is, and if he had a remark to make, imparted it to Mrs. Hobson, at whose right hand he was sitting, and to whom, during the whole course, or courses, of the dinner, my Lord Highgate scarcely uttered one single word.

His lordship was whispering all the while into the ringlets of Lady Clara; they were talking a jargon which their hostess scarcely understood, of people only known to her by her study of the Peerage. When we joined the ladies after dinner, Lord Highgate again made way towards Lady Clara, and at an order from her, as I thought, left her ladyship, and strove hard to engage in a conversation with Mrs. Newcome. I hope he succeeded in smoothing the frowns in that round little face. Mrs. Laura, I own, was as grave as a judge all the evening; very grave even and reserved with my uncle, when the hour for parting came, and we took him home.

"He, he!" said the old man, coughing, and nodding his old head and laughing in his senile manner, when I saw him on the next day; "that was a pleasant evening we had yesterday; doosid pleasant, and I think my two neighbours seemed to be uncommonly pleased with each other; not an amusing fellow, that young painter of yours, though he is good-looking enough, but there's no conversation in him. Do you think of giving a little dinner, Arthur, in return for these hospitalities? Greenwich, hey, or something of that sort? I'll go you halves, sir, and we'll ask the young banker and bankeress—not yesterday's Amphitryon nor his wife; no, no, hang it! but Barnes Newcome is a devilish clever, rising man, and moves in about as good society as any in London. We'll ask him and Lady Clara and Highgate, and one or two more, and have a pleasant party."

But to this proposal, when the old man communicated it to her, in a very quiet, simple, artless way, Laura with a flushing face said no quite abruptly, and quitted the room, rustling in her silks, and showing at once dignity and indignation.

Not many more feasts was Arthur Pendennis, senior, to have in this world. Not many more great men was he to flatter, nor schemes to wink at, nor earthly pleasures to enjoy. His long days were well nigh ended: on his last couch, which Laura tended so affectionately, with his last breath almost, he faltered out to me, "I had other views for you, my boy, and once hoped to see you in a higher position in life; but I begin to think now, Arthur, that I was wrong; and as for that girl, sir, I am sure she is an angel."

May I not inscribe the words with a grateful heart? Blessed he—blessed though maybe undeserving—who has the love of a good woman.

CHAPTER XII.

CLIVE IN NEW QUARTERS.

MY wife was much better pleased with Clive than with some of his relatives to whom I had presented her. His face carried a recommendation with it that few honest people could resist. He was always a welcome friend in our lodgings, and even our uncle the Major signified his approval of the lad as a young fellow of very good manners and feelings, who, if he chose to throw himself away and be a painter, *ma foi*, was rich enough no doubt to follow his own caprices. Clive executed a capital head of Major Pendennis, which now hangs in our drawing-room at Fairoaks; and reminds me of that friend of my youth. Clive occupied ancient lofty chambers in Hanover Square now. He had furnished them in an antique manner, with hangings, cabinets, carved work, Venice glasses, fine prints, and water-colour sketches of good pictures by his own and other hands. He had horses to ride, and a liberal purse full of paternal money. Many fine equipages drew up opposite to his chambers: few artists had such luck as young Mr. Clive. And above his own chambers were other three which the young gentleman had hired, and where, says he, "I hope ere very long my dear old father will be lodging with me. In another year he says he thinks he will be able to come

home; when the affairs of the Bank are quite settled. You shake your head! why? The shares are worth four times what we gave for them. We are men of fortune, Pen, I give you my word. You should see how much they make of me at Baines & Jolly's, and how civil they are to me at Hobson Brothers! I go into the City now and then, and see our manager, Mr. Blackmore. He tells me such stories about indigo, and wool, and copper, and sicca rupees, and Company's rupees. I don't know anything about the business, but my father likes me to go and see Mr. Blackmore. Dear Cousin Barnes is for ever asking me to dinner; I might call Lady Clara Clara if I liked, as Sam Newcome does in Bryanstone Square. You can't think how kind they are to me there. My aunt reproaches me tenderly for not going there oftener—it's not very good fun dining in Bryanstone Square, is it? And she praises my cousin Maria to me—you should hear my aunt praise her! I have to take Maria down to dinner; to sit by the piano and listen to her songs in all languages. Do you know Maria can sing Hungarian and Polish besides your common German, Spanish, and Italian. Those I have at our *other* agents, Baines & Jolly's—Baines's that is in the Regent's Park, where the girls are prettier and just as civil to me as at Aunt Hobson's." And here Clive would amuse us by the accounts which he gave us of the snares which the Misses Baines, those young sirens of Regent's Park, set for him; of the songs which they sang to enchant him, the albums in which they besought him to draw; the thousand winning ways which they employed to bring him into their cave in York Terrace. But neither Circe's smiles nor Calypso's blandishments had any effect on him; his ears were stopped to their music, and his eyes rendered dull to their charms by those of the flighty young enchantress with whom my wife had of late made acquaintance.

Capitalist though he was, our young fellow was still very affable. He forgot no old friends in his prosperity; and the lofty antique chambers would not unfrequently be lighted up at nights to receive F. B. and some of the old cronies of the "Haunt," and some of the Gandishites, who, if Clive had been of a nature that was to be spoiled by flattery, had certainly done mischief to the young man. Gandish himself, when Clive paid a visit to that illustrious artist's Academy, received his former pupil as if the young fellow had been a sovereign prince almost, accompanied him to his horse, and would have held his stirrup as he mounted, whilst the beautiful daughters of the house

waved adieux to him from the parlour-window. To the young men assembled in his studio, Gandish was never tired of talking about Clive. The Professor would take occasion to inform them that he had been to visit his distinguished young friend, Mr. Newcome, son of Colonel Newcome; that last evening he had been present at an elegant entertainment at Mr. Newcome's new apartments. Clive's drawings were hung up in Gandish's gallery, and pointed out to visitors by the worthy Professor. On one or two occasions I was allowed to become a bachelor again, and participate in these jovial

meetings. How guilty my coat was on my return home; how haughty the looks of the mistress of my house, as she bade Martha carry away the obnoxious garment! How grand F. B. used to be as president

A Meditation.

of Clive's smoking-party, where he laid down the law, talked the most talk, sang the jolliest song, and consumed the most drink of all the jolly talkers and drinkers! Clive's popularity rose prodigiously; not only youngsters, but old practitioners of the fine arts, lauded his talents. What a shame that his pictures were all refused this year at the Academy! Mr. Smee, R.A., was indignant at their rejection, but J. J. confessed with a sigh, and Clive owned good-naturedly, that he had been neglecting his business, and that his pictures were not so good as those of two years before. I am afraid Mr. Clive went to too many balls and parties, to clubs and jovial entertainments, besides losing yet more time in that other pursuit we wot of. Meanwhile J. J. went steadily on with his work, no day passed without a line; and Fame was not very far off, though this he heeded but little; and Art, his sole mistress, rewarded him for his steady and fond pursuit of her.

"Look at him," Clive would say with a sigh. "Isn't he the mortal of all others the most to be envied? He is so fond of his art that in all the world there is no attraction like it for him. He runs to his easel at sunrise, and sits before it caressing his picture all day till nightfall. He takes leave of it sadly when dark comes, spends the night in a Life Academy, and begins next morning *da capo*. Of all the pieces of good fortune which can befall a man, is not this the greatest: to have your desire, and then never tire of it? I have been in such a rage with my own shortcomings that I have dashed my foot through the canvases, and vowed I would smash my palette and easel. Sometimes I succeed a little better in my work, and then it will happen for half an hour that I am pleased, but pleased of what? pleased at drawing Mr. Muggins's head rather like Mr. Muggins. Why, a thousand fellows can do better; and when one day I reach my very best, thousands will be able to do better still. Ours is a trade for which now-a-days there is no excuse unless one can be great in it: and I feel I have not the stuff for that. No. 666. Portrait of Joseph Muggins, Esq., Newcome, George Street. No. 979. Portrait of Mrs. Muggins, on her grey pony, Newcome. No. 579. Portrait of Joseph Muggins, Esq.'s dog Toby, Newcome—this is what I'm fit for. These are the victories I have set myself on achieving. Oh, Mrs. Pendennis! isn't it humiliating? Why isn't there a war? Why can't I go and distinguish myself somewhere and be a general? Why haven't I a genius? I say, Pen, sir,

why haven't I a genius? There is a painter who lives hard by, an who sends sometimes to beg me to come and look at his work. He i in the Muggins line too. He gets his canvases with a good ligh upon them: excludes the contemplation of all other objects, stand beside his pictures in an attitude himself, and thinks that he and the are masterpieces. Masterpieces! Oh, me, what drivelling wretche we are! Fame!—except that of just the one or two—what's the us of it? I say, Pen, would you feel particularly proud now if you ha written Hayley's poems? And as for a second place in painting, wh would care to be Caravaggio or Caracci? I wouldn't give a straw t be Caracci or Caravaggio. I would just as soon be yonder arti who is painting up Foker's Entire over the public-house at the corne He will have his payment afterwards, five shillings a day, and a pot beer. Your head a little more to the light, Mrs. Pendennis, if you pleas I am tiring you, I dare say, but then, oh, I am doing it so badly!"

I, for my part, thought Clive was making a very pretty drawing my wife, and having affairs of my own to attend to, would often lea her at his chambers as a sitter, or find him at our lodgings visitin her. They became the very greatest friends. I knew the your fellow could have no better friend than Laura; and not beir ignorant of the malady under which he was labouring, conclude naturally and justly that Clive grew so fond of my wife, not for h sake entirely, but for his own, because he could pour his heart o to her, and her sweet kindness and compassion would soothe him his unhappy condition.

Miss Ethel, I have said, also professed a great fondness f Mrs. Pendennis; and there was that charm in the young lady manner which speedily could overcome even female jealousy Perhaps Laura determined magnanimously to conquer it; perhap she hid it so as to vex me and prove the injustice of my suspicions perhaps, honestly, she was conquered by the young beauty, and gav her a regard and admiration which the other knew she could inspir whenever she had the will. My wife was fairly captivated by her length. The untameable young creature was docile and gentle i Laura's presence; modest, natural, amiable, full of laughter an spirits, delightful to see and to hear; her presence cheered our qui little household; her charm fascinated my wife as it had subjugate poor Clive. Even the reluctant Farintosh was compelled to own h power, and confidentially told his male friends, that, hang it, she w

so handsome, and so clever, and so confoundedly pleasant and fascinating, and that—that he had been on the point of popping the fatal question ever so many times, by Jove. "And hang it, you know," his lordship would say, "I don't want to marry until I have had my fling, you know." As for Clive, Ethel treated him like a boy, like a big brother. She was jocular, kind, pert, pleasant with him, ordered him on her errands, accepted his bouquets and compliments, admired his drawings, liked to hear him praised, and took his part in all companies; laughed at his sighs, and frankly owned to Laura her liking for him and her pleasure in seeing him. "Why, said she, "should not I be happy as long as the sunshine lasts? To-morrow, I know, will be glum and dreary enough. When grandmamma comes back I shall scarcely be able to come and see you. When I am settled in life—eh! I shall be settled in life! Do not grudge me my holiday, Laura. Oh, if you knew how stupid it is to be in the world, and how much pleasanter to come and talk, and laugh, and sing, and be happy with you, than to sit in that dreary Eaton Place with poor Clara!"

"Why do you stay in Eaton Place?" asks Laura.

"Why? because I must go out with somebody. What an unsophisticated little country creature you are! Grandmamma is away, and I cannot go about to parties by myself."

"But why should you go to parties, and why not go back to your mother?" says Mrs. Pendennis, gently.

"To the nursery, and my little sisters and Miss Cann? I like being in London best, thank you. You look grave? You think a girl should like to be with her mother and sisters best? My dear, mamma wishes me to be here, and I stay with Barnes and Clara by grandmamma's orders. Don't you know that I have been made over to Lady Kew, who has adopted me? Do you think a young lady of my pretensions can stop at home in a damp house in Warwickshire and cut bread-and-butter for little boys at school? Don't look so very grave and shake your head so, Mrs. Pendennis! If you had been bred as I have, you would be as I am. I know what you are thinking, madam."

"I am thinking," said Laura, blushing and bowing her head—"I am thinking, if it pleases God to give me children, I should like to live at home at Fairoaks." My wife's thoughts, though she did not utter them, and a certain modesty and habitual awe kept her silent

upon subjects so very sacred, went deeper yet. She had been bred to measure her actions by a standard, which the world may nominally admit, but which it leaves for the most part unheeded. Worship, love, duty, as taught her by the devout study of the Sacred Law which interprets and defines it—if these formed the outward practice of her life, they were also its constant and secret endeavours and occupation. She spoke but very seldom of her religion, though it filled her heart and influenced all her behaviour. Whenever she came to that sacred subject, her demeanour appeared to her husband so awful that he scarcely dared to approach it in her company, and stood without as this pure creature entered into the Holy of Holies. What must the world appear to such a person? Its ambitious rewards, disappointments, pleasures, worth how much? Compared to the possession of that priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, a perfect faith, what has Life to offer? I see before me now her sweet grave face as she looks out from the balcony of the little Richmond villa we occupied during the first happy year after our marriage, following Ethel Newcome, who rides away, with a staid groom behind her, to her brother's summer residence, not far distant. Clive had been with us in the morning, and had brought us stirring news. The good Colonel was by this time on his way home. "If Clive could tear himself away from London," the good man wrote (and we thus saw he was acquainted with the state of the young man's mind), "why should not Clive go and meet his father at Malta?" He was feverish and eager to go; and his two friends strongly counselled him to take the journey. In the midst of our talk Miss Ethel came among us. She arrived flushed and in high spirits; she rallied Clive upon his gloomy looks; she turned rather pale, as it seemed to us, when she heard the news. Then she coldly told him she thought the voyage must be a pleasant one, and would do him good: it was pleasanter than that journey she was going to take herself with her grandmother, to those dreary German springs which the old Countess frequented year after year. Mr. Pendennis, having business, retired to his study, whither presently Mrs. Laura followed, having to look for her scissors, or a book she wanted, or upon some pretext or other. She sat down in the conjugal study; not one word did either of us say for awhile about the young people left alone in the drawing-room yonder. Laura talked about our own home at Fairoaks, which our tenants were about to vacate. She vowed and declared that we must

live at Fairoaks; that Clavering, with all its tittle-tattle and stupid inhabitants, was better than this wicked London. Besides, there were some new and very pleasant families settled in the neighbourhood. Clavering Park was taken by some delightful people—"and you know, Pen, you were always very fond of fly-fishing, and may fish the Brawl, as you used in old days, when ——" The lips of the pretty satirist who alluded to these unpleasant bygones were silenced as they deserved to be by Mr. Pendennis. "Do you think, sir, I did not know," says the sweetest voice in the world, "when you went out on your fishing excursions with Miss Amory?" Again the flow of words is checked by the styptic previously applied.

"I wonder," says Mr. Pendennis, archly, bending over his wife's fair hand—"I wonder whether this kind of thing is taking place in the drawing-room?"

"Nonsense, Arthur. It is time to go back to them. Why, I declare I have been three-quarters of an hour away!"

"I don't think they will much miss you, my dear," says the gentleman.

"She is certainly very fond of him. She is always coming here. I am sure it is not to hear you read Shakspeare, Arthur; or your new novel, though it is very pretty. I wish Lady Kew and her sixty thousand pounds were at the bottom of the sea."

"But she says she is going to portion her younger brothers with a part of it; she told Clive so," remarks Mr. Pendennis.

"For shame! Why does not Barnes Newcome portion his younger brothers? I have no patience with that —— Why! Goodness! There is Clive going away, actually! Clive! Mr. Newcome!" But though my wife ran to the study-window and beckoned our friend, he only shook his head, jumped on his horse, and rode away gloomily.

"Ethel had been crying when I went into the room," Laura afterwards told me. "I knew she had; but she looked up from some flowers over which she was bending, began to laugh and rattle, would talk about nothing but Lady Hautbois' great breakfast the day before, and the most insufferable May Fair jargon; and then declared it was time to go home to dress for Mrs. Booth's *déjeûner*, which was to take place that afternoon."

And so Miss Newcome rode away—back amongst the roses and

the rouges—back amongst the fiddling, flirting, flattery, falseness—and Laura's sweet serene face looked after her departing. Mrs. Booth's was a very grand *déjeûner*. We read in the newspapers a list of the greatest names there: a Royal Duke and Duchess, a German Highness, a Hindoo Nabob, &c.; and amongst the Marquises, Farintosh; and amongst the Lords, Highgate; and Lady Clara Newcome, and Miss Newcome, who looked killing, our acquaintance Captain Crackthorpe informs us, and who was in perfectly stunning spirits. "His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Farintosh is wild about her," the Captain said, "and our poor young friend Clive may just go and hang himself. Dine with us at the 'Gar and Starter?' Jolly party. Oh, I forgot! married man now!" So saying, the Captain entered the hostelry near which I met him, leaving this present chronicler to return to his own home.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

MIGHT open the present chapter, as a contemporary writer of Romance is occasionally in the habit of commencing his tales of Chivalry, by a description of a November afternoon, with falling leaves, tawny forests, gathering storms, and other autumnal phenomena; and two horsemen winding up the romantic road which leads from—from Richmond Bridge to the "Star and Garter." The one rider is youthful, and has a blonde mustachio: the cheek of the other has been browned by foreign suns; it is easy to see by the manner in which he bestrides his powerful charger that he has followed ofession of arms. He looks as if he had faced his country's s on many a field of Eastern battle. The cavaliers alight the gate of a cottage on Richmond Hill, where a gentleman s them with eager welcome. Their steeds are accommodated ghbouring hostelry,—I pause in the midst of the description, reader has made the acquaintance of our two horsemen long It is Clive returned from Malta, from Gibraltar, from Seville, adiz, and with him our dear old friend the Colonel. His ns are over, his sword is hung up, he leaves Eastern suns and to warm young blood. Welcome back to England, dear and kind friend! How quickly the years have passed since been gone! There is a streak or two more silver in his hair.

The wrinkles about his honest eyes are somewhat deeper, bu look is as steadfast and kind as in the early, almost boyish day we first knew them.

We talk awhile about the Colonel's voyage home, the pl of the Spanish journey, the handsome new quarters in which has installed his father and himself, my own altered condition and what not. During the conversation a little querulous makes itself audible abovestairs, at which noise Mr. Clive be laugh, and the Colonel to smile. It is for the first time in Mr. Clive listens to the little voice; indeed, it is only since ab weeks that that small organ has been heard in the world Laura Pendennis believes its tones to be the sweetest, th interesting, the most mirth-inspiring, the most pitiful and p that ever baby uttered; which opinions, of course, are bac Mrs. Hokey, the confidential nurse. Laura's husband is rapturous; but, let us trust, behaves in a way becoming a ma father. We forego the description of his feelings as not per to the history at present under consideration. A little while the dinner is served, the lady of the cottage comes down to gr husband's old friends.

And here I am sorely tempted to a third description, whi nothing to do with the story to be sure, but which, if properly might fill half a page very prettily. For is not a young moth of the sweetest sights which life shows us? If she ha beautiful before, does not her present pure joy give a chara refinement and sacredness almost to her beauty, touch her cheeks with fairer blushes, and impart I know not what brightness to her eyes? I give warning to the artist who the pictures for this veracious story, to make no attempt subject. I never would be satisfied with it were his drawin so good.

When Sir Charles Grandison stepped up and made hi beautifullest bow to Miss Byron, I am sure his gracious dignity exceeded that of Colonel Newcome's first greeting to Mrs. Pen Of course from the very moment they beheld one anothe became friends. Are not most of our likings thus instanta Before she came down to see him, Laura had put on one Colonel's shawls—the crimson one, with the red palm-leaves a border of many colours. As for the white one, the pricele

gossamer, the fairy web, which might pass through a ring, *that*, every lady must be aware, was already appropriated to cover the cradle, or what I believe is called the bassinet, of Master Pendennis.

So we all became the very best of friends; and during the winter months, whilst we still resided at Richmond, the Colonel was my wife's constant visitor. He often came without Clive. He did not care for the world which the young gentleman frequented, and was more pleased and at home by my wife's fireside than at more noisy and splendid entertainments. And, Laura being a sentimental person interested in pathetic novels and all unhappy attachments, of course she and the Colonel talked a great deal about Mr. Clive's little affair, over which they would have such deep confabulations that even when the master of the house appeared, Paterfamilias, the man whom, in the presence of the Rev. Dr. Portman, Mrs. Laura had sworn to love, honour, &c., these two guilty ones would be silent, or change the subject of conversation, not caring to admit such an unsympathizing person as myself into their conspiracy.

From many a talk which they have had together since the Colonel and his son embraced at Malta, Clive's father had been led to see how strongly the passion which our friend had once fought and mastered, had now taken possession of the young man. The unsatisfied longing left him indifferent to all other objects of previous desire or ambition. The misfortune darkened the sunshine of his spirit, and clouded the world before his eyes. He passed hours in his painting-room, though he tore up what he did there. He forsook his usual haunts, or appeared amongst his old comrades moody and silent. From cigar-smoking, which I own to be a reprehensible practice, he plunged into still deeper and darker dissipation; for I am sorry to say he took to pipes and the strongest tobacco, for which there is *no* excuse. Our young man was changed. During the last fifteen or twenty months the malady had been increasing on him, of which we have not chosen to describe at length the stages; knowing very well that the reader (the male reader at least) does not care a fig about other people's sentimental perplexities, and is not wrapped up heart and soul in Clive's affairs like his father, whose rest was disturbed if the boy had a headache, or who would have stripped the coat off his back to keep his darling's feet warm.

The object of this hopeless passion had, meantime, returned to the custody of the dark old duenna, from which she had been

liberated for awhile. Lady Kew had got her health again, by means of the prescriptions of some doctors, or by the efficacy of some baths; and was again on foot and in the world, tramping about in her grim pursuit of pleasure. Lady Julia, we are led to believe, had retired upon half-pay, and into an inglorious exile at Brussels, with her sister, the outlaw's wife, by whose bankrupt fireside she was perfectly happy. Miss Newcome was now her grandmother's companion, and they had been on a tour of visits in Scotland, and were journeying from country-house to country-house about the time when our good Colonel returned to his native shores.

The Colonel loved his nephew Barnes no better than before perhaps, though we must say, that since his return from India the young Baronet's conduct had been particularly friendly. "No doubt marriage had improved him; Lady Clara seemed a good-natured young woman enough; besides," says the Colonel, wagging his good old head knowingly, "Tom Newcome, of the Bundlecund Bank, is a personage to be conciliated; whereas Tom Newcome, of the Bengal Cavalry, was not worth Master Barnes's attention. He has been very good and kind on the whole; so have his friends been uncommonly civil. There was Clive's acquaintance, Mr. Belsize that was, Lord Highgate who is now, entertained our whole family sumptuously last week; wants us and Barnes and his wife to go to his country-house at Christmas; is as hospitable, my dear Mrs. Pendennis, as man can be. He met you at Barnes's, and as soon as we are alone," says the Colonel, turning round to Laura's husband, "I will tell you in what terms Lady Clara speaks of your wife. Yes. She is a good-natured kind little woman, that Lady Clara." Here Laura's face assumed that gravity and severeness which it always wore when Lady Clara's name was mentioned, and the conversation took another turn.

Returning home from London one afternoon, I met the Colonel, who hailed me on the omnibus and rode on his way towards the City. I knew, of course, that he had been colloguing with my wife; and taxed that young woman with these continued flirtations. "Two or three times a week, Mrs. Laura, you dare to receive a Colonel of Dragoons. You sit for hours closeted with the young fellow of sixty; you change the conversation when your own injured husband enters the room, and pretend to talk about the weather, or the baby. You little arch-hypocrite, you know you do.—Don't try to humbug *me*,

niss; what will Richmond, what will society, what will Mrs. Grundy in general say to such atrocious behaviour?"

"Oh, Pen," says my wife, closing my mouth in a way which I do not choose farther to particularise; "that man is the best, the dearest, the kindest creature. I never knew such a good man; you ought to put him into a book. Do you know, sir, that I felt the very greatest desire to give him a kiss when he went away; and that one which you had just now, was intended for him."

"Take back thy gift, false girl!" says Mr. Pendennis; and then, finally, we come to the particular circumstance which had occasioned so much enthusiasm on Mrs. Laura's part.

Colonel Newcome had summoned heart of grace, and in Clive's behalf had regularly proposed him to Barnes, as a suitor to Ethel; taking an artful advantage of his nephew Barnes Newcome, and inviting that Baronet to a private meeting, where they were to talk about the affairs of the Bundlecund Banking Company.

Now this Bundlecund Banking Company, in the Colonel's eyes, was in reality his son Clive. But for Clive there might have been a hundred banking companies established, yielding a hundred per cent. in as many districts of India, and Thomas Newcome, who had plenty of money for his own wants, would never have thought of speculation. His desire was to see his boy endowed with all the possible gifts of fortune. Had he built a palace for Clive, and been informed that a roc's egg was required to complete the decoration of the edifice, Tom Newcome would have travelled to the world's end in search of the wanting article. To see Prince Clive ride in a gold coach with a princess beside him, was the kind old Colonel's ambition; that done, he would be content to retire to a garret in the prince's castle, and smoke his cheroot there in peace. So the world is made. The strong and eager covet honour and enjoyment for themselves; the gentle and disappointed (once they may have been strong and eager too) desire these gifts for their children. I think Clive's father never liked or understood the lad's choice of a profession. He acquiesced in it, as he would in any of his son's wishes. But, not being a poet himself, he could not see the nobility of that calling; and felt secretly that his son was demeaning himself by pursuing the art of painting. "Had he been a soldier, now," thought Thomas Newcome, "(though I prevented that,) had he been richer than he is, he might have married Ethel, instead of being unhappy

as he now is, God help him! I remember my own time of grief well enough, and what years it took before my wound was scarred over."

So, with these things occupying his brain, Thomas Newcome artfully invited Barnes, his nephew, to dinner, under pretence of talking of the affairs of the great B. B. C. With the first glass of wine at dessert, and according to the Colonel's good old-fashioned custom of proposing toasts, they drank the health of the B. B. C. Barnes drank the toast with all his generous heart. The B. B. C. sent to Hobson Brothers & Newcome a great deal of business, was in a most prosperous condition, kept a great balance at the bank,—a balance that would not be overdrawn, as Sir Barnes Newcome very well knew. Barnes was for having more of these bills, provided there were remittances to meet the same. Barnes was ready to do any amount of business with the Indian bank, or with any bank, or with any individual, Christian or heathen, white or black, who could do good to the firm of Hobson Brothers & Newcome. He spoke upon this subject with great archness and candour: of course as a City man he would be glad to do a profitable business anywhere, and the B. B. C.'s business *was* profitable. But the interested motive, which he admitted frankly as a man of the world, did not prevent other sentiments more agreeable. "My dear Colonel," says Barnes, "I am happy, most happy, to think that our house and our name should have been useful, as I know they have been, in the establishment of a concern in which one of our family is interested; one whom we all so sincerely respect and regard." And he touched his glass with his lips and blushed a little, as he bowed towards his uncle. He found himself making a little speech, indeed; and to do so before one single person seems rather odd. Had there been a large company present, Barnes would not have blushed at all, but have tossed off his glass, struck his waistcoat possibly, and looked straight in the face of his uncle as the chairman; well, he *did* very likely believe that he respected and regarded the Colonel.

The Colonel said—"Thank you, Barnes, with all my heart. It is always good for men to be friends, much more for blood relations, as we are."

"A relationship which honours me, I'm sure!" says Barnes, with a tone of infinite affability. You see he believed that Heaven had made him the Colonel's superior.

"And I am very glad," the elder went on, "that you and my boy are good friends."

"Friends! of course. It would be unnatural if such near relatives were otherwise than good friends."

"You have been hospitable to him, and Lady Clara very kind, and he wrote to me telling me of your kindness. Ahem! this is tolerable claret. I wonder where Clive gets it?"

"You were speaking about that indigo, Colonel!" here Barnes interposes. "Our house has done very little in that way to be sure; but I suppose that our credit is *about* as good as Baines & Jolly's, and if——" but the Colonel is in a brown study.

"Clive will have a good bit of money when I die," resumes Clive's father.

"Why, you are a hale man—upon my word, quite a young man, and may marry again, Colonel," replies the nephew fascinatingly.

"I shall never do that," replies the other. "Ere many years are gone, I shall be seventy years old, Barnes."

"Nothing in this country, my dear sir! positively nothing. Why, there was Titus, my neighbour in the country—when will you come down to Newcome?—who married a devilish pretty girl, of very good family, too, Miss Burgeon, one of the Devonshire Burgeons. He looks, I am sure, twenty years older than you do. Why should not you do likewise?"

"Because I like to remain single, and want to leave Clive a rich man. Look here, Barnes, you know the value of our bank shares now?"

"Indeed I do; rather speculative; but of course I know what some sold for last week," says Barnes.

"Suppose I realize now. I think I am worth six lakhs. I had nearly two from my poor father. I saved some before and since I invested in this affair; and could sell out to-morrow with sixty thousand pounds."

"A very pretty sum of money, Colonel," says Barnes.

"I have a pension of a thousand a year."

"My dear Colonel, you are a capitalist! we know it very well," remarks Sir Barnes.

"And two hundred a year is as much as I want for myself," continues the capitalist, looking into the fire, and jingling his money in his pockets. "A hundred a year for a horse; a hundred a year

for pocket-money, for I calculate, you know, that Clive will give me a bed-room and my dinner."

"He—he! If your son won't, your *neph*ew will, my dear Colonel!" says the affable Barnes, smiling sweetly.

"I can give the boy a handsome allowance, you see," resumes Thomas Newcome.

"You can make him a handsome allowance now, and leave him a good fortune when you die!" says the nephew, in a noble and courageous manner,—and as if he said Twelve times twelve are a hundred and forty-four, and you have Sir Barnes Newcome's authority —Sir Barnes Newcome's, mind you—to say so.

"Not when I die, Barnes," the uncle goes on. "I will give him every shilling I am worth to-morrow morning, if he marries as I wish him."

"Tant mieux pour lui!" cries the nephew; and thought to himself, "Lady Clara must ask Clive to dinner instantly. Confound the fellow! I hate him—always have; but what luck he has."

"A man with that property may pretend to a good wife, as the French say; hey, Barnes?" asks the Colonel, rather eagerly, looking up in his nephew's face.

That countenance was lighted up with a generous enthusiasm. "To any woman, in any rank—to a nobleman's daughter, my dear sir!" exclaims Sir Barnes.

"I want your sister; I want my dear Ethel for him, Barnes," cries Thomas Newcome, with a trembling voice, and a twinkle in his eyes. "That was the hope I always had till my talk with your poor father stopped it. Your sister was engaged to my Lord Kew then; and my wishes of course were impossible. The poor boy is very much cut up, and his whole heart is bent upon possessing her. She is not, she can't be, indifferent to him. I am sure she would not be, if her family in the least encouraged him. Can either of these young folks have a better chance of happiness again offered to them in life. There's youth, there's mutual liking, there's wealth for them almost—only saddled with the incumbrance of an old dragoon, who won't be much in their way. Give us your good word, Barnes, and let them come together; and upon my word the rest of my days will be made happy if I can eat my meal at their table."

Whilst the poor Colonel was making his appeal Barnes had time to collect his answer; which, since in our character of historians we

A Proposal.

take leave to explain gentlemen's motives as well as record their speeches and actions, we may thus interpret. "Confound the young beggar!" thinks Barnes then. "He will have three or four thousand a year, will he? Hang him, but it's a good sum of money. What a fool his father is to give it away! Is he joking? No, he was always half crazy—the Colonel. Highgate seemed uncommonly sweet on her, and was always hanging about our house. Farintosh has not been brought to book yet; and perhaps neither of them will propose for her. My grandmother, I should think, won't hear of her making a low marriage, as this certainly is: but it's a pity to throw away four thousand a year, ain't it?" All these natural calculations passed briskly through Barnes Newcome's mind, as his uncle, from the opposite side of the fireplace, implored him in the above little speech.

"My dear Colonel," said Barnes, "my dear, kind Colonel! I needn't tell you that your proposal flatters us, as much as your extraordinary generosity surprises me. I never heard anything like it—never. Could I consult my own wishes, I would at once—I would, permit me to say, from sheer admiration of your noble character, say yes, with all my heart, to your proposal. But, alas, I haven't that power."

"Is—is she engaged?" asks the Colonel, looking as blank and sad as Clive himself when Ethel had conversed with him.

"No—I cannot say engaged—though a person of the very highest rank has paid her the most marked attention. But my sister has, in a way, gone from our family, and from my influence as the head of it—an influence which I, I am sure, had most gladly exercised in your favour. My grandmother, Lady Kew, has adopted her; purposes, I believe, to leave Ethel the greater part of her fortune, upon certain conditions; and, of course, expects the—the obedience, and so forth, which is customary in such cases. By the way, Colonel, is our young soupirant aware that papa is pleading his cause for him?"

The Colonel said no; and Barnes lauded the caution which his uncle had displayed. It was quite as well for the young man's interests (which Sir Barnes had most tenderly at heart) that Clive Newcome should not himself move in the affair, or present himself to Lady Kew. Barnes would take the matter in hand at the proper season; the Colonel might be sure it would be most eagerly, most ardently pressed. Clive came home at this juncture, whom Barnes

saluted affectionately. He and the Colonel had talked over their money business; their conversation had been most satisfactory, thank you. "Has it not, Colonel?" The three parted the very best of friends.

As Barnes Newcome professed that extreme interest for his cousin and uncle, it is odd he did not tell them that Lady Kew and Miss Ethel Newcome were at that moment within a mile of them, at her ladyship's house in Queen Street, May Fair. In the hearing of Clive's servant, Barnes did not order his brougham to drive to Queen Street, but waited until he was in Bond Street before he gave the order.

And, of course, when he entered Lady Kew's house, he straightway asked for his sister, and communicated to her the generous offer which the good Colonel had made!

You see Lady Kew was in town, and not in town. Her ladyship was but passing through, on her way from a tour of visits in the North, to another tour of visits somewhere else. The newspapers were not even off the blinds. The proprietor of the house cowered over a bed-candle and a furtive tea-pot in the back drawing-room. Lady Kew's *gens* were not here. The tall canary ones with white polls only showed their plumage and sang in spring. The solitary wretch who takes charge of London houses, and the two servants specially affected to Lady Kew's person, were the only people in attendance. In fact her ladyship was *not* in town. And that is why, no doubt Barnes Newcome said nothing about her being there.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAMILY SECRETS.

HE figure cowering over the furtive tea-pot glowered grimly at Barnes as he entered; and an old voice said —"Ho, it's you!"

"I have brought you the notes, ma'am," says Barnes, taking a packet of those documents from his pocket-book. "I could not come sooner, I have been engaged upon bank business until now."

ay! You smell of smoke like a courier."
n capitalist: he would smoke. They will, ma'am. *I*
upon my word."
see why you shouldn't, if you like it. You will never
out of me whether you do or don't. How is Clara?
o the country with the children? Newcome is the best
,
Bambury thinks she can move in a fortnight. The boy
e——"
iddlestick! I tell you it is she who likes to stay, and
ool, Bambury, advise her not going away. I tell you to
ewcome, the air is good for her."
confounded smoky town, my dear Lady Kew?"

"And invite your mother and little brothers and sisters to st Christmas there. The way in which you neglect them is shamef it is, Barnes."

"Upon my word, ma'am, I propose to manage my own affa without your ladyship's assistance," cries Barnes, starting up; "a did not come at this time of night to hear this kind of——"

"Of good advice. I sent for you to give it you. When I wr to you to bring me the money I wanted, it was but a prete Barkins might have fetched it from the City in the morning. I w you to send Clara and the children to Newcome. They ought to sir, that is why I sent for you; to tell you that. Have you b quarrelling as much as usual?"

"Pretty much as usual," says Barnes, drumming on his hat.

"Don't beat that devil's tattoo; you *agacez* my poor old ner When Clara was given to you she was as well broke a girl as an London."

Sir Barnes responded by a groan.

"She was as gentle and amenable to reason, as good-natu a girl as could be; a little vacant and silly, but you men like d for your wives; and now in three years you have utterly spoiled l She is restive, she is artful, she flies into rages, she fights you beats you. He! he! and that comes of your beating her!"

"I didn't come to hear this, ma'am," says Barnes, livid with r

"You struck her, you know you did, Sir Barnes Newcome. rushed over to me last year on the night you did it, you kr she did."

"Great God, ma'am! You know the provocation," screa Barnes.

"Provocation or not, I don't say. But from that moment has beat you. You fool, to write her a letter and ask her pardo If I had been a man I would rather have strangled my wife, th have humiliated myself so before her. She will never forgive t blow."

"I was mad when I did it; and she drove me mad," says Barn "She has the temper of a fiend, and the ingenuity of the devil. two years an entire change has come over her. If I had used a kn to her I should not have been surprised. But it is not with you reproach me about Clara. Your ladyship found her for me."

"And you spoilt her after she was found, sir. She told me p

of her story that night she came to me. I know it is true, Barnes. You have treated her dreadfully, sir."

"I know that she makes my life miserable, and there is no help for it," says Barnes, grinding a curse between his teeth. "Well, well, no more about this. How is Ethel? Gone to sleep after her journey? What do you think, ma'am, I have brought for her? A proposal."

"Bon Dieu! You don't mean to say Charles Belsize was in earnest!" cries the dowager. "I always thought it was a——"

"It is not from Lord Highgate, ma'am," Sir Barnes said, gloomily. "It is some time since I have known that he was not in earnest; and he knows that I am now."

"Gracious goodness! come to blows with him, too? You have not? That would be the very thing to make the world talk," says the dowager, with some anxiety.

"No," answers Barnes. "He knows well enough that there can be no open rupture. We had some words the other day at a dinner he gave at his own house; Colonel Newcome, and that young beggar, Clive, and that fool, Mr. Hobson, were there. Lord Highgate was confoundedly insolent. He told me that I did not dare to quarrel with him because of the account he kept at our house. I should like to have massacred him! She has told him that I struck her,—the insolent brute!—he says he will tell it at my clubs; and threatens personal violence to me, there, if I do it again. Lady Kew, I'm not safe from that man and that woman," cries poor Barnes, in an agony of terror.

"Fighting is Jack Belsize's business, Barnes Newcome; banking is yours, luckily," said the dowager. "As old Lord Highgate was to die, and his eldest son too, it is a pity certainly they had not died a year or two earlier, and left poor Clara and Charles to come together. You should have married some woman in the serious way; my daughter Walham could have found you one. Frank, I am told, and his wife go on very sweetly together; her mother-in-law governs the whole family. They have turned the theatre back into a chapel again: they have six little ploughboys dressed in surplices to sing the service; and Frank and the Vicar of Kewbury play at cricket with them on holidays. Stay, why should not Clara go to Kewbury?"

"She and her sister have quarrelled about this very affair with Lord Highgate. Some time ago it appears they had words about

it, and when I told Kew that bygones had best be bygones, that Highgate was very sweet upon Ethel now, and that I did not choose to lose such a good account as his, Kew was very insolent to me; his conduct was blackguardly, ma'am, quite blackguardly, and you may be sure but for our relationship I would have called him to——"

Here the talk between Barnes and his ancestress was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Ethel Newcome, taper in hand, who descended from the upper regions enveloped in a shawl.

"How do you do, Barnes? How is Clara? I long to see my little nephew. Is he like his pretty papa?" cries the young lady, giving her fair cheek to her brother.

"Scotland has agreed with our Newcome rose," says Barnes, gallantly. "My dear Ethel, I never saw you in greater beauty."

"By the light of one bed-room candle! what should I be if the whole room were lighted? You would see my face then was covered all over with wrinkles, and quite pale and wobegone, with the dreariness of the Scotch journey. Oh, what a time we have spent! haven't we, grandmamma? I never wish to go to a great castle again; above all, I never wish to go to a little shooting-box. Scotland may be very well for men; but for women—allow me to go to Paris when next there is talk of a Scotch expedition. I had rather be in a boarding-school in the Champs Elysées than in the finest castle in the Highlands. If it had not been for a blessed quarrel with Fanny Follington, I think I should have died at Glen Shorthorn. Have you seen my dear, dear uncle, the Colonel? When did he arrive?"

"Is he come? Why is he come?" asks Lady Kew.

"Is he come? Look here, grandmamma! did you ever see such a darling shawl! I found it in a packet in my room."

"Well, it is beautiful," cries the Dowager, bending her ancient nose over the web. "Your Colonel is a *galant homme*. That must be said of him; and in this does not quite take after the rest of the family. Hum! hum! Is he going away again soon?"

"He has made a fortune, a very considerable fortune for a man in that rank in life," says Sir Barnes. "He cannot have less than sixty thousand pounds."

"Is that much?" asks Ethel.

"Not in England, at our rate of interest; but his money is in

dia, where he gets a great per-centage. His income must be five six thousand pounds, ma'am," says Barnes, turning to Lady Kew.

"A few of the Indians were in society in my time, my dear," ays Lady Kew, musingly. "My father has often talked to me bout Barwell of Stanstead, and his house in St. James's Square; he man who ordered 'more curricles' when there were not carriages nough for his guests. I was taken to Mr. Hastings' trial. It was very stupid and long. The young man, the painter, I suppose will leave his paint-pots now, and set up as a gentleman. I suppose they were very poor, or his father would not have put him to such a profession. Barnes, why did you not make him a clerk in the bank, and save him from the humiliation?"

"Humiliation! why, he is proud of it. My uncle is as proud as a Plantagenet; though he is as humble as—as what? Give me a simile, Barnes. Do you know what my quarrel with Fanny Follington was about? She said we were not descended from the barber-surgeon, and laughed at the Battle of Bosworth. She says our great-grandfather was a weaver. *Was* he a weaver?"

"How should I know? and what on earth does it matter, my child? Except the Gaunts, the Howards, and one or two more, there is scarcely any good blood in England. You are lucky in sharing some of mine. My poor Lord Kew's grandfather was an apothecary at Hampton Court, and founded the family by giving a dose of rhubarb to Queen Caroline. As a rule, nobody is of a good family. Didn't that young man, that son of the Colonel's, go about last year! How did he get in society? Where did we meet him? Oh! at Baden, yes; when Barnes was courting, and my grandson—yes, my grandson—acted so wickedly." Here she began to cough, and to tremble so, that her old stick shook under her hand. "Ring the bell for Ross. Ross, I will go to bed. Go you too, Ethel. You have been travelling enough to-day."

"Her memory seems to fail her a little," Ethel whispered to her brother; "or she will only remember what she wishes. Don't you see that she has grown very much older?"

"I will be with her in the morning. I have business with her," said Barnes.

"Good night. Give my love to Clara, and kiss the little ones for me. Have you done what you promised me, Barnes?"

"What?"

"To be—to be kind to Clara. Don't say cruel things to her. She has a high spirit, and she feels them, though she says nothing."

"*Doesn't* she?" said Barnes, grimly.

"Ah, Barnes, be gentle with her. Seldom as I saw you together, when I lived with you in the spring, I could see that you were harsh, though she affected to laugh when she spoke of your conduct to her. Be kind. I am sure it is the best, Barnes; better than all the wit in the world. Look at grandmamma, how witty she was and is; what a reputation she had, how people were afraid of her; and see her now —quite alone."

"I'll see her in the morning quite alone, my dear," says Barnes, waving a little gloved hand. "By—by!" and his brougham drove away. While Ethel Newcome had been under her brother's roof, where I and friend Clive, and scores of others had been smartly entertained, there had been quarrels and recriminations, misery and heart-burning, cruel words and shameful struggles, the wretched combatants in which appeared before the world with smiling faces, resuming their battle when the feast was concluded and the company gone.

On the next morning, when Barnes came to visit his grandmother, Miss Newcome was gone away to see her sister-in-law, Lady Kew said, with whom she was going to pass the morning; so Barnes and Lady Kew had an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête*, in which the former acquainted the old lady with the proposal which Colonel Newcome had made to him on the previous night.

Lady Kew wondered what the impudence of the world would come to. An artist propose for Ethel! One of her footmen might propose next, and she supposed Barnes would bring the message. "The father came and proposed for this young painter, and you didn't order him out of the room!"

Barnes laughed. "The Colonel is one of my constituents. I can't afford to order one of the Bundlecund Banking Company out of its own room."

"You did not tell Ethel this pretty news, I suppose?"

"Of course I didn't tell Ethel. Nor did I tell the Colonel that Ethel was in London. He fancies her in Scotland with your ladyship at this moment."

"I wish the Colonel were at Calcutta, and his son with him. I wish he was in the Ganges, I wish he was under Juggernaut's car,"

ied the old lady. "How much money has the wretch really got? he is of importance to the bank, of course you must keep well ith him. Five thousand a year, and he says he will settle it all on is son? He must be crazy. There is nothing some of these people rill not do, no sacrifice they will not make, to ally themselves with ood families. Certainly you must remain on good terms with him nd his bank. And we must say nothing of the business to Ethel, nd trot out of town as quickly as we can. Let me see. We go to Drummington on Saturday. This is Tuesday. Barkins, you will keep the front drawing-room shutters shut, and remember we are not in town, unless Lady Glenlivat or Lord Farintosh should call."

"Do you think Farintosh will—will call, ma'am?" asked Sir Barnes demurely.

"He will be going through to Newmarket. He has been where we have been at two or three places in Scotland," replies the lady, with equal gravity. "His poor mother wishes him to give up his bachelor's life—as well she may—for you young men are terribly dissipated. Rossmont is quite a regal place. His Norfolk house is not inferior. A young man of that station ought to marry, and live at his places, and be an example to his people, instead of frittering away his time at Paris and Vienna amongst the most odious company."

"Is he going to Drummington?" asks the grandson.

"I believe he has been invited. We shall go to Paris for November, he probably will be there," answered the Dowager casually; "and tired of the dissipated life he has been leading, let us hope he will mend his ways, and find a virtuous, well-bred young woman to keep him right." With this her ladyship's apothecary is announced, and her banker and grandson takes his leave.

Sir Barnes walked into the City with his umbrella, read his letters, conferred with his partners and confidential clerks; was for awhile not the exasperated husband, or the affectionate brother, or the amiable grandson, but the shrewd, brisk banker, engaged entirely with his business. Presently he had occasion to go on 'Change, or elsewhere, to confer with brother capitalists, and in Cornhill behold he meets his uncle, Colonel Newcome, riding towards the India House, a groom behind him.

The Colonel springs off his horse, and Barnes greets him in the blandest manner. "Have you any news for me, Barnes?" cries the officer.

"The accounts from Calcutta are remarkably good. That cotton is of admirable quality really. Mr. Briggs, of our house, who knows cotton as well as any man in England, says ——"

"It's not the cotton, my dear Sir Barnes," cries the other.

"The bills are perfectly good; there is no sort of difficulty about them. Our house will take half a million of 'em, if ——"

"You are talking of bills, and I am thinking of poor Clive," the Colonel interposes. "I wish you could give me good news for him, Barnes."

"I wish I could. I heartily trust that I may some day. My good wishes you know are enlisted in your son's behalf," cries Barnes, gallantly. "Droll place to talk sentiment in—Cornhill, isn't it? But Ethel, as I told you, is in the hands of higher powers, and we must conciliate Lady Kew if we can. She has always spoken very highly of Clive; very."

"Had I not best go to her?" asks the Colonel.

"Into the North, my good sir? She is—ah—she is travelling about. I think you had best depend upon me. Good morning. In the City we have no hearts, you know, Colonel. Be sure you shall hear from me as soon as Lady Kew and Ethel come to town."

And the banker hurried away, shaking his finger-tips to his uncle, and leaving the good Colonel utterly surprised at his statements. For the fact is, the Colonel knew that Lady Kew was in London, having been apprised of the circumstance in the simplest manner in the world, namely, by a note from Miss Ethel, which billet he had in his pocket, whilst he was talking with the head of the house of Hobson Brothers.

"My dear Uncle" (the note said)—"How glad I shall be to see you! How shall I thank you for the beautiful shawl, and the kind, kind remembrance of me? I found your present yesterday evening on our arrival from the North. We are only here *en passant*, and see *nobody* in Queen Street but Barnes, who has just been about business, and he does not count, you know. I shall go and see Clara to-morrow, and make her take me to see your pretty friend, Mrs. Pendennis. How glad I should be if you *happened* to pay Mrs. P. a visit *about two*. Good-night. I thank you a thousand times, and am always your affectionate— E.

"Queen Street. Tuesday night. *Twelve o'clock.*"

This note came to Colonel Newcome's breakfast-table, and he smothered the exclamation of wonder which was rising to his lips, not choosing to provoke the questions of Clive, who sat opposite to him. Clive's father was in a woful perplexity all that forenoon. "Tuesday night, twelve o'clock," thought he. "Why, Barnes must have gone to his grandmother from my dinner-table; and he told me she was out of town, and said so again just now when we met in the city." (The Colonel was riding towards Richmond at this time.) "What cause had the young man to tell me these lies? Lady Kew may not wish to be at home for me, but need Barnes Newcome say what is untrue to mislead me? The fellow actually went away simpering, and kissing his hand to me, with a falsehood on his lips! What a pretty villain! A fellow would deserve, and has got, a horse-whipping for less. And to think of a Newcome doing this to his own flesh and blood; a young Judas!" Very sad and bewildered, the Colonel rode towards Richmond, where he was to happen to call on Mrs. Pendennis.

It was not much of a fib that Barnes had told. Lady Kew announcing that she was out of town, her grandson no doubt thought himself justified in saying so, as any other of her servants would have done. But if he had recollected how Ethel came down with the Colonel's shawl on her shoulders, how it was possible she might have written to thank her uncle, surely Barnes Newcome would not have pulled that unlucky long-bow. The banker had other things to think of than Ethel and her shawl.

When Thomas Newcome dismounted at the door of Honeymoon Cottage, Richmond, the temporary residence of A. Pendennis, Esq., one of the handsomest young women in England ran into the passage with outstretched arms, called him her dear old uncle, and gave him two kisses, that I dare say brought blushes on his lean sun-burnt cheeks. Ethel clung always to his affection. She wanted that man, rather than any other in the whole world, to think well of her. When she was with him, she was the amiable and simple, the loving impetuous creature of old times. She chose to think of no other. Worldliness, heartlessness, eager scheming, cold flirtations, marquis-hunting and the like, disappeared for a while—and were not, as she sat at that honest man's side. Oh me! that we should have to record such charges against Ethel Newcome!

"He was come home for good now? He would never leave that

boy he spoiled so, who was a good boy, too; she wished she could see him oftener. At Paris, at Madame de Florac's—I found out all about Madame de Florac, sir," says Miss Ethel, with a laugh—"we used often to meet there; and here, sometimes, in London. But in London it was different. You know what peculiar notions some people have; and as I live with grandmamma, who is most kind to me and my brothers, of course I must obey her, and see her friends rather than my own. She likes going out into the world, and I am bound in duty to go with her," &c. &c. Thus the young lady went on talking, defending herself whom nobody attacked, protesting her dislike to gaiety and dissipation—you would have fancied her an artless young country lass, only longing to trip back to her village, milk her cows at sunrise, and sit spinning of winter evenings by the fire.

"Why do you come and spoil my *tête-à-tête* with my uncle, Mr. Pendennis?" cries the young lady to the master of the house, who happens to enter. "Of all the men in the world the one I like best to talk to! Does he not look younger than when he went to India? When Clive marries that pretty little Miss Mackenzie, you will marry again, uncle, and I will be jealous of your wife."

"Did Barnes tell you that we had met last night, my dear?" asks the Colonel.

"Not one word. Your shawl and your dear kind note told me you were come. Why did not Barnes tell us? Why do you look so grave?"

"He has not told her that I was here, and would have me believe her absent," thought Newcome, as his countenance fell. "Shall I give her my own message, and plead my poor boy's cause with her?" I know not whether he was about to lay his suit before her; he said himself subsequently that his mind was not made up, but at this juncture, a procession of nurses and babies made their appearance, followed by the two mothers, who had been comparing their mutual prodigies (each lady having her own private opinion)—Lady Clara and my wife—the latter for once gracious to Lady Clara Newcome, in consideration of the infantine company with which she came to visit Mrs. Pendennis.

Luncheon was served presently. The carriage of the Newcomes drove away, my wife smilingly pardoning Ethel for the assignation which the young person had made at our house. And when those ladies were gone, our good Colonel held a council of war with us his

› friends, and told us what had happened between him and Barnes that morning and the previous night. His offer to sacrifice every ılling of his fortune to young Clive seemed to him to be perfectly ınple (though the recital of the circumstances brought tears into my ife's eyes)—he mentioned it by the way, and as a matter that was :arcely to call for comment, much less praise.

Barnes's extraordinary statements respecting Lady Kew's absence ›uzzled the elder Newcome; and he spoke of his nephew's conduct with much indignation. In vain I urged that her ladyship desiring to be considered absent from London, her grandson was bound to keep her secret. "Keep her secret, yes! Tell me lies, no!" cries out the Colonel. Sir Barnes's conduct was in fact indefensible, though not altogether unusual—the worst deduction to be drawn from it, in my opinion, was, that Clive's chance with the young lady was but a poor one, and that Sir Barnes Newcome, inclined to keep his uncle in good humour, would therefore give him no disagreeable refusal.

Now this gentleman could no more pardon a lie than he could utter one. He would believe all and everything a man told him until deceived once, after which he never forgave. And wrath being once roused in his simple mind and distrust firmly fixed there, his anger and prejudices gathered daily. He could see no single good quality in his opponent; and hated him with a daily increasing bitterness.

As ill-luck would have it, that very same evening, at his return to town, Thomas Newcome entered Bays's club, of which, at our request, he had become a member during his last visit to England, and there was Sir Barnes, as usual, on his way homewards from the City. Barnes was writing at a table, and sealing and closing a letter, as he saw the Colonel enter; he thought he had been a little inattentive and curt with his uncle in the morning; had remarked, perhaps, the expression of disapproval on the Colonel's countenance. He simpered up to his uncle as the latter entered the club-room, and apologized for his haste when they met in the City in the morning—all City men were so busy! "And I have been writing about this little affair, just as you came in," he said; "quite a moving letter to Lady Kew, I assure you, and I do hope and trust we shall have a favourable answer in a day or two."

"You said her ladyship was in the North, I think?" said the Colonel, dryly.

"Oh, yes—in the North, at—at Lord Wallsend's—great coal-proprietor, you know."

"And your sister is with her?"

"Ethel is always with her."

"I hope you will send her my very best remembrances," said the Colonel.

"I'll open the letter, and add 'em in a postscript," said Barnes.

"Confounded liar!" cried the Colonel, mentioning the circumstance to me afterwards, "why does not somebody pitch him out of the bow-window?"

If we were in the secret of Sir Barnes Newcome's correspondence, and could but peep into that particular letter to his grandmother, I dare say we should read that he had seen the Colonel, who was very anxious about his darling youth's suit, but pursuant to Lady Kew's desire, Barnes had stoutly maintained that her ladyship was still in the North, enjoying the genial hospitality of Lord Wallsend. That of course he should say nothing to Ethel, except with Lady Kew's full permission: that he wished her a pleasant trip to ——, and was, &c. &c.

Then if we could follow him, we might see him reach his Belgravian mansion, and fling an angry word to his wife as she sits alone in the darkling drawing-room, poring over the embers. He will ask her, probably with an oath, why the —— she is not dressed? and if she always intends to keep her company waiting? An hour hence, each with a smirk, and the lady in smart raiment, with flowers in her hair, will be greeting their guests as they arrive. Then will come dinner and such conversation as it brings. Then at night Sir Barnes will issue forth, cigar in mouth; to return to his own chamber at his own hour; to breakfast by himself; to go City-wards, money-getting. He will see his children once a fortnight, and exchange a dozen sharp words with his wife twice in that time.

More and more sad does the Lady Clara become from day to day; liking more to sit lonely over the fire; careless about the sarcasms of her husband; the prattle of her children. She cries sometimes over the cradle of the young heir. She is aweary, aweary. You understand the man to whom her parents sold her does not make her happy, though she has been bought with diamonds, two carriages, several large footmen, a fine country-house with delightful gardens and conservatories, and with all this she is miserable—is it possible?

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH KINSMEN FALL OUT.

O T the least difficult part of Thomas Newcome's present business was to keep from his son all knowledge of the negotiation in which he was engaged on Clive's behalf. If my gentle reader has had sentimental disappointments, he or she is aware that the friends who have given him most sympathy under these calamities have been persons who have had dismal histories of their own at some time of their lives, and I conclude Colonel Newcome in his early days must have suffered very cruelly in that affair of which we have a slight cognizance, or ıot have felt so very much anxiety about Clive's condition. :hapters back and we described the first attack, and Clive's e: then we had to indicate the young gentleman's relapse, isy exclamations of the youth under this second outbreak Calling him back after she had dismissed him, and finding er pretext to see him,—why did the girl encourage him, ainly did? I allow, with Mrs. Grundy and most moralists, Newcome's conduct in this matter was highly reprehensible; did not intend to marry Clive she should have broken with :her; that a virtuous young woman of high principle, &c. g once determined to reject a suitor, should separate utterly then and there—never give him again the least a hope, or re-illume the extinguished fire in the wretch's

quetry, but kindness, but family affection, and a strong,

very strong partiality for the rejected lover—are these not to be taken in account, and to plead as excuses for her behaviour to her cousin? The least unworthy part of her conduct, some critics will say, was that desire to see Clive and be well with him: as she felt the greatest regard for him, the showing it was not blameable; and every flutter which she made to escape out of the meshes which the world had cast about her, was but the natural effort at liberty. It was her prudence which was wrong; and her submission, wherein she was most culpable. In the early church story, do we not read how young martyrs constantly had to disobey worldly papas and mammas, who would have had them silent, and not utter their dangerous opinions? how their parents locked them up, kept them on bread and water, whipped and tortured them, in order to enforce obedience?—nevertheless they would declare the truth: they would defy the gods by law established, and deliver themselves up to the lions or the tormentors. Are not there Heathen Idols enshrined among us still? Does not the world worship them, and persecute those who refuse to kneel? Do not many timid souls sacrifice to them; and other bolder spirits rebel, and, with rage at their hearts, bend down their stubborn knees at their altars? See! I began by siding with Mrs. Grundy and the world, and at the next turn of the seesaw have lighted down on Ethel's side, and am disposed to think that the very best part of her conduct has been those escapades which—which right-minded persons most justly condemn. At least that a young beauty should torture a man with alternate liking and indifference; allure, dismiss, and call him back out of banishment; practise arts-to-please upon him, and ignore them when rebuked for her coquetry—these are surely occurrences so common in young women's history as to call for no special censure: and, if on these charges Miss Newcome is guilty, is she, of all her sex, alone in her criminality?

So Ethel and her duenna went away upon their tour of visits to mansions so splendid, and among hosts and guests so polite, that the present modest historian does not dare to follow them. Suffice it to say that Duke This and Earl That were, according to their hospitable custom, entertaining a brilliant circle of friends at their respective castles, all whose names the *Morning Post* gave; and among them those of Dowager Countess of Kew, and Miss Newcome.

During her absence Thomas Newcome grimly awaited the result of his application to Barnes. That baronet showed his uncle a letter,

or rather a postscript, from Lady Kew, which had probably been dictated by Barnes himself, in which the Dowager said she was greatly touched by Colonel Newcome's noble offer; that though she owned she had very different views for her granddaughter, Miss Newcome's choice of course lay with herself. Meanwhile, Lady K. and Ethel were engaged in a round of visits to the country, and there would be plenty of time to resume this subject when they came to London for the season. And, lest dear Ethel's feelings should be needlessly agitated by a discussion of the subject, and the Colonel should take a fancy to write to her privately, Lady Kew gave orders that all letters from London should be despatched under cover to her ladyship, and carefully examined the contents of the packet before Ethel received her share of the correspondence.

To write to her personally on the subject of the marriage, Thomas Newcome had determined was not a proper course for him to pursue. "They consider themselves," says he, "above us, forsooth, in their rank of life, (Oh, mercy! what pigmies we are! and don't angels weep at the brief authority in which we dress ourselves up!) and of course the approaches on our side must be made in regular form, and the parents of the young people must act for them. Clive is too honourable a man to wish to conduct the affair in any other way. He might try the influence of his *beaux yeux*, and run off to Gretna with a girl who had nothing; but the young lady being wealthy, and his relation, sir, we must be on the point of honour; and all the Kews in Christendom sha'n't have more pride than we in this matter."

All this time we are keeping Mr. Clive purposely in the background. His face is so wobegone that we do not care to bring it forward in the family picture. His case is so common that surely its lugubrious symptoms need not be described at length. He works away fiercely at his pictures, and in spite of himself improves in his art. He sent a "Combat of Cavalry," and a picture of "Sir Brian the Templar carrying off Rebecca," to the British Institution this year; both of which pieces were praised in other journals besides the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He did not care for the newspaper praises. He was rather surprised when a dealer purchased his "Sir Brian the Templar." He came and went from our house a melancholy swain. He was thankful for Laura's kindness and pity. J. J.'s studio was his principal resort; and I dare say, as he set up his own easel there, and

worked by his friend's side, he bemoaned his lot to his sympathizing friend.

Sir Barnes Newcome's family was absent from London during the winter. His mother, and his brothers and sisters, his wife and his two children, were gone to Newcome for Christmas. Some six weeks after seeing him, Ethel wrote her uncle a kind, merry letter. They had been performing private theatricals at the country-house where she and Lady Kew were staying. "Captain Crackthorpe made an admirable Jeremy Diddler in 'Raising the Wind.' Lord Farintosh broke down lamentably as Fusbos in 'Bombastes Furioso.'" Miss Ethel had distinguished herself in both of these facetious little comedies. "I should like Clive to paint me as Miss Plainways," she wrote. "I wore a powdered front, painted my face all over wrinkles, imitated old Lady Griffin as well as I could, and looked sixty at least."

Thomas Newcome wrote an answer to his fair niece's pleasant letter: "Clive," he said, "would be happy to bargain to paint her, and nobody else but her, all the days of his life; and," the Colonel was sure, "would admire her at sixty as much as he did now, when she was forty years younger." But, determined on maintaining his appointed line of conduct respecting Miss Newcome, he carried his letter to Sir Barnes, and desired him to forward it to his sister. Sir Barnes took the note, and promised to despatch it. The communications between him and his uncle had been very brief and cold, since the telling of those little fibs concerning old Lady Kew's visits to London, which the Baronet dismissed from his mind as soon as they were spoken, and which the good Colonel never could forgive. Barnes asked his uncle to dinner once or twice, but the Colonel was engaged. How was Barnes to know the reason of the elder's refusal? A London man, a banker and a member of Parliament has a thousand things to think of; and no time to wonder that friends refuse his invitations to dinner. Barnes continued to grin and smile most affectionately when he met the Colonel; to press his hand, to congratulate him on the last accounts from India, unconscious of the scorn and distrust with which his senior mentally regarded him. "Old boy is doubtful about the young cub's love-affair," the Baronet may have thought. "We'll ease his old mind on that point some time hence." No doubt Barnes thought he was conducting the business very smartly and diplomatically.

I heard myself news at this period from the gallant Crackthorpe,

hich, being interested in my young friend's happiness, filled me with ome dismay. "Our friend the painter and glazier has been hankering bout our barracks at Knightsbridge" (the noble Life Guards Green had ow pitched their tents in that suburb), "and pumping me about *la belle ousine*. I don't like to break it to him—I don't really, now. But it's all up with his chance, I think. Those private theatricals at Fallowfield have done Farintosh's business. He used to rave about the Newcome to me, as we were riding home from hunting. He gave Bob Henchman the lie, who told a story which Bob got from his man, who had it from Miss Newcome's lady's-maid, about—about some journey to Brighton, which the cousins took." Here Mr. Crackthorpe grinned most facetiously. "Farintosh swore he'd knock Henchman down; and vows he will be the death of—will murder our friend Clive when he comes to town. As for Henchman, he was in a desperate way. He lives on the Marquis, you know, and Farintosh's anger or his marriage will be the loss of free quarters, and ever so many good dinners a year to him." I did not deem it necessary to impart Crackthorpe's story to Clive, or explain to him the reason why Lord Farintosh scowled most fiercely upon the young painter, and passed him without any other sign of recognition one day as Clive and I were walking together in Pall Mall. If my lord wanted a quarrel, young Clive was not a man to baulk him, and would have been a very fierce customer to deal with, in his actual state of mind.

A pauper child in London at seven years old knows how to go to market, to fetch the beer, to pawn father's coat, to choose the largest fried fish or the nicest ham-bone, to nurse Mary Jane of three,—to conduct a hundred operations of trade or housekeeping, which a little Belgravian does not perhaps acquire in all the days of her life. Poverty and necessity force this precociousness on the poor little brat. There are children who are accomplished shop-lifters and liars almost as soon as they can toddle and speak. I dare say little Princes know the laws of etiquette as regards themselves, and the respect due to their rank at a very early period of their royal existence. Every one of us, according to his degree, can point to the Princekins of private life who are flattered and worshipped, and whose little shoes grown men kiss as soon almost as they walk upon ground.

It is a wonder what human nature will support: and that, c sidering the amount of flattery some people are crammed with fr their cradles, they do not grow worse and more selfish than they a Our poor little pauper just mentioned is dosed with Daffy's Eli and somehow survives the drug. Princekin or lordkin from l earliest days has nurses, dependants, governesses, little friends, scho fellows, schoolmasters, fellow-collegians, college tutors, stewards a valets, led-captains of his suite, and women innumerable flatteri him and doing him honour. The tradesman's manner, which to y and me is decently respectful, becomes straightway frantically serv before Princekin. Folks at railway stations whisper to their famili "That's the Marquis of Farintosh," and look hard at him as passes. Landlords cry, "This way, my lord; this room for yc lordship." They say at public schools Princekin is taught t beauties of equality, and thrashed into some kind of subordinatic Psha! Toad-eaters in pinafores surround Princekin. Do not respe able people send their children so as to be at the same school w him; don't they follow him to college, and eat his toads through lif

And as for women—O my dear friends and brethren in t vale of tears—did you ever see anything so curious, monstrous a amazing as the way in which women court Princekin when he marriageable, and pursue him with their daughters? Who was t British nobleman in old old days who brought his three daught to the King of Mercia, that his Majesty might choose one af inspection? Mercia was but a petty province, and its king in f a Princekin. Ever since those extremely ancient and veneral times the custom exists not only in Mercia, but in all the rest the provinces inhabited by the Angles, and before Princekins t daughters of our nobles are trotted out.

There was no day of his life which our young acquaintance, t Marquis of Farintosh, could remember on which he had not be flattered; and no society which did not pay him court. At a priv school he could recollect the master's wife stroking his pretty cu and treating him furtively to goodies; at college he had the tu simpering and bowing as he swaggered over the grass-plat; old m at clubs would make way for him and fawn on him—not your m picque assiettes and penniless parasites, but most respectable to eaters, fathers of honest families, gentlemen themselves of gc station, who respected this young gentleman as one of the institutic

of their country, and admired the wisdom of the nation that set him to legislate over us. When Lord Farintosh walked the streets at night, he felt himself like Haroun Alraschid—(that is, he would have felt so had he ever heard of the Arabian potentate)—a monarch in disguise affably observing and promenading the city. And let us be sure there was a Mesrour in his train to knock at the doors for him and run the errands of this young caliph. Of course he met with scores of men in life who neither flattered him nor would suffer his airs; but he did not like the company of such, or for the sake of truth to undergo the ordeal of being laughed at; he preferred toadies, generally speaking. "I like," says he, "you know, those fellows who are always saying pleasant things, you know, and who would run from here to Hammersmith if I asked 'em—much better than those fellows who are always making fun of me, you know." A man of his station who likes flatterers need not shut himself up; he can get plenty of society.

As for women, it was his lordship's opinion that every daughter of Eve was bent on marrying him. A Scotch marquis, an English earl, of the best blood in the empire, with a handsome person, and a fortune of fifteen thousand a year, how could the poor creatures do otherwise than long for him? He blandly received their caresses; took their coaxing and cajolery as matters of course; and surveyed the beauties of his time as the Caliph the moonfaces of his harem. My lord intended to marry certainly. He did not care for money, nor for rank; he expected consummate beauty and talent, and some day would fling his handkerchief to the possessor of these, and place her by his side upon the Farintosh throne.

At this time there were but two or three young ladies in society

endowed with the necessary qualifications, or who found favour in his eyes. His lordship hesitated in his selection from these beauties. He was not in a hurry, he was not angry at the notion that Lady Kew (and Miss Newcome with her) hunted him. What else should they do but pursue an object so charming? Everybody hunted him. The other young ladies, whom we need not mention, languished after him still more longingly. He had little notes from these; presents of purses worked by them, and cigar-cases embroidered with his coronet. They sang to him in cosy boudoirs—mamma went out of the room, and sister Ann forgot something in the drawing-room. They ogled him as they sang. Trembling they gave him a little foot to mount them, that they might ride on horseback with him. They tripped along by his side from the Hall to the pretty country church on Sundays. They warbled hymns, sweetly looking at him the while mamma whispered confidentially to him, "What an angel Cecilia is!" And so forth, and so forth—with which chaff our noble bird was by no means to be caught. When he had made up his great mind, that the time was come and the woman, he was ready to give a Marchioness of Farintosh to the English nation.

Miss Newcome has been compared ere this to the statue of "Huntress Diana" at the Louvre, whose haughty figure and beauty the young lady indeed somewhat resembled. I was not present when Diana and Diana's grandmother hunted the noble Scottish stag of whom we have just been writing; nor care to know how many times Lord Farintosh escaped, and how at last he was brought to bay and taken by his resolute pursuers. Paris, it appears, was the scene of his fall and capture. The news was no doubt well known amongst Lord Farintosh's brother dandies, among exasperated matrons and virgins in May Fair, and in polite society generally, before it came to simple Tom Newcome and his son. Not a word on the subject had Sir Barnes mentioned to the Colonel: perhaps not choosing to speak till the intelligence was authenticated; perhaps not wishing to be the bearer of tidings so painful.

Though the Colonel may have read in his *Pall Mall Gazette* a paragraph which announced an approaching MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE, "between a noble young marquis and an accomplished and beautiful young lady, daughter and sister of a Northern baronet," he did not know who were the fashionable persons about to be made happy, nor,

ntil he received a letter from an old friend who lived at Paris, was he fact conveyed to him. Here is the letter preserved by him along rith all that he ever received from the same hand :—

"Rue St. Dominique, St. Germain, Paris, 10 Fev.

"So behold you of return, my friend! you quit for ever the sword nd those arid plains where you have passed so many years of your ife, separated from those to whom, at the commencement, you held very nearly. Did it not seem once as if two hands never could unlock, so closely were they enlaced together? Ah, mine are old and feeble now; forty years have passed since the time when you used to say they were young and fair. How well I remember me of every one of those days, though there is a death between me and them, and it is as across a grave I review them. Yet another parting, and tears and regrets are finished. *Tenez*, I do not believe them when they say there is no meeting for us afterwards, there above. To what good to have seen you, friend, if we are to part here, and in Heaven too? I have not altogether forgotten your language, is it not so? I remember it because it was yours, and that of my happy days. I radote like an old woman as I am. M. de Florac has known my history from the commencement. May I not say that after so many of years I have been faithful to him and to all my promises? When the end comes with its great absolution, I shall not be sorry. One supports the combats of life, but they are long, and one comes from them very wounded; ah, when shall they be over?

"You return and I salute you with wishes for parting. How much egotism! I have another project which I please myself to arrange. You know how I am arrived to love Clive as my own child. I very quick surprised his secret, the poor boy, when he was here it is twenty months. He looked so like you as I repeal me of you in the old time! He told me he had no hope of his beautiful cousin. I have heard of the fine marriage that one makes her. Paul, my son, has been at the English Ambassade last night and has made his congratulations to M. de Farintosh. Paul says him handsome, young, not too spiritual, rich, and haughty, like all noble Montagnards.

"But it is not of M. de Farintosh I write, whose marriage, without doubt, has been announced to you. I have a little project, very foolish, perhaps. You know Mr. the Duke of Ivry has left me

guardian of his little daughter Antoinette, whose *affreuse* mother no one sees more. Antoinette is pretty and good, and soft, and with an affectionate heart. I love her already as my infant. I wish to bring her up, and that Clive should marry her. They say you are returned very rich. What follies are these I write! In the long evenings of winter, the children escaped it is a long time from the maternal nest, a silent old man my only company,—I live but of the past; and play with its souvenirs as the detained caress little birds, little flowers, in their prisons. I was born for the happiness; my God! I have learned it in knowing you. In losing you I have lost it. It is not against the will of Heaven I oppose myself. It is man, who makes himself so much of this evil and misery, this slavery, these tears, these crimes, perhaps.

"This marriage of the young Scotch marquis and the fair Ethel (I love her in spite of all, and shall see her soon and congratulate her, for, do you see, I might have stopped this fine marriage, and did my best and more than my duty for our poor Clive?) shall make itself in London next spring, I hear. You shall assist scarcely at the ceremony; he, poor boy, shall not care to be there! Bring him to Paris to make the court to my little Antoinette: bring him to Paris to his good friend, COMTESSE DE FLORAC.

"I read marvels of his works in an English journal, which one sends me."

Clive was not by when this letter reached his father. Clive was in his painting-room, and lest he should meet his son, and in order to devise the best means of breaking the news to the lad, Thomas Newcome retreated out of doors; and from the Oriental he crossed Oxford Street, and from Oxford Street he stalked over the roomy pavements of Gloucester Place, and there he bethought him how he had neglected Mrs. Hobson Newcome of late, and the interesting family of Bryanstone Square. So he went to leave his card at Maria's door: her daughters, as we have said, are quite grown girls. If they have been lectured, and learning, and back-boarded, and practising, and using the globes, and laying in a store of 'ologies, ever since, what a deal they must know! Colonel Newcome was admitted to see his nieces, and Consummate Virtue, their parent. Maria was charmed to see her brother-in-law; she greeted him with reproachful tenderness: "Why, why," her fine eyes seemed to say, "have you so

ong neglected us? Do you think because I am wise, and gifted, and good, and you are, it must be confessed, a poor creature with no education, I am not also affable? Come, let the prodigal be welcomed by his virtuous relatives: come and lunch with us, Colonel!" He sat down accordingly to the family tiffin.

When the meal was over, the mother, who had matter *of importance to impart to him*, besought him to go to the drawing-room, and there poured out such a eulogy upon her children's qualities as fond mothers know how to utter. They knew this and they knew that. They were instructed by the most eminent professors; "that wretched Frenchwoman, whom you may remember here, Mademoiselle Lenoir," Maria remarked parenthetically, "turned out Oh frightfully! She taught the girls the *worst* accent, it appears. Her father was *not* a colonel; he was—Oh! never mind! It is a mercy I got rid of that *fiendish woman*, and before my precious ones knew *what* she was!" And then followed details of the perfections of the two girls, with occasional side-shots at Lady Ann's family, just as in the old time. "Why don't you bring your boy, whom I have always loved as a son, and who avoids me? Why does not Clive know his cousins? They are very different from others of his kinswomen, who think but of the *heartless world*."

"I fear, Maria, there is too much truth in what you say," sighs the Colonel, drumming on a book on the drawing-room table, and looking down sees it is a great, large, square, gilt Peerage, open at FARINTOSH, MARQUIS OF.—Fergus Angus Malcolm Mungo Roy, Marquis of Farintosh, Earl of Glenlivat, in the peerage of Scotland; also Earl of Rossmont, in that of the United Kingdom. Son of Angus Fergus Malcolm, Earl of Glenlivat, and grandson and heir of Malcolm Mungo Angus, first Marquis of Farintosh, and twenty-fifth Earl, &c. &c.

"You have heard the news regarding Ethel?" remarks Mrs. Hobson.

"I have just heard," says the poor Colonel.

"I have a letter from Ann this morning," Maria continues. "They are of course delighted with the match. Lord Farintosh is wealthy, handsome; has been a little wild, I hear; is not such a husband as I would choose for *my* darlings, but poor Brian's family have been educated to love the world; and Ethel no doubt is flattered by the prospects before her. I *have* heard that some one else

was a little *épris* in that quarter. How does Clive bear the news, my dear Colonel?"

"He has long expected it," says the Colonel, rising: "and I left him very cheerful at breakfast this morning."

"Send him to see us, the naughty boy!" cries Maria. "*We* don't change; we remember old times, to us he will ever be welcome!" And with this confirmation of Madame de Florac's news, Thomas Newcome walked sadly homewards.

And now Thomas Newcome had to break the news to his son; who received the shot in such a way as caused his friends and confidants to admire his high spirit. He said he had long been expecting some such announcement: it was many months since Ethel had prepared him for it. Under her peculiar circumstances he did not see how she could act otherwise than she had done. And he narrated to the Colonel the substance of the conversation which the two young people had had together several months before, in Madame de Florac's garden.

Clive's father did not tell his son of his own bootless negotiation with Barnes Newcome. There was no need to recall that now; but the Colonel's wrath against his nephew exploded in conversation with me, who was the confidant of father and son in this business. Ever since that luckless day when Barnes thought proper to—to give a wrong address for Lady Kew, Thomas Newcome's anger had been growing. He smothered it yet for a while, sent a letter to Lady Ann Newcome briefly congratulating her on the choice which he had heard Miss Newcome had made; and in acknowledgment of Madame de Florac's more sentimental epistle he wrote a reply which has not been preserved, but in which he bade her rebuke Miss Newcome for not having answered him when he wrote to her, and not having acquainted her old uncle with her projected union.

To this message Ethel wrote back a brief hurried reply; it said:—

"I saw Madame de Florac last night at her daughter's reception, and she gave me my dear uncle's messages. *Yes, the news is true* which you have heard from Madame de Florac, and in Bryanstone Square. I did not like to write it to you, because I know one whom I regard as a brother (and a great, great deal better), and to whom I know it will give pain. He knows that I have done *my duty*, and *why* I have acted as I have done. God bless him and his dear father.

"What is this about a letter which I never answered? Grandmamma knows nothing about a letter. Mamma has enclosed to me that which you wrote to her, but there has been *no letter* from T. N. to his sincere and affectionate— E. N.

"Rue de Rivoli. Friday."

This was too much, and the cup of Thomas Newcome's wrath overflowed. Barnes had lied about Ethel's visit to London; Barnes had lied in saying that he delivered the message with which his uncle charged him; Barnes had lied about the letter which he had received, and never sent. With these accusations firmly proven in his mind against his nephew, the Colonel went down to confront that sinner.

Wherever he should find Barnes, Thomas Newcome was determined to tell him his mind. Should they meet on the steps of a church, on the flags of 'Change, or in the newspaper-room at Bays's, at evening-paper time, when men most do congregate, Thomas the Colonel was determined upon exposing and chastising his father's grandson. With Ethel's letter in his pocket, he took his way into the City, penetrated into the unsuspecting back-parlour of Hobson's bank, and was disappointed at first at only finding his half-brother Hobson there engaged over his newspaper. The Colonel signified his wish to see Sir Barnes Newcome. "Sir Barnes was not come in yet. You've heard about the marriage?" says Hobson. "Great news for the Barnes's, ain't it? The head of the house is as proud as a peacock about it:—said he was going out to Samuels the diamond merchant's; going to make his sister some uncommon fine present. Jolly to be uncle to a marquis, ain't it, Colonel? I'll have nothing under a duke for my girls. I say, I know whose nose is out of joint. But young fellows get over these things, and Clive won't die this time, I dare say."

While Hobson Newcome made these satiric and facetious remarks, his half-brother paced up and down the glass parlour, scowling over the panes into the bank where the busy young clerks sat before their ledgers. At last he gave an "Ah!" as of satisfaction. Indeed he had seen Sir Barnes Newcome enter into the bank.

The Baronet stopped and spoke with a clerk, and presently entered, followed by that young gentleman into his private parlour. Barnes tried to grin when he saw his uncle, and held out his hand to greet the Colonel but the Colonel put both his behind his back:—

that which carried his faithful bamboo-cane shook nervously. Barnes was aware that the Colonel had the news. "I was going to—to write to you this morning, with—with some intelligence that I am—very—very sorry to give."

"This young gentleman is one of your clerks?" asked Thomas Newcome, blandly.

"Yes; Mr. Boltby, who has your private account. This is Colonel Newcome, Mr. Boltby," says Sir Barnes, in some wonder.

"Mr. Boltby, brother Hobson, you heard what Sir Barnes Newcome said just now respecting certain intelligence which he grieved to give me?"

At this the three other gentlemen respectively wore looks of amazement.

"Allow me to say in your presence, that I don't believe one single word Sir Barnes Newcome says, when he tells me that he is very sorry for some intelligence he has to communicate. He lies, Mr. Boltby; he is very glad. I made up my mind that in whatever company I met him, and on the very first day I found him—hold your tongue, sir; you shall speak afterwards and tell more lies when I have done—I made up my mind, I say, that on the very first occasion I would tell Sir Barnes Newcome that he was a liar and a cheat. He takes charge of letters and keeps them back. Did you break the seal, sir? There was nothing to steal in any letters to Miss Newcome. He tells me people are out of town, whom he goes to see in the next street, after leaving my table, and whom I see myself half-an-hour after he lies to me about their absence."

"D—n you, go out, and don't stand staring there, you booby!" screams out Sir Barnes to the clerk. "Stop, Boltby. Colonel Newcome, unless you leave this room I shall—I shall——"

"You shall call a policeman. Send for the gentleman, and I will tell the Lord Mayor what I think of Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet. Mr. Boltby, shall we have the constable in?"

"Sir, you are an old man, and my father's brother, or you know very well I would——"

"You would what, sir? Upon my word, Barnes Newcome" (here the Colonel's two hands and the bamboo-cane came from the rear and formed in front), "but that you are my father's grandson, after a menace like that, I would take you out and cane you in the presence of your clerks. I repeat, sir, that I consider you guilty of

Colonel tells Sir Barnes a bit of his mind.

achery, falsehood, and knavery. And if ever I see you at Bays's ub, I will make the same statement to your acquaintance at the st end of the town. A man of your baseness ought to be known, ; and it shall be my business to make men of honour aware of ur character. Mr. Boltby, will you have the kindness to make out r account. Sir Barnes Newcome, for fear of consequences that I ould deplore, I recommend you to keep a wide berth of me, sir." id the Colonel twirled his mustachios, and waved his cane in an inous manner, and Barnes started back spontaneously out of its ngerous circle.

What Mr. Boltby's sentiments may have been regarding this raordinary scene in which his principal cut so sorry a figure;— ether he narrated the conversation to other gentlemen connected h the establishment of Hobson Brothers, or prudently kept it to nself, I cannot say, having no means of pursuing Mr. B.'s subse- ent career. He speedily quitted his desk at Hobson Brothers; d let us presume that Barnes *thought* Mr. B. had told all the other rks of the avuncular quarrel. That conviction will make us agine Barnes still more comfortable. Hobson Newcome no doubt s rejoiced at Barnes's discomfiture; he had been insolent and mineering beyond measure of late to his vulgar good-natured cle, whereas after the above interview with the Colonel, he became ry humble and quiet in his demeanour, and for a long, long time ver said a rude word. Nay, I fear Hobson must have carried an count of the transaction to Mrs. Hobson and the circle in yanstone Square; for Sam Newcome, now entered at Cambridge, lled the Baronet "Barnes" quite familiarly; asked after Clara and hel; and requested a small loan of Barnes.

Of course the story did not get wind at Bays's; of course om Eaves did not know all about it, and say that Sir Barnes had en beaten black and blue. Having been treated very ill by the mmittee in a complaint which he made about the Club cookery, r Barnes Newcome never came to Bays's, and at the end of the ar took off his name from the lists of the club.

Sir Barnes, though a little taken aback in the morning, and not ady with an impromptu reply to the Colonel and his cane, could ot allow the occurrence to pass without a protest; and indited a tter which Thomas Newcome kept along with some others previously oted by the compiler of the present memoirs. It is as follows:—

"Colonel Newcome, C.B. *private.* Belgrave St., Feb. 15, 18—.

"SIR,—The incredible insolence and violence of your behaviour to-day (inspired by whatever causes or mistakes of your own,) cannot be passed without some comment on my part. I laid before a friend of your own profession a statement of the words which you applied to me in the presence of my partner and one of my clerks this morning; and my adviser is of opinion that, considering the relationship unhappily subsisting between us, I can take no notice of insults for which you knew when you uttered them I could not call you to account."

"There is some truth in that," said the Colonel. "He couldn't fight, you know; but then he was such a liar I could not help speaking my mind."

"I gathered from the brutal language which you thought fit to employ towards a disarmed man the ground of one of your monstrous accusations against me, that I deceived you in stating that my relative, Lady Kew, was in the country, when in fact she was at her house in London.

"To this absurd charge I at once plead guilty. The venerable lady in question was passing through London, where she desired to be free from intrusion. At her ladyship's wish I stated that she was out of town; and would, under the same circumstances, unhesitatingly make the same statement. Your slight acquaintance with the person in question did not warrant that you should force yourself on her privacy, as you would doubtless know were you more familiar with the customs of the society in which she moves.

"I declare upon my honour as a gentleman, that I gave her the message which I promised to deliver from you, and also that I transmitted a letter with which you entrusted me; and repel with scorn and indignation the charges which you were pleased to bring against me, as I treat with contempt the language and the threats which you thought fit to employ.

"Our books show the amount of *x£ xs. xd.* to your credit, which you will be good enough to withdraw at your earliest convenience; as of ccurse all intercourse must cease henceforth between you and

"Yours, &c.

"B. NEWCOME NEWCOME."

'I think, sir, he doesn't make out a bad case," Mr. Pendennis ırked to the Colonel, who showed him this majestic letter.

'It would be a good case if I believed a single word of it, ıur," replied my friend, placidly twirling the old grey mustachio. you were to say so and so, and say that I had brought false charges nst you, I should cry *mea culpa* and apologize with all my heart. as I have a perfect conviction that every word this fellow says is ; what is the use of arguing any more about the matter? I would believe him if he brought twenty other liars as witnesses, and if ied till he was black in the face. Give me the walnuts. I wonder ı Sir Barnes's military friend was."

Barnes's military friend was our gallant acquaintance General George Tufto, K.C.B., who a short while afterwards talked over quarrel with the Colonel, and manfully told him that (in George's opinion) he was wrong. "The little beggar behaved r well, I thought, in the first business. You bullied him so, and he front of his regiment, too, that it was almost past bearing; when he deplored, with tears in his eyes almost, the little ıbug! that his relationship prevented him calling you out, ecod, lieved him! It was in the second affair that poor little Barney wed he was a cocktail."

"What second affair?" asked Thomas Newcome.

"Don't you know! He! he! this is famous!" cries Sir George. hy, sir, two days after your business, he comes to me with another r and a face as long as my mare's, by Jove. And that letter, vcome, was from your young 'un. Stop, here it is!" and from padded bosom General Sir George Tufto drew a pocket-book, from the pocket-book a copy of a letter, inscribed, "Clive Newıe, Esq., to Sir B. N. Newcome." "There's no mistake about *your* yw, Colonel. No, —— him!" and the man of war fired a volley ıaths as a salute to Clive.

And the Colonel, on horseback, riding by the other cavalry cer's side, read as follows:—

"George Street, Hanover Square, February 16.

"SIR,—Colonel Newcome this morning showed me a letter ring your signature, in which you state—1. That Colonel Newıe has uttered calumnious and insolent charges against you. That Colonel Newcome so spoke, knowing that you could take

no notice of his charges of falsehood and treachery, on account of the relationship subsisting between you.

"Your statements would evidently imply that Colonel Newcome has been guilty of ungentlemanlike conduct, and of cowardice towards you.

"As there can be no reason why *we* should not meet in any manner that you desire, I here beg leave to state, on my own part, that I fully coincide with Colonel Newcome in his opinion that you have been guilty of falsehood and treachery, and that the charge of cowardice which you dare to make against a gentleman of his tried honour and courage, is another wilful and cowardly falsehood on your part.

"And I hope you will refer the bearer of this note, my friend, Mr. George Warrington, of the Upper Temple, to the military gentleman whom you consulted in respect to the just charges of Colonel Newcome. Waiting a prompt reply,

"Believe me, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"CLIVE NEWCOME.

"Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., M.P., &c."

"What a blunderhead I am!" cries the Colonel, with delight on his countenance, spite of his professed repentance. "It never once entered my head that the youngster would take any part in the affair. I showed him his cousin's letter casually, just to amuse him, I think, for he has been deuced low lately, about—about a young man's scrape that he has got into. And he must have gone off and despatched his challenge straightway. I recollect he appeared uncommonly brisk at breakfast the next morning. And so you say, General, the Baronet did not like the *poulet?*"

"By no means; never saw a fellow show such a confounded white feather. At first I congratulated him, thinking your boy's offer must please him, as it would have pleased any fellow in our time to have a shot. Dammy! but I was mistaken in my man. He entered into some confounded long-winded story about a marriage you wanted to make with that infernal pretty sister of his, who is going to marry young Farintosh, and how you were in a rage because the scheme fell to the ground, and how a family duel might occasion unpleasantries to Miss Newcome; though I showed him how this could be

most easily avoided, and that the lady's name need never appear in the transaction. 'Confound it, Sir Barnes,' says I, 'I recollect this boy, when he was a youngster, throwing a glass of wine in your face! We'll put it upon that, and say it's an old feud between you.' He turned quite pale, and he said your fellow had apologized for the glass of wine."

"Yes," said the Colonel, sadly, "my boy apologized for the glass of wine. It is curious how we have disliked that Barnes ever since we set eyes on him."

"Well, Newcome," Sir George resumed, as his mettled charger suddenly jumped and curvetted, displaying the padded warrior's cavalry-seat to perfection. "Quiet, old lady!—easy, my dear! Well, sir, when I found the little beggar turning tail in this way, I said to him, 'Dash me, sir, if you don't want me, why the dash do you send for me, dash me? Yesterday you talked as if you would bite the Colonel's head off, and to-day, when his son offers you every accommodation, by dash, sir, you're afraid to meet him. It's my belief you had better send for a policeman. A 22 is your man, Sir Barnes Newcome.' And with that I turned on my heel and left him. And the fellow went off to Newcome that very night."

"A poor devil can't command courage, General," said the Colonel, quite peaceably, "any more than he can make himself six feet high."

"Then why the dash did the beggar send for *me?*" called out General Sir George Tufto, in a loud and resolute voice; and presently the two officers parted company.

When the Colonel reached home, Mr. Warrington and Mr. Pendennis happened to be on a visit to Clive, and all three were in the young fellow's painting-room. We knew our lad was unhappy, and did our little best to amuse and console him. The Colonel came in. It was in the dark February days: we had lighted gas in the studio. Clive had made a sketch from some favourite verses of mine and George's: those charming lines of Scott's:—

"He turned his charger as he spake,
Beside the river shore;
He gave his bridle-rein a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!"

Thomas Newcome held up a finger at Warrington, and he came up to the picture and looked at it; and George and I trolled out

"Adieu for evermore,
My dear!
Adieu for evermore!"

From the picture the brave old Colonel turned to the painter, regarding his son with a look of beautiful inexpressible affection. And he laid his hand on his son's shoulder, and smiled, and stroked Clive's yellow mustachio.

"And—and did Barnes send no answer to that letter you wrote him?" he said, slowly.

Clive broke out into a laugh that was almost a sob. He took both his father's hands. "My dear, dear old father!" says he, "what a—what an—old—trump you are!" My eyes were so dim I could hardly see the two men as they embraced.

CHAPTER XVI.

HAS A TRAGICAL ENDING.

LIVE presently answered the question which his father put to him in the last chapter, by producing from the ledge of his easel a crumpled paper, full of Cavendish now, but on which was written Sir Barnes Newcome's reply to his cousin's polite invitation.

Sir Barnes Newcome wrote, "that he thought a reference to a friend was quite unnecessary, in the most disagreeable and painful dispute in which Mr. Clive desired to interfere as a principal; that the reasons inted Sir Barnes from taking notice of Colonel Newcome's id ungentlemanlike conduct applied equally, as Mr. Clive very well knew, to himself; that if further insult was outrage attempted, Sir Barnes should resort to the police on; that he was about to quit London, and certainly delay his departure on account of Mr. Clive Newcome's proceedings; and that he desired to take leave of an ject, as of an individual whom he had striven to treat ess, but from whom, from youth upwards, Sir Barnes ad received nothing but insolence, enmity, and ill-will."

an ill man to offend," remarked Mr. Pendennis. "I don't s ever forgiven that claret, Clive."

! the feud dates from long before that," said Clive; anted to lick me when I was a boy, and I declined: in : he had rather the worst of it; but then I operated freely ;, and that wasn't fair in war, you know."

"Heaven forgive me," cries the Colonel; "I have always felt the fellow was my enemy: and my mind is relieved now war is declared. It has been a kind of hypocrisy with me to shake his hand and eat his dinner. When I trusted him it was against my better instinct; and I have been struggling against it these ten years, thinking it was a wicked prejudice and ought to be overcome."

"Why should we overcome such instincts?" asks Mr. Warrington. "Why shouldn't we hate what is hateful in people, and scorn what is mean? From what friend Pen has described to me, and from some other accounts which have come to my ears, your respectable nephew is about as loathsome a little villain as crawls on the earth. Good seems to be out of his sphere, and away from his contemplation. He ill-treats every one he comes near; or, if gentle to them, it is that they may serve some base purpose. Since my attention has been drawn to the creature, I have been contemplating his ways with wonder and curiosity. How much superior Nature's rogues are, Pen, to the villains you novelists put into your books! This man goes about his life business with a natural propensity to darkness and evil—as a bug crawls, and stings, and stinks. I don't suppose the fellow feels any more remorse than a cat that runs away with a mutton-chop. I recognise the Evil Spirit, sir, and do honour to Ahrimanes, in taking off my hat to this young man. He seduced a poor girl in his father's country town—is it not natural? deserted her and her children—don't you recognise the beast? married for rank—could you expect otherwise from him? invites my Lord Highgate to his house in consideration of his balance at the bank. —Sir, unless somebody's heel shall crunch him on the way, there is no height to which this aspiring vermin mayn't crawl. I look to see Sir Barnes Newcome prosper more and more. I make no doubt he will die an immense capitalist, and an exalted Peer of this realm. He will have a marble monument, and a pathetic funeral sermon. There is a divine in your family, Clive, that shall preach it. I will weep respectful tears over the grave of Baron Newcome, Viscount Newcome, Earl Newcome; and the children whom he has deserted, and who, in the course of time, will be sent by a grateful nation to New South Wales, will proudly say to their brother convicts, 'Yes, the Earl was our honoured father!'"

"I fear he is no better than he should be, Mr. Warrington," says

Colonel, shaking his head. "I never heard the story about the serted children."

"How should you, O you guileless man!" cries Warrington. am not in the ways of scandal-hearing myself much; but this e I had from Sir Barnes Newcome's own country. Mr. Batters the *Newcome Independent* is my esteemed client. I write leading icles for his newspaper, and when he was in town last spring he oured me with the anecdote; and proposed to amuse the Member Newcome by publishing it in his journal. This kind of writing not much in my line: and, out of respect to you and your young e, I believe, I strove with Mr. Batters, and entreated him and vailed with him, not to publish the story. This is how I came to ow it."

I sat with the Colonel in the evening, when he commented on rrington's story and Sir Barnes's adventures in his simple way. e said his brother Hobson had been with him the morning after the pute, reiterating Barnes's defence of his conduct: and professing his own part nothing but goodwill towards his brother. "Between rselves the young baronet carries matters with rather a high hand metimes, and I am not sorry that you gave him a little dressing. it you were too hard upon him, Colonel—really you were." "Had known that child-deserting story I would have given it harder ll, sir," says Thomas Newcome, twirling his mustachios: "but my other had nothing to do with the quarrel, and very rightly did not sh to engage in it. He has an eye to business has Master Hobson, ," my friend continued: "for he brought me a cheque for my ivate account, which of course, he said, could not remain after my arrel with Barnes. But the Indian bank account, which is pretty ge, he supposed need not be taken away? and indeed why should So that, which is little business of mine, remains where it was; d brother Hobson and I remain perfectly good friends.

"I think Clive is much better since he has been quite put out of suspense. He speaks with a great deal more kindness and good ure about the marriage than I am disposed to feel regarding it: l depend on it has too high a spirit to show that he is beaten. t I know he is a good deal cut up, though he says nothing; and agreed willingly enough to take a little journey, Arthur, and be of the way when this business takes place. We shall go to Paris: on't know where else besides. These misfortunes do good in one

way, hard as they are to bear: they unite people who love each other. It seems to me my boy has been nearer to me, and likes his old father better than he has done of late." And very soon after this talk our friends departed.

The Crimean minister having been recalled, and Lady Ann Newcome's house in Park Lane being vacant, her ladyship and her family came to occupy the mansion for this eventful season, and sat once more in the dismal dining-room under the picture of the defunct Sir Brian. A little of the splendour and hospitality of old days was revived in the house: entertainments were given by Lady Ann; and amongst other festivities, a fine ball took place, when pretty Miss Alice, Miss Ethel's younger sister, made her first appearance in the world, to which she was afterwards to be presented by the Marchioness of Farintosh. All the little sisters were charmed, no doubt, that the beautiful Ethel was to become a beautiful Marchioness, who, as they came up to womanhood one after another, would introduce them severally to amiable young earls, dukes, and marquises, when they would be married off and wear coronets and diamonds of their own right. At Lady Ann's ball I saw my acquaintance, young Mumford, who was going to Oxford next October, and about to leave Rugby, where he was at the head of the school, looking very dismal as Miss Alice whirled round the room dancing in Viscount Bustington's arms; —Miss Alice, with whose mamma he used to take tea at Rugby, and for whose pretty sake Mumford did Alfred Newcome's verses for him and let him off his thrashings. Poor Mumford! he dismally went about under the protection of young Alfred, a fourth-form boy —not one soul did he know in that rattling London ball-room; his young face was as white as the large white tie, donned two hours since at the "Tavistock" with such nervousness and beating of heart!

With these lads, and decorated with a tie equally splendid, moved about young Sam Newcome, who was shirking from his sister and his mamma. Mrs. Hobson had actually assumed clean gloves for this festive occasion. Sam stared at all the "Nobs;" and insisted upon being introduced to "Farintosh," and congratulated his lordship with much graceful ease; and then pushed about the rooms perseveringly hanging on to Alfred's jacket. "I say, I wish you wouldn't call me Al'," I heard Master Alfred say to his cousin. Seeing my face, Mr.

amuel ran up to claim acquaintance. He was good enough to say e thought Farintosh seemed devilish haughty. Even my wife could ot help saying that Mr. Sam was an odious little creature.

So it was for young Alfred, and his brothers and sisters, who ould want help and protection in the world, that Ethel was about to ive up her independence, her inclination perhaps, and to bestow her ife on yonder young nobleman. Looking at her as a girl devoting erself to her family, her sacrifice gave her a melancholy interest in our eyes. My wife and I watched her, grave and beautiful,—moving through the rooms, receiving and returning a hundred greetings, bending to compliments, talking with this friend and that, with my lord's lordly relations, with himself, to whom she listened deferentially; faintly smiling as he spoke now and again,—doing the honours of her mother's house. Lady after lady of his lordship's clan and kinsfolk complimented the girl and her pleased mother. Old Lady Kew was radiant (if one can call radiance the glances of those darkling old eyes). She sat in a little room apart, and thither people went to pay their court to her. Unwittingly I came in on this levee with my wife on my arm: Lady Kew scowled at me over her crutch, but without a sign of recognition. "What an awful countenance that old woman has!" Laura whispered as we retreated out of that gloomy presence.

And Doubt (as its wont is) whispered too a question in my ear, "Is it for her brothers and sisters only that Miss Ethel is sacrificing herself? Is it not for the coronet, and the triumph, and the fine houses?" "When two motives may actuate a friend, we surely may try and believe in the good one," says Laura. "But, but I am glad Clive does not marry her—poor fellow—he would not have been happy with her. She belongs to this great world: she has spent all her life in it: Clive would have entered into it very likely in her train; and you know, sir, it is not good that we should be our husbands' superiors," adds Mrs. Laura, with a curtsey.

She presently pronounced that the air was very hot in the rooms, and in fact wanted to go home to see her child. As we passed out, we saw Sir Barnes Newcome, eagerly smiling, smirking, bowing, and in the fondest conversation with his sister and Lord Farintosh. By Sir Barnes presently brushed Lieutenant-General Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., who, when he saw on whose foot he had trodden, grunted out, "Hm, beg your pardon!" and turning his back on Barnes,

forthwith began complimenting Ethel and the Marquis. "Served with your lordship's father in Spain; glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," says Sir George. Ethel bows to us as we pass out of the rooms, and we hear no more of Sir George's conversation.

In the cloak-room sits Lady Clara Newcome, with a gentleman bending over her, just in such an attitude as the bride is in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" as the counsellor talks to her. Lady Clara starts up as a crowd of blushes come into her wan face, and tries to smile, and rises to greet my wife, and says something about its being so dreadfully hot in the upper rooms, and so very tedious waiting for the carriages. The gentleman advances towards me with a military stride, and says, "How do you do, Mr. Pendennis? How's our young friend, the painter?" I answer Lord Highgate civilly enough, whereas my wife will scarce speak a word in reply to Lady Clara Newcome.

Lady Clara asked us to her ball, which my wife declined altogether to attend. Sir Barnes published a series of quite splendid entertainments on the happy occasion of his sister's betrothal. We read the names of all the clan Farintosh in the *Morning Post*, as attending these banquets. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, in Bryanstone Square, gave also signs of rejoicing at their niece's marriage. They had a grand banquet, followed by a tea, to which latter amusement the present biographer was invited. Lady Ann, and Lady Kew and her granddaughter, and the Baronet and his wife, and my Lord Highgate and Sir George Tufto attended the dinner; but it was rather a damp entertainment. "Farintosh," whispers Sam Newcome, "sent word just before dinner that he had a sore throat, and Barnes was as sulky as possible. Sir George wouldn't speak to him, and the Dowager wouldn't speak to Lord Highgate. Scarcely anything was drank," concluded Mr. Sam, with a slight hiccup. "I say, Pendennis, how sold Clive will be!" And the amiable youth went off to commune with others of his parents' guests.

Thus the Newcomes entertained the Farintoshes, and the Farintoshes entertained the Newcomes. And the Dowager Countess of Kew went from assembly to assembly every evening, and to jewellers and upholsterers, and dressmakers every morning; and Lord Farintosh seemed to grow more and more attentive as the happy day approached, and he gave away all his cigars to his brother Rob;

The old love again.

and his sisters were delighted with Ethel, and constantly in her company, and his mother was pleased with her, and thought a girl of her spirit and resolution would make a good wife for her son; and select crowds flocked to see the service of plate at Handyman's, and the diamonds which were being set for the lady; and Smee, R.A., painted her portrait, as a *souvenir* for mamma when Miss Newcome should be Miss Newcome no more; and Lady Kew made a will, leaving all she could leave to her beloved granddaughter, Ethel, daughter of the late Sir Brian Newcome, Baronet; and Lord Kew wrote an affectionate letter to his cousin, congratulating her, and wishing her happiness with all his heart; and I was glancing over *The Times* newspaper at breakfast one morning, when I laid it down with an exclamation which caused my wife to start with surprise.

"What is it?" cries Laura, and I read as follows:—

"'DEATH OF THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF KEW.—We regret to have to announce the awfully sudden death of this venerable lady. Her ladyship, who had been at several parties of the nobility the night before last, seemingly in perfect health, was seized with a fit as she was waiting for her carriage, and about to quit Lady Pallgrave's assembly. Immediate medical assistance was procured, and her ladyship was carried to her own house, in Queen Street, May Fair. But she never rallied, or, we believe, spoke, after the first fatal seizure, and sank at eleven o'clock last evening. The deceased, Louisa Joanna Gaunt, widow of Frederick, first Earl of Kew, was daughter of Charles, Earl of Gaunt, and sister of the late and aunt of the present Marquis of Steyne. The present Earl of Kew is her ladyship's grandson, his lordship's father, Lord Walham, having died before his own father, the first earl. Many noble families are placed in mourning by this sad event. Society has to deplore the death of a lady who has been its ornament for more than half a century, and who was known, we may say, throughout Europe for her remarkable sense, extraordinary memory, and brilliant wit.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

BARNES'S SKELETON CLOSET.

THE demise of Lady Kew of course put a stop for a while to the matrimonial projects so interesting to the house of Newcome. Hymen blew his torch out, put it into the cupboard for use on a future day, and exchanged his garish saffron-coloured robe for decent temporary mourning. Charles Honeyman improved the occasion at Lady Whittlesea's chapel hard by; and "Death at the Festival" was one of his most thrilling sermons; reprinted at the request of some of the congregation. There were those of his flock, especially a pair whose quarter of the fold was the organ-loft, who were always charmed with the piping of that melodious pastor.

Shall we too, while the coffin yet rests on the outer earth's surface, enter the chapel whither these void remains of our dear sister departed are borne by the smug undertaker's gentlemen, and pronounce an elegy over that bedizened box of corruption? When the young are stricken down, and their roses nipped in an hour by the destroying blight, even the stranger can sympathize, who counts the scant years on the gravestone, or reads the notice in the newspaper corner. The contrast forces itself on you. A fair young creature, bright and blooming yesterday, distributing smiles, levying homage, inspiring desire, conscious of her power to charm, and gay

with the natural enjoyment of her conquests — who in his walk through the world has not looked on many such a one; and, at the notion of her sudden call away from beauty, triumph, pleasure; her helpless outcries during her short pain; her vain pleas for a little respite; her sentence, and its execution; has not felt a shock of pity? When the days of a long life come to its close, and a white head sinks to rise no more, we bow our own with respect as the mourning train passes, and salute the heraldry and devices of yonder pomp, as symbols of age, wisdom, deserved respect and merited honour; long experience of suffering and action. The wealth he may have achieved is the harvest which he sowed; the titles on his hearse, fruits of the field he bravely and laboriously wrought in. But to live to fourscore years, and be found dancing among the idle virgins! to have had near a century of allotted time, and then be called away from the giddy notes of a May Fair fiddle! To have to yield your roses too, and then drop out of the bony clutch of your old fingers a wreath that came from a Parisian band-box! One fancies around some graves unseen troops of mourners waiting; many and many a poor pensioner trooping to the place; many weeping charities; many kind actions; many dear friends beloved and deplored, rising up at the toll of that bell to follow the honoured hearse; dead parents waiting above, and calling, "Come, daughter!" lost children, heaven's foundlings, hovering round like cherubim, and whispering, "Welcome, mother!" Here is one who reposes after a long feast where no love has been; after girlhood without kindly maternal nurture; marriage without affection; matronhood without its precious griefs and joys; after fourscore years of lonely vanity. Let us take off our hats to that procession too as it passes, admiring the different lots awarded to the children of men, and the various usages to which Heaven puts its creatures.

Leave we yonder velvet-palled box, spangled with fantastic heraldry, and containing within the aged slough and envelope of a soul gone to render its account. Look rather at the living audience standing round the shell;—the deep grief on Barnes Newcome's fine countenance; the sadness depicted in the face of the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh; the sympathy of her ladyship's medical man (who came in the third mourning carriage); better than these, the awe, and reverence, and emotion, exhibited in the kind face of one of the witnesses of this scene, as he listens to those words which the

priest rehearses over our dead. What magnificent words! what a burning faith; what a glorious triumph; what a heroic life, death, hope, they record! They are read over all of us alike; as the sun shines on just and unjust. We have all of us heard them; and I have fancied for my part, that they fell and smote like the sods on the coffin.

The ceremony over, the undertaker's gentlemen clamber on the roof of the vacant hearse, into which palls, tressels, trays of feathers, are inserted, and the horses break out into a trot, and the empty carriages, expressing the deep grief of the deceased lady's friends, depart homeward. It is remarked that Lord Kew hardly has any communication with his cousin, Sir Barnes Newcome. His lordship jumps into a cab, and goes to the railroad. Issuing from the cemetery, the Marquis of Farintosh hastily orders that thing to be taken off his hat, and returns to town in his brougham, smoking a cigar. Sir Barnes Newcome rides in the brougham beside Lord Farintosh, as far as Oxford Street, where he gets a cab, and goes to the City. For business is business, and must be attended to, though grief be ever so severe.

A very short time previous to her demise, Mr. Rood (that was Mr. Rood—that other little gentleman in black, who shared the third mourning coach along with her ladyship's medical man) had executed a will by which almost all the Countess's property was devised to her granddaughter, Ethel Newcome. Lady Kew's decease of course delayed the marriage projects for a while. The young heiress returned to her mother's house in Park Lane. I dare say the deep mourning habiliments in which the domestics of that establishment appeared were purchased out of the funds left in his hands, which Ethel's banker and brother had at her disposal.

Sir Barnes Newcome, who was one of the trustees of his sister's property, grumbled no doubt because his grandmother had bequeathed to him but a paltry recompence of five hundred pounds for his pains and trouble of trusteeship; but his manner to Ethel was extremely bland and respectful: an heiress now, and to be marchioness in a few months, Sir Barnes treated her with a very different regard to that which he was accustomed to show to other members of his family. For while this worthy baronet would contradict his mother at every word she uttered, and take no pains to disguise his opinion that Lady Ann's intellect was of the very poorest order, he would

listen deferentially to Ethel's smallest observations, exert himself to amuse her under her grief, which he chose to take for granted was very severe, visit her constantly, and show the most charming solicitude for her general comfort and welfare.

During this time my wife received frequent notes from Ethel Newcome, and the intimacy between the two ladies much increased. Laura was so unlike the women of Ethel's circle, the young lady was pleased to say, that to be with her was Ethel's greatest comfort. Miss Newcome was now her own mistress, had her carriage, and would drive day after day to our cottage at Richmond. The frigid society of Lord Farintosh's sisters, the conversation of his mother, did not amuse Ethel, and she escaped from both with her usual impatience of control. She was at home every day dutifully to receive my lord's visits, but though she did not open her mind to Laura as freely regarding the young gentleman as she did when the character and disposition of her future mother and sisters-in-law was the subject of their talk, I could see, from the grave look of commiseration which my wife's face bore after her young friend's visits, that Mrs. Pendennis augured rather ill of the future happiness of this betrothed pair. Once, at Miss Newcome's special request, I took my wife to see her in Park Lane, where the Marquis of Farintosh found us. His lordship and I had already a half acquaintance, which was not, however, improved after my regular presentation to him by Miss Newcome: he scowled at me with a countenance indicative of anything but welcome, and did not seem in the least more pleased when Ethel entreated her friend Laura not to take her bonnet, not to think of going away so soon. She came to see us the very next day, stayed much longer with us than usual, and returned to town quite late in the evening, in spite of the entreaties of the inhospitable Laura, who would have had her leave us long before. "I am sure," says clear-sighted Mrs. Laura, "she is come out of bravado, and after we went away yesterday that there were words between her and Lord Farintosh on our account."

"Confound the young man," breaks out Mr. Pendennis in a fume; "what does he mean by his insolent airs?"

"He may think we are partisans de l'autre," says Mrs. Pendennis, with a smile first, and a sigh afterwards, as she said "poor Clive!"

"Do you ever talk about Clive?" asks the husband.

"Never. Once, twice, perhaps, in the most natural manner in

the world, we mentioned where he is; but nothing further passes. The subject is a sealed one between us. She often looks at his drawings in my album (Clive had drawn our baby there and its mother in a great variety of attitudes), and gazes at his sketch of his dear old father; but of him she never says a word."

"So it is best," says Mr. Pendennis.

"Yes—best," echoes Laura with a sigh.

"You think, Laura," continues the husband, "you think she——"

"She what?" What did Mr. Pendennis mean? Laura his wife certainly understood him, though upon my conscience the sentence went no further—for she answered at once,—

"Yes—I think she certainly did, poor boy. But that, of course, is over now; and Ethel, though she cannot help being a worldly woman, has such firmness and resolution of character, that if she has once determined to conquer any inclination of that sort I am sure she will master it, and make Lord Farintosh a very good wife."

"Since the Colonel's quarrel with Sir Barnes," cries Mr. Pendennis, adverting by a natural transition from Ethel to her amiable brother, "our banking friend does not invite us any more; Lady Clara sends you no cards. I have a great mind to withdraw my account."

Laura, who understands nothing about accounts, did not perceive the fine irony of this remark; but her face straightway put on the severe expression which it chose to assume whenever Sir Barnes's family was mentioned, and she said, "My dear Arthur, I am very glad indeed that Lady Clara sends us no more of her invitations. You know very well why I disliked them."

"Why?"

"I hear baby crying," says Laura. O Laura, Laura! how could you tell your husband such a fib?—and she quits the room without deigning to give any answer to that "Why?"

Let us pay a brief visit to Newcome in the North of England, and there we may get some answer to the question of which Mr. Pendennis had just in vain asked a reply from his wife. My design does not include a description of that great and flourishing town of Newcome, and of the manufactures which caused its prosperity; but only admits of the introduction of those Newcomites who are concerned in the affairs of the family which has given its respectable name to these volumes.

Thus in previous pages we have said nothing about the Mayor and Corporation of Newcome, the magnificent bankers and manufacturers who had their places of business in the town, and their splendid villas outside its smoky precincts: people who would give their thousand guineas for a picture or a statue, and write you off a cheque for ten times the amount any day; people who, if there was a talk of a statue to the Queen or the Duke, would come down to the Town 'All and subscribe their one, two, three 'undred apiece (especially if in the neighbouring city of SLOWCOME they were putting up a statue to the Duke or the Queen)—not of such men have I spoken, the magnates of the place; but of the humble Sarah Mason in Jubilee Row; of the Rev. Dr. Bulders the Vicar, Mr. Vidler the apothecary, Mr. Duff the baker; of Tom Potts the jolly reporter of the *Newcome Independent*, and —— Batters, Esq., the proprietor of that journal—persons with whom our friends have had already, or will be found presently to have, some connection. And it is from these that we shall arrive at some particulars regarding the Newcome family, which will show us that they have a skeleton or two in *their* closets, as well as their neighbours.

Now, how will you have the story? Worthy mammas of families —if you do not like to have your daughters told that bad husbands will make bad wives; that marriages begun in indifference make homes unhappy; that men whom girls are brought to swear to love and honour are sometimes false, selfish, and cruel; and that women forget the oaths which they have been made to swear—if you will not hear of this, ladies, close the book, and send for some other. Banish the newspaper out of your houses, and shut your eyes to the truth, the awful truth, of life and sin. Is the world made of Jennies and Jessamies; and passion the play of school-boys and school-girls, scribbling valentines and interchanging lollipops? Is life all over when Jenny and Jessamy are married; and are there no subsequent trials, griefs, wars, bitter heart-pangs, dreadful temptations, defeats, remorses, sufferings to bear, and dangers to overcome? As you and I, friend, kneel with our children round about us, prostrate before the Father of us all, and asking mercy for miserable sinners, are the young ones to suppose the words are mere form, and don't apply to us?—to some outcasts in the free seats probably, or those naughty boys playing in the church-yard? Are they not to know that we err too, and pray with all our hearts to be rescued from temptation? If such

a knowledge is wrong for them, send them to church apart. Go you and worship in private; or, if not too proud, kneel humbly in the midst of them, owning your wrong, and praying Heaven to be merciful to you a sinner.

When Barnes Newcome became the reigning Prince of the Newcome family, and after the first agonies of grief for his father's death had subsided, he made strong attempts to conciliate the principal persons in the neighbourhood, and to render himself popular in the borough. He gave handsome entertainments to the townsfolk and to the country gentry; he tried even to bring those two warring classes together. He endeavoured to be civil to the *Newcome Independent*, the Opposition paper, as well as the *Newcome Sentinel*, that true old Uncompromising Blue. He asked the Dissenting clergymen to dinner, and the Low Church clergymen, as well as the orthodox Doctor Bulders and his curates. He gave a lecture at the "Newcome Athenæum," which everybody said was very amusing, and which *Sentinel* and *Independent* both agreed in praising. Of course he subscribed to that statue which the Newcomites were raising; to the philanthropic missions which the Reverend Low Church gentlemen were engaged in; to the races (for the young Newcomite manufacturers are as sporting gents as any in the North), to the hospital, the "People's Library," the restoration of the rood-screen, and the great painted window in Newcome Old Church (Rev. J. Bulders), and he had to pay in fine a most awful price for his privilege of sitting in Parliament as representative of his native place—as he called it in his speeches, "the cradle of his forefathers, the home of his race," &c., though Barnes was in fact born at Clapham.

Lady Clara could not in the least help this young statesman in his designs upon Newcome and the Newcomites. After she came into Barnes's hands, a dreadful weight fell upon her. She would smile and simper, and talk kindly and gaily enough at first, during Sir Brian's life; and among women, when Barnes was not present. But as soon as he joined the company, it was remarked that his wife became silent, and looked eagerly towards him whenever she ventured to speak. She blundered, her eyes filled with tears; the little wit she had left her in her husband's presence: he grew angry, and tried to hide his anger with a sneer, or broke out with a jibe and an oath, when he lost patience, and Clara, whimpering, would

leave the room. Everybody at Newcome knew that Barnes bullied his wife.

People had worse charges against Barnes than wife-bullying. Do you suppose that little interruption which occurred at Barnes's marriage was not known in Newcome? His victim had been a Newcome girl, the man to whom she was betrothed was in a Newcome factory. When Barnes was a young man, and in his occasional visits to Newcome, lived along with those dashing young blades Sam Jollyman (Jollyman Brothers & Bowcher), Bob Homer, Cross Country Bill, Al. Rucker (for whom his father had to pay eighteen thousand pounds after the Leger the year Toggery won it), and that wild lot, all sorts of stories were told of them, and of Barnes especially. Most of them were settled, and steady business men by this time. Al., it was known, had become very serious, besides making his fortune in cotton. Bob Homer managed the Bank; and as for S. Jollyman, Mrs. S. J. took uncommon good care that *he* didn't break out of bounds any more; why, he was not even allowed to play a game at billiards, or to dine out without her. . . . I could go on giving you interesting particulars of a hundred members of the Newcome aristocracy, were not our attention especially directed to one respectable family.

All Barnes's endeavours at popularity were vain, partly from his own fault, and partly from the nature of mankind, and of the Newcome folks especially, whom no single person could possibly conciliate. Thus, suppose he gave the advertisements to the *Independent*, the old Blue paper the *Sentinel* was very angry: suppose he asked Mr. Hunch, the Dissenting minister, to bless the table-cloth after dinner, as he had begged Dr. Bulders to utter a benediction on the first course, Hunch and Bulders were both angry. He subscribed to the races—what heathenism! to the missionaries—what sanctimonious humbug! And the worst was that Barnes, being young at that time and not able to keep his tongue in order, could not help saying, not to, but of such and such a man, that "he was an infernal ass, or a confounded old idiot," and so forth—peevish phrases, which undid in a moment the work of a dozen dinners, countless compliments, and months of grinning good-humour.

Now he is wiser. He is very proud of being Newcome of Newcome, and quite believes that the place is his hereditary principality. But still, he says, his father was a fool for ever representing the borough.

"Dammy, sir," cries Sir Barnes, "never sit for a place that lies at your park-gates, and, above all, never try to conciliate 'em. Curse 'em! Hate 'em well, sir. Take a line, and flog the fellows on the other side. Since I have sat in Parliament for another place, I have saved myself I don't know how much a year. I never go to High Church or Low; don't give a shillin' to the confounded races, or the infernal soup-tickets, or to the miserable missionaries; and at last live in quiet."

So, in spite of all his subscriptions, and his coaxing of the various orders of Newcomites, Sir Barnes Newcome was not popular among them; and while he had enemies on all sides, had sturdy friends not even on his own. Scarce a man but felt Barnes was laughing at him; Bulders, in his pulpit, Holder, who seconded him in his election, the Newcome society, and the ladies even more than the men were uneasy under his ominous familiarity, and recovered their good-humour when he left them. People felt as if it was a truce only, and not an alliance with him, and always speculated on the possibility of war: when he turned his back on them in the market, men felt relieved, and as they passed his gate looked with no friendly glances over his park-wall.

What happened within was perfectly familiar to many persons. Our friend was insolent to all his servants; and of course very well served, but very much disliked in consequence. The butler was familiar with Taplow—the housekeeper had a friend at Newcome: Mrs. Taplow, in fact, of the "King's Arms"—one of the grooms at Newcome Park kept company with Mrs. Bulders' maid: the incomings and outgoings, the quarrels and tears, the company from London, and all the doings of the folks at Newcome Park were thus known to the neighbourhood round about. The apothecary brought an awful story back from Newcome. He had been called to Lady Clara in strong hysterical fits. He found her ladyship with a bruise on her face. When Sir Barnes approached her (he would not allow the medical man to see her except in his presence) she screamed, and bade him not come near her. These things did Mr. Vidler weakly impart to Mrs. Vidler: these, under solemn vows of secresy, Mrs. Vidler told to one or two friends. Sir Barnes and Lady Clara were seen shopping together very graciously in Newcome a short time afterwards; persons who dined at the Park said the Baronet and his wife seemed on very good terms; but—but that story of the

uised cheek remained in the minds of certain people, and lay by at mpound interest as such stories will.

Now, say people quarrel and make it up; or don't make it up, ut wear a smirking face to society, and call each other "my dear" nd "my love," and smooth over their countenances before John, ho enters with the coals as they are barking and biting, or who nnounces the dinner as they are tearing each other's eyes out? Suppose a woman is ever so miserable, and yet smiles, and doesn't how her grief? "Quite right," say her prudent friends, and her husband's relations above all. "My dear, you have too much propriety to exhibit your grief before the world, or above all, before the darling children." So to lie is your duty, to lie to your friends, to yourself if you can, to your children.

Does this discipline of hypocrisy improve any mortal woman? Say she learns to smile after a blow, do you suppose in this matter alone she will be a hypocrite? Poor Lady Clara! I fancy a better lot for you than that to which fate handed you over. I fancy there need have been no deceit in your fond simple little heart could it but have been given into other keeping. But you were consigned to a master whose scorn and cruelty terrified you; under whose sardonic glances your scared eyes were afraid to look up, and before whose gloomy coldness you dared not be happy. Suppose a little plant, very frail and delicate from the first, but that might have bloomed sweetly and borne fair flowers, had it received warm shelter and kindly nurture; suppose a young creature taken out of her home, and given over to a hard master whose caresses are as insulting as his neglect; consigned to cruel usage; to weary loneliness; to bitter, bitter recollections of the past; suppose her schooled into hypocrisy by tyranny—and then, quick, let us hire an advocate to roar out to a British jury the wrongs of her injured husband, to paint the agonies of his bleeding heart, (if Mr. Advocate gets plaintiff's brief in time, and before defendant's attorney has retained him,) and to show Society injured through him. Let us console that martyr, I say, with thumping damages; and as for the woman—the guilty wretch!—let us lead her out and stone her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROSA QUO LOCORUM SERA MORATUR.

LIVE NEWCOMI
defeat with such
and resolution as
knew the young
character were sure
display. It was
had a little linger
still that the poor
in the worst con
a gambler is res
unhappy whilst hi
guineas remain v
and he is ventur
against the ove
chances of the ba
last piece, however, gone, our friend rises up from that unlu
—beaten at the contest but not broken in spirit. He goes
the world again and withdraws from that dangerous ex
sometimes when he is alone or wakeful, tossing in his bed
he may recall the fatal game, and think how he might have
think what a fool he was ever to have played it at all—
cogitations Clive kept for himself. He was magnanimou
not even to blame Ethel much, and to take her side ag
father, who it must be confessed now exhibited a violent
against that young lady and her belongings. Slow to a
utterly beyond deceit himself, when Thomas Newcome
roused, or at length believed that he was cheated, wo
offender! From that day forth, Thomas believed no goo
Every thought or action of his enemy's life seemed treas
worthy Colonel. If Barnes gave a dinner-party, his uncle w
to fancy that the banker wanted to poison somebody; if he
little speech in the House of Commons (Barnes did m

eeches in the House of Commons), the Colonel was sure some fernal conspiracy lay under the villain's words. The whole of that anch of the Newcomes fared little better at their kinsman's hands —they were all deceitful, sordid, heartless, worldly;—Ethel herself o better now than the people who had bred her up. People hate, s they love, unreasonably. Whether is it the more mortifying to us, o feel that we are disliked or liked undeservedly?

Clive was not easy until he had the sea between him and his isfortune: and now Thomas Newcome had the chance of making at tour with his son which in early days had been such a favourite oject with the good man. They travelled Rhineland and Switzer- nd together—they crossed into Italy—went from Milan to Venice here Clive saluted the greatest painting in the world—the glorious Assumption" of Titian)—they went to Trieste, and over the autiful Styrian Alps to Vienna—they beheld Danube, and the plain ere the Turk and Sobieski fought. They travelled at a prodigious t pace. They did not speak much to one another. They were a ttern pair of English travellers. I dare say many persons whom y met smiled to observe them; and shrugged their shoulders at e aspect of *ces Anglais*. They did not know the care in the young veller's mind; and the deep tenderness and solicitude of the elder. ive wrote to say it was a very pleasant tour, but I think I should t have liked to join it. Let us dismiss it in this single sentence. ther gentlemen have taken the same journey, and with sorrow rhaps as their silent fellow-traveller. How you remember the aces afterwards, and the thoughts which pursued you! If in after ys, when your grief is dead and buried, you revisit the scenes in hich it was your companion, how its ghost rises and shows itself gain! Suppose this part of Mr. Clive's life were to be described at ngth in several chapters, and not in a single brief sentence, what eary pages they would be! In two or three months our friends w a number of men, cities, mountains, rivers, and what not. It s yet early autumn when they were back in France again, and ptember found them at Brussels, where James Binnie, Esq., and his mily were established in comfortable quarters, and where we may e sure Clive and his father were very welcome.

Dragged abroad at first sorely against his will, James Binnie had und the Continental life pretty much to his liking. He had passed winter at Pau, a summer at Vichy, where the waters had done him

good. His ladies had made several charming foreign acquaintan Mrs. Mackenzie had quite a list of Counts and Marchionesses am her friends. The excellent Captain Goby wandered about the cou with them. Was it to Rosey, was it to her mother, the Captain most attached? Rosey received him as a god-papa; Mrs. Macke as a wicked, odious, good-for-nothing, dangerous, delightful creat Is it humiliating, is it consolatory, to remark, with what small some of our friends are amused? The jovial sallies of Gc appeared exquisite to Rosey's mother, and to the girl probabl though that young Bahawder of a Clive Newcome chose to wea grave face (confound his insolent airs!) at the very best of t Goby jokes.

In Goby's train was his fervent admirer and inseparable you friend, Clarence Hoby. Captain Hoby and Captain Goby travell the world together, visited Hombourg and Baden, Cheltenham a Leamington, Paris and Brussels, in company, belonged to the sa club in London—the centre of all pleasure, fashion, and joy, for t young officer and the older campaigner. The jokes at the "Fla the dinners at the "Flag," the committee of the "Flag," were t theme of their constant conversation. Goby fifty years o unattached, and with dyed mustachios, was the affable comrade the youngest member of his club; when absent, a friend wrote h the last riddle from the smoking-room; when present, his knowled of horses, of cookery, wines, and cigars, and military histo rendered him a most acceptable companion. He knew the histc and achievements of every regiment in the army; of every gene and commanding officer. He was known to have been "ou more than once himself, and had made up a hundred quarrels. I was certainly not a man of an ascetic life or a profound intellect culture: but though poor he was known to be most honourabl though more than middle-aged he was cheerful, busy, and kindl and though the youngsters called him Old Goby, he bore his ye very gaily and handsomely, and I dare say numbers of ladies besi Mrs. Mackenzie thought him delightful. Goby's talk and rat perhaps somewhat bored James Binnie, but Thomas Newcome fou the Captain excellent company; and Goby did justice to the go qualities of the Colonel.

Clive's father liked Brussels very well. He and his son occupi very handsome quarters, near the spacious apartments in the P

hich James Binnie's family inhabited. Waterloo was not far off, which the Indian officer paid several visits with Captain Goby for guide; and many of Marlborough's battle-fields were near, in which oby certainly took but a minor interest; but on the other hand ive beheld these with the greatest pleasure, and painted more than e dashing piece, in which Churchill and Eugene, Cutts and adogan, were the heroes; whose flowing periwigs, huge boots, d thundering Flemish chargers were, he thought, more novel nd picturesque than the Duke's surtout, and the French Grenaiers' hairy caps, which so many English and French artists have portrayed.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis were invited by our kind Colonel to pass a month—six months if they chose—at Brussels, and were most splendidly entertained by our friends in that city. A suite of handsome rooms was set apart for us. My study communicated with Clive's atelier. Many an hour did we pass, and many a ride and walk did we take together. I observed that Clive never mentioned Miss Newcome's name, and Laura and I agreed that it was as well not to recall it. Only once, when we read the death of Lady Glenlivat, Lord Farintosh's mother, in the newspaper, I remember to have said, "I suppose that marriage will be put off again."

"Qu'est-ce que cela me fait?" says Mr. Clive gloomily, over his picture—a cheerful piece representing Count Egmont going to execution; in which I have the honour to figure as a halberdier, Captain Hoby as the Count,—and Captain Goby as the Duke of Alva, looking out of window.

Mrs. Mackenzie was in a state of great happiness and glory during this winter. She had a carriage and worked that vehicle most indefatigably. She knew a great deal of good company at Brussels. She had an evening for receiving. She herself went to countless evening-parties, and had the joy of being invited to a couple of court balls, at which I am bound to say her daughter and herself both looked very handsome. The Colonel brushed up his old uniform and attended these entertainments. M. Newcome fils, as I should judge, was not the worst-looking man in the room; and, as these young people waltzed together (in which accomplishment Clive was very much more skilful than Captain Hoby), I dare say many people thought he and Rosey made a pretty couple.

Most persons, my wife included, difficult as that lady is to please,

were pleased with the pretty little Rosey. She sang charmingly now, and looked so while singing. If her mother would but have omitted that chorus, which she cackled perseveringly behind her daughter's pretty back: about Rosey's angelic temper; about the compliments Signor Polonini paid her; about Sir Horace Dash, our Minister, *insisting* upon her singing "Batti Batti" over again, and the Archduke clapping his hands and saying, "Oh, yes!" about Count Vanderslaapen's attentions to her, &c., &c.; but for these constant remarks of Mrs. Mack's, I am sure no one would have been better pleased with Miss Rosey's singing and behaviour than myself. As for Captain Hoby, it was easy to see how *he* was affected towards Miss Rosalind's music and person.

And indeed few things could be pleasanter than to watch the behaviour of this pretty little maid with her Uncle James and his old chum the Colonel. The latter was soon as fond of her as James Binnie himself, whose face used to lighten with pleasure whenever it turned towards hers. She seemed to divine his wants, as she would trip across the room to fulfil them. She skipped into the carriage and covered his feet with a shawl—James was lazy and chilly now—when he took his drive. She sat opposite to him and smiled on him; and, if he dozed, quick, another handkerchief was round his neck. I do not know whether she understood his jokes, but she saluted them always with a sweet kind smile. How she kissed him, and how delighted she was if he brought her a bouquet for her ball that night! One day, upon occasion of one of these balls, James and Thomas, those two old boys, absolutely came into Mrs. Mackenzie's drawing-room with a bouquet apiece for Miss Rosey; and there was a fine laughing.

"O you little Susanna!" says James, after taking his usual payment; "now go and pay t'other elder." Rosey did not quite understand at first, being, you see, more ready to laugh at jokes than to comprehend them: but when she did, I promise you she looked uncommonly pretty as she advanced to Colonel Newcome and put that pretty fresh cheek of hers up to his grizzled mustachio.

"I protest I don't know which of you blushes the most," chuckles James Binnie—and the truth is, the old man and the young girl had both hung out those signals of amiable distress.

On this day, and as Miss Rosey was to be overpowered by flowers, who should come presently to dinner but Captain Hoby, with another

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bouquet! on which Uncle James said Rosey should go to the ball like an American Indian, with her scalps at her belt.

"Scalps!" cries Mrs. Mackenzie.

"Scalps! O law, uncle!" exclaims Miss Rosey. "What can you mean by anything so horrid?"

Goby recalls to Mrs. Mack, Hook-ee-ma-goosh, the Indian chief, whom she must have seen when the Hundred and Fiftieth were at Quebec, and who had his lodge full of them; and who used to lie about the barracks so drunk, and who used to beat his poor little European wife; and presently Mr. Clive Newcome joins this company, when the chirping, tittering, joking, laughing cease somehow.

Has Clive brought a bouquet too? No. He has never thought about a bouquet. He is dressed in black, with long hair, a long mustachio, and melancholy imperial. He looks very handsome, but as glum as an undertaker. And James Binnie says, "Egad, Tom, they used to call you the knight of the woful countenance, and Clive has just inherited the paternal mug." Then James calls out in a cheery voice, "Dinner, dinner!" and trots off with Mrs. Pendennis under his arm; Rosey nestles up against the Colonel; Goby and Mrs. Mack walk away arm-in-arm very contentedly; and I don't know with which of her three nosegays pretty Rosey appears at the ball.

Our stay with our friends at Brussels could not be prolonged beyond a month, for at the end of that period we were under an engagement to other friends in England, who were good enough to desire the presence of Mrs. Pendennis and her suite of baby, nurse, and husband. So we presently took leave of Rosey and the Campaigner, of the two stout elders, and our melancholy young Clive, who bore us company to Antwerp, and who won Laura's heart by the neat way in which he took her child on board ship. Poor fellow! how sad he looked as he bowed to us and took off his hat! His eyes did not seem to be looking at us, though: they and his thoughts were turned another way. He moved off immediately, with his head down, puffing his eternal cigar, and lost in his own meditations; our going or our staying was of very little importance to the lugubrious youth.

"I think it was a great pity they came to Brussels," says Laura, as we sat on the deck, while her unconscious infant was cheerful, and while the water of the lazy Scheldt as yet was smooth.

"Who? The Colonel and Clive? They are very handsomely lodged. They have a good maître-d'hôtel. Their dinners, I am sure, are excellent; and your child, madam, is as healthy as it possibly can be."

"Blessed darling! Yes!" (Blessed darling crows, moos, jumps in his nurse's arms, and holds out a little mottled hand for a biscuit of Savoy, which mamma supplies.) "I can't help thinking, Arthur, that Rosey would have been much happier as Mrs. Hoby than she will be as Mrs. Newcome."

"Who thinks of her being Mrs. Newcome?"

"Her mother, her uncle, and Clive's father. Since the Colonel has been so rich, I think Mrs. Mackenzie sees a great deal of merit in Clive. Rosey will do anything her mother bids her. If Clive can be brought to the same obedience, Uncle James and the Colonel will be delighted. Uncle James has set his heart on this marriage. (He and his sister agree upon this point.) He told me, last night, that he would sing 'Nunc dimittis,' could he but see the two children happy; and that he should lie easier in purgatory if that could be brought about."

"And what did you say, Laura?"

"I laughed, and told Uncle James I was of the Hoby faction. He is very good-natured, frank, honest, and gentlemanlike, Mr. Hoby. But Uncle James said he thought Mr. Hoby was so—well, so stupid—that his Rosey would be thrown away upon the poor Captain. So I did not tell Uncle James that, before Clive's arrival, Rosey had found Captain Hoby far from stupid. He used to sing duets with her; he used to ride with her before Clive came. Last winter, when they were at Pau, I feel certain Miss Rosey thought Captain Hoby very pleasant indeed. She thinks she was attached to Clive formerly, and now she admires him, and is dreadfully afraid of him. He is taller and handsomer, and richer and cleverer than Captain Hoby, certainly."

"I should think so, indeed," breaks out Mr. Pendennis. "Why, my dear, Clive is as fine a fellow as one can see on a summer's day. It does one good to look at him. What a pair of frank bright blue eyes he has, or used to have, till this mishap overclouded them! What a pleasant laugh he has! What a well-built, agile figure it is—what pluck, and spirit, and honour there is about my young chap! I don't say he is a genius of the highest order, but he is the staunchest,

he bravest, the cheeriest, the most truth-telling, the kindest heart. Compare him and Hoby! Why, Clive is an eagle, and yonder little creature a mousing owl!"

"I like to hear you speak so," cries Mrs. Laura, very tenderly. "People say that you are always sneering, Arthur; but I know my husband better. We know papa better, don't we, baby?" (Here my wife kisses the infant Pendennis with great effusion, who has come up dancing on his nurse's arms.) "But," says she, coming back and snuggling by her husband's side again—"But suppose your favourite Clive is an eagle, Arthur, don't you think he had better have an eagle for a mate? If he were to marry little Rosey, I dare say he would be very good to her; but I think neither he nor she would be very happy. My dear, she does not care for his pursuits; she does not understand him when he talks. The two captains, and Rosey and I, and the Campaigner, as you call her, laugh and talk, and prattle, and have the merriest little jokes with one another, and we all are as quiet as mice when you and Clive come in."

"What, am I an eagle too? I have no aquiline pretensions at all, Mrs. Pendennis."

"No. Well, we are not afraid of *you*. We are not afraid of papa, are we, darling?" this young woman now calls out to the other member of her family; who, if you will calculate, has just had time to be walked twice up and down the deck of the steamer, whilst Laura has been making her speech about eagles. And soon the mother, child, and attendant descend into the lower cabins: and then dinner is announced: and Captain Jackson treats us to champagne from his end of the table: and yet a short while, and we are at sea, and conversation becomes impossible; and morning sees us under the grey London sky, and amid the million of masts in the Thames.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROSEBURY AND NEWCOME.

THE friends to whom we were engaged in England were Florac and his wife, Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, who were determined to spend the Christmas holidays at the Princess's country-seat. It was for the first time since their reconciliation that the Prince and Princess dispensed their hospitalities at the latter's château. It is situated, as the reader has already been informed, at some five miles from the town of Newcome; away from the chimneys and smoky atmosphere of that place, in a sweet country of rural woodlands; over which quiet villages, grey church spires, and ancient gabled farm-houses are scattered: still wearing the peaceful aspect which belonged to them when Newcome was as yet but an antiquated country town, before mills were erected on its river banks, and dyes and cinders blackened its stream. Twenty years since Newcome Park was the only great house in that district; now scores of fine villas have sprung up in the suburb lying between the town and park. Newcome New Town, as everybody knows, has grown round the park-gates, and the "New Town Hotel" (where the railway-station is) is a splendid structure in the Tudor style, more ancient in appearance than the park itself;

surrounded by little antique villas with spiked gables, stacks of crooked chimneys, and plate-glass windows looking upon trim lawns; with glistening hedges of evergreens, spotless gravel walks, and Elizabethan gig-houses. Under the great railway viaduct of the New Town goes the old tranquil winding London high-road, once busy with a score of gay coaches, and ground by innumerable wheels; but at a few miles from the New Town Station the road has become so mouldy that the grass actually grows on it; and Rosebury, Madame de Montcontour's house, stands at one end of a village-green, which is even more quiet now than it was a hundred years ago.

When first Madame de Florac bought the place, it scarcely ranked amongst the county houses; and she, the sister of manufacturers at Newcome and Manchester, did not of course visit the county families. A homely little body, married to a Frenchman from whom she was separated, may or may not have done a great deal of good in her village, have had pretty gardens, and won prizes at the Newcome flower and fruit shows; but, of course, she was nobody in such an aristocratic county as we all know ——shire is. She had her friends and relatives from Newcome. Many of them were Quakers—many were retail shopkeepers. She even frequented the little branch Ebenezer, on Rosebury Green; and it was only by her charities and kindness at Christmas-time, that the Rev. Dr. Potter, the rector at Rosebury, knew her. The old clergy, you see, live with the county families. Good little Madame de Florac was pitied and patronized by the Doctor; treated with no little superciliousness by Mrs. Potter, and the young ladies, who only kept the first society. Even when her rich brother died, and she got her share of all that money, Mrs. Potter said poor Madame de Florac did well in not trying to move out of her natural sphere (Mrs. P. was the daughter of a bankrupt hatter in London, and had herself been governess in a noble family, out of which she married Mr. P., who was private tutor). Madame de Florac did well, we say, not to endeavour to leave her natural sphere, and that The County never would receive her. Tom Potter, the rector's son, with whom I had the good fortune to be a fellow-student at Saint Boniface College, Oxbridge,—a rattling, forward, and, it must be owned, vulgar youth,—asked me whether Florac was not a billiard-marker by profession? and was even so kind as to caution his sisters not to speak of billiards before the lady

to insinuate that any nobleman is equal to an English nob
nay, that an English snob, with a coat-of-arms bought yester
stolen out of Edmonston, or a pedigree purchased from a p
maker, has not a right to look down upon any of your paltry
nobility.

One day the carriage-and-four came in state from Newcom
with the well-known chaste liveries of the Newcomes, and d
Rosebury Green, towards the parsonage-gate, where Mrs. a
Miss Potters happened to be standing, cheapening fish from a c

man, with whom they were in the habit of dealing. The lad

ey wore at the *déjeûner* at the "Newcome Athenæum," when Lord everet came down to lecture; into which they no sooner had ooked their lovely shoulders, than they reflected with terror that amma had been altering one of papa's flannel waistcoats, and had eft it in the drawing-room, when they were called out by the song of Rowkins, and the appearance of his donkey's ears over the green ate of the rectory. To think of the Park people coming, and the drawing-room in that dreadful state!

But when they came downstairs, the Park people were not in the room—the woollen garment was still on the table, (how they plunged it into the chiffonier!)—and the only visitor was Rowkins the costermonger, grinning at the open French windows, with the three mackerel, and crying, "Make it sixpence, miss—don't say fippens, ma'am, to a pore fellow that has a wife and family." So that the young ladies had to cry—"Impudence!" "Get away, you vulgar insolent creature! —Go round, sir, to the back-door." "How dare you?" and the like; fearing lest Lady Ann Newcome, and young Ethel, and Barnes should enter in the midst of this ignoble controversy.

They never came at all—those Park people. How very odd! They passed the rectory-gate; they drove on to Madame de Florac's [illegible]ge. They went in. They stayed for half-an-hour; the horses [illegible]ving round and round the gravel road before the house; and [illegible]. Potter and the girls, speedily going to the upper chambers, [illegible] looking out of the room where the maids slept, saw Lady Ann, Ethel, and Barnes walking with Madame de Florac, going into the conservatories, issuing thence with MacWhirter, the gardener, bearing huge bunches of grapes and large fasces of flowers; they saw Barnes talking in the most respectful manner to Madame de Florac; and when they went downstairs and had their work before them—Liddy her gilt music-book, Lizzy her embroidered altar-cloth, mamma her scarlet cloak for one of the old women—they had the agony of seeing the barouche over the railings whisk by, with the Park people inside, and Barnes driving the four horses.

It was on that day when Barnes had determined to take up Madame de Florac; when he was bent upon reconciling her to her husband. In spite of all Mrs. Potter's predictions, the county families did come and visit the manufacturer's daughter; and when Madame de Florac became Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, when it was announced that she was coming to stay at Rosebury for

Christmas, I leave you to imagine whether the circumstance was or was not mentioned in the *Newcome Sentinel* and the *Newcome Independent;* and whether Rev. G. Potter, D.D., and Mrs. Potter did or did not call on the Prince and Princess. I leave you to imagine whether the lady did or did not inspect all the alterations which Vineer's people from Newcome were making at Rosebury House—the chaste yellow satin and gold of the drawing-room—the carved oak for the dining-room—the chintz for the bed-rooms—the Princess's apartment—the Prince's apartment—the guests' apartments—the smoking-room, gracious goodness!—the stables (these were under Tom Potter's superintendence), "and I'm dashed," says he one day, "if here doesn't come a billiard-table!"

The house was most comfortably and snugly appointed from top to bottom; and thus it will be seen that Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis were likely to be in very good quarters for their Christmas of 184—.

Tom Potter was so kind as to call on me two days after our arrival; and to greet me in the Princess's pew at church on the previous day. Before desiring to be introduced to my wife, he requested me to present him to my friend the Prince. He called him your Highness. His Highness, who had behaved with exemplary gravity, save once when he shrieked an "ah!" as Miss Liddy led off the children in the organ-loft in a hymn, and the whole pack went wofully out of tune, complimented Monsieur Tom on the sermon of Monsieur his father. Tom walked back with us to Rosebury Lodge gate. "Will you not come in, and make a party of billiard with me?" says his Highness. "Ah, pardon! I forgot, you do not play the billiard the Sunday!" "*Any other day*, Prince, I shall be delighted," says Tom; and squeezed his Highness's hand tenderly at parting. "Your comrade of college was he?" asks Florac. "My dear, what men are these comrades of college! What men are you English! My word of honour, there are some of them here—if I were to say to them wax my boots, they would take them and wax them! Didst thou see how the Révérend eyed us during the sermon? He regarded us over his book, my word of honour!"

Madame de Florac said simply, she wished the Prince would go and hear Mr. Jacob at the Ebenezer. Mr. Potter was not a good preacher certainly.

"Savez-vous qu'elle est furieusement belle la fille du Révérend?" whispered his Highness to me. "I have made eyes at her during

ıe sermon. They will be of pretty neighbours these Meess!" and 'aul looked unutterably roguish and victorious as he spoke. To my rife, I am bound to say, Monsieur de Montcontour showed a ourtesy, a respect and kindness, that could not be exceeded. He ıdmired her. He payed her compliments innumerable, and gave me, I am sure, sincere congratulations at possessing such a treasure. I do ıot think he doubted about his power of conquering her, or any other of the daughters of women. But I was the friend of his misfortunes—his guest; and he spared me.

I have seen nothing more amusing, odd, and pleasant than Florac at this time of his prosperity. We arrived, as this veracious chronicle has already asserted, on a Saturday evening. We were conducted to our most comfortable apartments; with crackling fires blazing on the hearths, and every warmth of welcome. Florac expanded and beamed with good-nature. He shook me many times by the hand; he patted me; he called me his good—his brave. He cried to his maître-d'hôtel, "Frédéric, remember Monsieur is master here! Run before his orders. Prostrate thyself to him. He was good to me in the days of my misfortune. Hearest thou, Frédéric? See that everything be done for Monsieur Pendennis—for Madame sa charmante lady—for her angelic infant, and the bonne. None of thy garrison tricks with that young person, Frédéric, vieux scélérat! Garde-toi de la, Frédéric: si non, je t'envoie a Botani Bay; je te traduis devant le Lord Maire!"

"En Angleterre je me fais Anglais, vois tu, mon ami," continued the Prince. "Demain c'est Sunday, et tu vas voir! I hear the bell, dress thyself for the dinner—my friend!" Here there was another squeeze of both hands from the good-natured fellow. "It do good to my 'art to 'ave you in my 'ouse! Heuh!" He hugged his guest; he had tears in his eyes as he performed this droll, this kind embrace. Not less kind in her way, though less expansive and *embracive*, was Madame de Montcontour to my wife, as I found on comparing notes with that young woman, when the day's hospitalities were ended. The little Princess trotted from bed-chamber to nursery to see that everything was made comfortable for her guests. She sat ınd saw the child washed and put to bed. She had never beheld ıch a little angel. She brought it a fine toy to play with. She and ıer grim old maid frightened the little creature at first, but it was ery speedily reconciled to their countenances. She was in the

nursery as early as the child's mother. "Ah!" sighed the poor little woman, "how happy you must be to have one." In fine my wife was quite overcome by her goodness and welcome.

Sunday morning arrived in the course of time, and then Florac appeared as a most wonderful Briton indeed! He wore top-boots and buckskins; and after breakfast, when he went to church, a white great-coat with a little cape, in which garment he felt that his similarity to an English gentleman was perfect. In conversation with his grooms and servants he swore freely,—not that he was accustomed to employ oaths in his own private talk, but he thought the employment of these expletives necessary as an English country gentleman. He never

dined without a roast beef, and insisted that the piece of meat should be bleeding, "as you love it, you others." He got up boxing-matches; and kept birds for combats of cock. He assumed the sporting lan-

iage with admirable enthusiasm—drove over to cover with a eppère—rode across contri like a good one—was splendid in the unting-field in his velvet cap and Napoleon boots, and made the lunt welcome at Rosebury, where his good-natured little wife was as inal to the gentlemen in scarlet as she used to be of old to the stout Dissenting gentlemen in black, who sang hymns and spake sermons on her lawn. These folks, scared at the change which had taken place in the little Princess's habits of life, lamented her falling away; but in the county she and her husband got a great popularity, and in Newcome town itself they were not less liked, for her benefactions were unceasing, and Paul's affability the theme of all praise. The *Newcome Independent* and the *Newcome Sentinel* both paid him compliments; the former journal contrasting his behaviour with that of Sir Barnes, their Member. Florac's pleasure was to drive his Princess with four horses into Newcome. He called his carriage his "trappe," his "drague." The street-boys cheered and hurrahed the Prince as he passed through the town. One haberdasher had a yellow stock called "The Montcontour" displayed in his windows; another had a pink one marked "The Princely," and as such recommended it to the young Newcome gents.

The drague conveyed us once to the neighbouring house of Newcome, whither my wife accompanied Madame de Montcontour at that lady's own request, to whom Laura very properly did not think fit to confide her antipathy for Lady Clara Newcome. Coming away from a great house, how often she and I, egotistical philosophers, thanked our fates that our own home was a small one! How long will great houses last in this world? Do not their owners now prefer a lodging at Brighton, or a little entresol on the Boulevard, to the solitary ancestral palace in a park barred round with snow? We were as glad to get out of Newcome as out of a prison. My wife and our hostess skipped into the carriage, and began to talk freely as the lodge-gates closed after us. Would we be lords of such a place under the penalty of living in it? We agreed that the little angle of earth called Fairoaks was dearer to us than the clumsy Newcome pile of Tudor masonry. The house had been fitted up in the time of George IV. and the quasi-Gothic revival. We were made to pass hrough Gothic dining-rooms, where there was now no hospitality,—Gothic drawing-rooms shrouded in brown hollands, to one little room t the end of the dusky suite, where Lady Clara sat alone, or in the

company of the nurses and children. The blank gloom of the place had fallen upon the poor lady. Even when my wife talked about children (good-natured Madame de Montcontour vaunting ours as a prodigy) Lady Clara did not brighten up! Her pair of young ones was exhibited and withdrawn. A something weighed upon the woman. We talked about Ethel's marriage. She said it was fixed for the new year, she believed. She did not know whether Glenlivat had been very handsomely fitted up. She had not seen Lord Farintosh's house in London. Sir Barnes came down once—twice—of a Saturday sometimes, for three or four days to hunt, to amuse himself, as all men do, she supposed. She did not know when he was coming again. She rang languidly when we rose to take leave, and sank back on her sofa, where lay a heap of French novels. "She has chosen some pretty books," says Paul, as we drove through the sombre avenues through the grey park, mists lying about the melancholy ornamental waters, dingy herds of huddled sheep speckling the grass here and there; no smoke rising up from the great stacks of chimneys of the building we were leaving behind us, save one little feeble thread of white which we knew came from the fire by which the lonely mistress of Newcome was seated. "Ouf!" cries Florac, playing his whip, as the lodge-gates closed on us, and his team of horses rattled merrily along the road, "what a blessing it is to be out of that vault of a place! There is something fatal in this house—in this woman. One smells misfortune there."

The hotel which our friend Florac patronized on occasion of his visits to Newcome was the "King's Arms," and it happened one day, as we entered that place of entertainment in company, that a visitor of the house was issuing through the hall, to whom Florac seemed as if he would administer one of his customary embraces, and to whom the Prince called out "Jack," with great warmth and kindness as he ran towards the stranger.

Jack did not appear to be particularly well pleased on beholding us; he rather retreated from before the Frenchman's advances.

"My dear Jack, my good, my brave 'Ighgate! I am delighted to see you!" Florac continues, regardless of the stranger's reception, or of the landlord's looks towards us, who was bowing the Prince into his very best room.

"How do you do, Monsieur de Florac?" growls the new comer, surlily; and was for moving on after this brief salutation; but having

a second thought seemingly, turned back and followed Florac into the apartment whither our host conducted us. *A la bonne heure!* Florac renewed his cordial greetings to Lord Highgate. "I knew not, mon bon, what fly had stung you," says he to my lord. The landlord, rubbing his hands, smirking and bowing, was anxious to know whether the Prince would take anything after his drive. As the Prince's attendant and friend, the lustre of his reception partially illuminated me. When the chief was not by, I was treated with great attention (mingled with a certain degree of familiarity) by my landlord.

Lord Highgate waited until Mr. Taplow was out of the room; and then said to Florac, "Don't call me by my name here, please, Florac, I am here incog."

"Plait-il," asks Florac, "where is incog.?" He laughed when the word was interpreted to him. Lord Highgate had turned to me. "There was no rudeness, you understand, intended, Mr. Pendennis, but I am down here on some business, and don't care to wear the handle to my name. Fellows work it so, don't you understand? never leave you at rest in a country town—that sort of thing. Heard of our friend Clive lately?"

"Whether you 'ave 'andle or no 'andle, Jack, you are always the bien-venu to me. What is thy affair? Old monster! I wager . . . "

"No, no, no such nonsense," says Jack, rather eagerly. "I give you my honour, I—I want to—to raise a sum of money—that is, to invest some in a speculation down here—deuced good the speculations down here; and, by the way, if the landlord asks you, I'm Mr. Harris—I'm a civil engineer—I'm waiting for the arrival of the 'Canada' at Liverpool from America, and very uneasy about my brother who is on board."

"What does he recount to us there? Keep these stories for the landlord, Jack; to us 'tis not the pain to lie. My good Mr. Harris, why have we not seen you at Rosebury? The Princess will scold me if you do not come; and you must bring your dear brother when he arrive too. Do you hear?" The last part of this sentence was uttered for Mr. Taplow's benefit, who had re-entered the "George" bearing a tray of wine and biscuit.

The Master of Rosebury and Mr. Harris went out presently to look at a horse which was waiting the former's inspection in the stable-yard of the hotel. The landlord took advantage of his business

to hear a bell which never was rung, and to ask me questions about the guest who had been staying at his house for a week past. Did I know that party? Mr. Pendennis said, "Yes, he knew that party."

"Most respectable party, I have no doubt?" continues Boniface.

"Do you suppose the Prince of Montcontour knows *any* but respectable parties?" asks Mr. Pendennis—a query of which the force was so great as to discomfit and silence our landlord, who retreated to ask questions concerning Mr. Harris of Florac's grooms.

What was Highgate's business here? Was it mine to know? I might have suspicions, but should I entertain them, or communicate them, and had I not best keep them to myself? I exchanged not a word on the subject of Highgate with Florac, as we drove home; though from the way in which we looked at one another, each saw that the other was acquainted with that unhappy gentleman's secret. We fell to talking about Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry as we trotted on; and then of English manners by way of contrast, of intrigues, elopements, Gretna Grin, &c. &c. "You are a droll nation!" says Florac. "To make love well, you must absolutely have a chaise-de-poste, and a scandal afterwards. If our affairs of this kind made themselves on the grand route, what armies of postilions we should need!"

I held my peace. In that vision of Jack Belsize I saw misery, guilt, children dishonoured, homes deserted,—ruin for all the actors and victims of the wretched conspiracy. Laura marked my disturbance when we reached home. She even divined the cause of it, and charged me with it at night, when we sat alone by our dressing-room fire, and had taken leave of our kind entertainers. Then, under her cross-examination, I own that I told what I had seen—Lord Highgate, under a feigned name, staying at Newcome. It might be nothing. "Nothing! Gracious heavens! Could not this crime and misery be stopped?" "It might be too late," Laura's husband said sadly, bending down his head into the fire.

She was silent too for a while. I could see she was engaged where pious women ever will betake themselves in moments of doubt, of grief, of pain, of separation, of joy even, or whatsoever other trial. They have but to will, and as it were an invisible temple rises round them; their hearts can kneel down there; and they have an audience of the great, the merciful, untiring Counsellor and Consoler. She would not have been frightened at Death near

at hand. I have known her to tend the poor round about us, or to bear pain—not her own merely, but even her children's and mine, with a surprising outward constancy and calm. But the idea of this crime being enacted close at hand, and no help for it—quite overcame her. I believe she lay awake all that night; and rose quite haggard and pale after the bitter thoughts which had deprived her of rest.

She embraced her own child with extraordinary tenderness that morning, and even wept over it, calling it by a thousand fond names of maternal endearment. "Would I leave you, my darling—could I ever, ever, ever quit you, my blessing and treasure!" The unconscious little thing, hugged to his mother's bosom, and scared at her tones and tragic face, clung frightened and weeping round Laura's neck. Would you ask what the husband's feelings were as he looked at that sweet love, that sublime tenderness, that pure Saint blessing his life. Of all the gifts of Heaven to us below that felicity is the sum and the chief. I tremble as I hold it lest I should lose it, and be left alone in the blank world without it.

Breakfast was scarcely over when Laura asked for a pony-carriage, and said she was bent on a private visit. She took her baby and nurse with her. She refused our company, and would not even say whither she was bound until she had passed the lodge-gate. I may have suspected what the object was of her journey. Florac and I did not talk of it. We rode out to meet the hounds of a cheery winter morning: on another day I might have been amused with my host—the splendour of his raiment, the neatness of his velvet cap, the gloss of his hunting-boots; the cheers, shouts, salutations, to dog and man; the oaths and outcries of this Nimrod, who shouted louder than the whole field and the whole pack too—but on this morning I was thinking of the tragedy yonder enacting, and came away early from the hunting-field, and found my wife already returned to Rosebury.

Laura had been, as I suspected, to Lady Clara. She did not know why, indeed. She scarce knew what she should say when she arrived—how she could say what she had in her mind. "I hoped, Arthur, that I should have something—something told me to say," whispered Laura, with her head on my shoulder; and as I lay awake last night thinking of her, prayed—that is, hoped, I might find a word of consolation for that poor lady. Do you know I think she has hardly ever heard a kind word? She said so; she was very much affected after we had talked together a little.

"At first she was very indifferent; cold and haughty in her manner; asked what had caused the pleasure of this visit, for I would go in, though at the lodge they told me her ladyship was unwell, and they thought received no company. I said I wanted to show our boy to her —that the children ought to be acquainted—I don't know what I said. She seemed more and more surprised—then all of a sudden—I don't know how—I said, 'Lady Clara, I have had a dream about you and your children, and I was so frightened that I came over to you to speak about it.' And I *had* the dream, Pen; it came to me absolutely as I was speaking to her.

"She looked a little scared, and I went on telling her the dream. 'My dear,' I said, 'I dreamed that I saw you happy with those children.'

"'Happy!' says she—the three were playing in the conservatory, into which her sitting-room opens.

"'And that a bad spirit came and tore them from you; and drove you out into the darkness; and I saw you wandering about quite lonely and wretched, and looking back into the garden where the children were playing. And you asked and implored to see them; and the Keeper at the gate said, "No, never." And then—then I thought they passed by you, and they did not know you.'

"'Ah,' said Lady Clara.

"'And then I thought, as we do in dreams, you know, that it was *my* child who was separated from me, and who would not know me: and oh, what a pang that was! Fancy that. Let us pray God it was only a dream. And worse than that, when you, when I implored to come to the child, and the man said, "No, never," I thought there came a spirit—an angel that fetched the child to heaven, and you said, "Let me come too; oh, let me come too, I am so miserable." And the angel said, "No, never, never."'

"By this time Lady Clara was looking very pale. 'What do you mean?' she asked of me," Laura continued.

"'Oh, dear lady, for the sake of the little ones, and Him who calls them to Him, go you with them. Never, never part from them! Cling to His knees, and take shelter there.' I took her hands, and I said more to her in this way, Arthur, that I need not, that I ought not to speak again. But she was touched at length when I kissed her; and she said I was very kind to her, and no one had ever been so, and that she was quite alone in the world and had no friend to fly to;

and would I go and stay with her? and I said, 'Yes;' and we must go, my dear. And I think you should see that person at Newcome—see him, and warn him," cried Laura, warming as she spoke, "and pray God to enlighten and strengthen him, and to keep him from this temptation, and implore him to leave this poor, weak, frightened, trembling creature; if he has the heart of a gentleman and the courage of a man, he will, I know he will."

"I think he would, my dearest," I said, "if he but heard the petitioner." Laura's cheeks were blushing, her eyes brightened, her voice rang with a sweet pathos of love that vibrates through my whole being sometimes. It seems to me as if evil must give way, and bad thoughts retire before that purest creature.

"Why has she not some of her family with her, poor thing!" my wife continued. "She perishes in that solitude. Her husband prevents her, I think—and—oh—I know enough of *him* to know what his life is. I shudder, Arthur, to see you take the hand of that wicked, selfish man. You must break with him, do you hear, sir?"

"Before or after going to stay at his house, my love?" asks Mr. Pendennis.

"Poor thing! she lighted up at the idea of any one coming. She ran and showed me the rooms we were to have. It will be very stupid; and you don't like that. But you can write your book, and still hunt and shoot with our friends here. And Lady Ann Newcome must be made to come back again. Sir Barnes quarrelled with his mother and drove her out of the house on her last visit—think of that! The servants here know it. Martha brought me the whole story from the housekeeper's room. This Sir Barnes Newcome is a dreadful creature, Arthur. I am so glad I loathed him from the very first moment I saw him."

"And into this ogre's den you propose to put me and my family, madam!" says the husband. "Indeed, where won't I go if you order me? Oh, who will pack my portmanteau?"

Florac and the Princess were both in desolation when, at dinner, we announced our resolution to go away—and to our neighbour's at Newcome? that was more extraordinary. "Que diable goest thou to do in this galley?" asks our host as we sat alone over our wine.

But Laura's intended visit to Lady Clara was never to have a fulfilment, for on this same evening, as we sat at our dessert, comes a messenger from Newcome with a note for my wife from the lady there.

"*Dearest, kindest,* Mrs. Pendennis," Lady Clara wrote, with many italics, and evidently in much distress of mind.—"Your visit *is not to be.* I spoke about it to Sir B., who *arrived this afternoon,* and who has already begun to treat me *in his usual way.* Oh, I am so unhappy! Pray, pray do not be angry at this rudeness—though indeed it is only a kindness to keep you from this wretched place! I feel as *if I cannot bear this much longer.* But, whatever happens, I shall always remember your goodness, your beautiful goodness and kindness; and shall worship you as *an angel* deserves to be worshipped. Oh, why had I not such a friend *earlier!* But alas! I have none—only *his odious family* thrust upon me for companions to the *wretched, lonely* C. N.

"P.S.—He does not know of my writing. Do not be surprised if you get another note from me in the morning, written in a *ceremonious style,* and regretting that we *cannot have the pleasure* of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis for the present at Newcome.

"P.S.—The hypocrite!"

This letter was handed to my wife at dinner-time, and she gave it to me as she passed out of the room with the other ladies.

I told Florac that the Newcomes could not receive us, and that we would remain, if he willed it, his guests for a little longer. The kind fellow was only too glad to keep us. "My wife would die without *Bébi,*" he said. "She becomes quite dangerous about Bébi." It was gratifying that the good old lady was not to be parted as yet from the innocent object of her love.

My host knew as well as I the terms upon which Sir Barnes and his wife were living. Their quarrels were the talk of the whole county; one side brought forward his treatment of her, and his conduct elsewhere, and said that he was so bad that honest people should not know him. The other party laid the blame upon her, and declared that Lady Clara was a languid, silly, weak, frivolous creature; always crying out of season; who had notoriously taken Sir Barnes for his money, and who as certainly had had an attachment elsewhere. Yes, the accusations were true on both sides. A bad, selfish husband had married a woman for her rank: a weak, thoughtless girl had been sold to a man for his money; and the union, which might have ended in a comfortable indifference, had taken an ill turn and resulted in misery, cruelty, fierce mutual recriminations,

bitter tears shed in private, husband's curses and maledictions, and open scenes of wrath and violence for servants to witness and the world to sneer at. We arrange such matches every day; we sell or buy beauty, or rank, or wealth; we inaugurate the bargain in churches with sacramental services, in which the parties engaged call upon heaven to witness their vows—we know them to be lies, and we seal them with God's name. "I, Barnes, promise to take you, Clara, to love and honour till death do us part." "I, Clara, promise to take you, Barnes," &c. &c. Who has not heard the ancient words; and how many of us have uttered them, knowing them to be untrue: and is there a bishop on the bench that has not amen'd the humbug in his lawn sleeves and called a blessing over the kneeling pair of perjurers?

"Does Mr. Harris know of Newcome's return?" Florac asked, when I acquainted him with this intelligence. "Ce scélérat de Highgate —Va!"

"Does Newcome know that Lord Highgate is here?" I thought within myself, admiring my wife's faithfulness and simplicity, and trying to believe with that pure and guileless creature that it was not yet too late to save the unhappy Lady Clara.

"Mr. Harris had best be warned," I said to Florac; "will you write him a word, and let us send a messenger to Newcome?"

At first Florac said, "Parbleu, no!" the affair was none of his, he attended himself always to this result of Lady Clara's marriage. He had even complimented Jack upon it years before at Baden, when scenes enough tragic, enough comical, *ma foi*, had taken place *àpropos* of this affair. Why should he meddle with it now?

"Children dishonoured," said I, "honest families made miserable; for heaven's sake, Florac, let us stay this catastrophe if we can." I spoke with much warmth, eagerly desirous to avert this calamity if possible, and very strongly moved by the tale which I had heard only just before dinner from that innocent creature, whose pure heart had already prompted her to plead the cause of right and truth, and to try and rescue an unhappy desperate sister trembling on the verge of ruin.

"If you will not write to him," said I, in some heat; "if your grooms don't like to go out of a night" (this was one of the objections which Florac had raised), "I will walk." We were talking over the affair rather late in the evening, the ladies having retreated to their

sleeping apartments, and some guests having taken leave, whom our hospitable host and hostess had entertained that night, and before whom I naturally did not care to speak upon a subject so dangerous.

"Parbleu, what virtue, my friend! what a Joseph!" cries Florac, puffing his cigar. "One sees well that your wife had made you the sermon. My poor Pendennis! You are henpecked, my pauvre bon! You become the husband model. It is true my mother writes that thy wife is an angel!"

"I do not object to obey such a woman when she bids me do right," I said; and would indeed at that woman's request have gone out upon the errand, but that we here found another messenger. On days when dinner-parties were held at Rosebury, certain auxiliary waiters used to attend from Newcome, whom the landlord of the "King's Arms" was accustomed to supply; indeed, it was to secure these, and make other necessary arrangements, respecting fish, game, &c., that the Prince de Montcontour had ridden over to Newcome on the day when we met Lord Highgate, *alias* Mr. Harris, before the bar of the hotel. Whilst we were engaged in the above conversation a servant enters, and says, "My lord, Jenkins and the other man is going back to Newcome in their cart, and is there anything wanted?"

"It is the heaven which sends him," says Florac, turning round to me with a laugh. "Make Jenkins to wait five minutes, Robert; I have to write to a gentleman at the 'King's Arms.'" And so saying, Florac wrote a line which he showed me, and having sealed the note, directed it to Mr. Harris at the "King's Arms." The cart, the note, and the assistant waiters departed on their way to Newcome. Florac bade me go to rest with a clear conscience. In truth, the warning was better given in that way than any other, and a word from Florac was more likely to be effectual than an expostulation from me. I had never thought of making it, perhaps; except at the expressed desire of a lady whose counsel in all the difficult circumstances of life I own I am disposed to take.

Mr. Jenkins's horse no doubt trotted at a very brisk pace, as gentlemen's horses will of a frosty night, after their masters have been regaled with plentiful supplies of wine and ale. I remember in my bachelor days that my horses always trotted quicker after I had had a good dinner; the champagne used to communicate itself to them somehow, and the claret get into their heels. Before

midnight the letter for Mr. Harris was in Mr. Harris's hands in the "King's Arms."

It has been said that in the Boscawen Room at the Arms, some of the jolly fellows of Newcome had a club, of which Parrot the auctioneer, Tom Potts the talented reporter, now editor of the *Independent*, Vidler the apothecary, and other gentlemen, were members.

When we first had occasion to mention that society, it was at an early stage of this history, long before Clive Newcome's fine mustachio had grown. If Vidler the apothecary was old and infirm then, he is near ten years older now; he has had various assistants, of course, and one of them of late years had become his partner, though the firm continues to be known by Vidler's ancient and respectable name. A jovial fellow was this partner—a capital convivial member of the Jolly Britons, where he used to sit very late, so as to be in readiness for any night-work that might come in.

So the Britons were all sitting smoking, drinking, and making merry, in the Boscawen Room, when Jenkins enters with a note, which he straightway delivers to Mr. Vidler's partner. "From Rosebury? The Princess ill again, I suppose," says the surgeon, not sorry to let the company know that he attends her. "I wish the old girl would be ill in the day-time. Confound it," says he, "what's this?"—and he reads out, "'Sir Newcome est de retour. Bon voyage, mon ami. F.' What does this mean?"

"I thought you knew French, Jack Harris," says Tom Potts; "you're always bothering us with your French songs."

"Of course I know French," says the other; "but what's the meaning of this?"

"Screwcome came back by the five-o'clock train. I was in it, and his royal highness would scarcely speak to me. Took Brown's fly from the station. Brown won't enrich his family much by the operation," says Mr. Potts.

"But what do *I* care?" cries Jack Harris; "we don't attend him, and we don't lose much by that. Howell attends him, ever since Vidler and he had that row."

"Hulloh! I say it's a mistake," cries Mr. Taplow, smoking in his chair. "This letter is for the party in the Benbow. The gent which the Prince spoke to him, and called him Jack the other day when he was here. Here's a nice business, and the seal broke, and all. Is

the Benbow party gone to bed? John, you must carry him in this here note." John, quite innocent of the note and its contents, for he that moment had entered the club-room with Mr. Potts's supper, took the note to the Benbow, from which he presently returned to his master with a very scared countenance. He said the gent in the Benbow was a most harbitrary gent. He had almost choked John after reading the letter, and John wouldn't stand it; and when John said he supposed that Mr. Harris in the Boscawen—that Mr. Jack Harris had opened the letter, the other gent cursed and swore awful.

"Potts," said Taplow, who was only too communicative on some occasions after he had imbibed too much of his own brandy-and-water, "it's my belief that that party's name is no more Harris than mine is. I have sent his linen to the wash, and there was two white pocket-handkerchiefs with H. and a coronet."

On the next day we drove over to Newcome, hoping perhaps to find that Lord Highgate had taken the warning sent to him and quitted the place. But we were disappointed. He was walking in front of the hotel, where a thousand persons might see him as well as ourselves.

We entered into his private apartment with him, and there expostulated upon his appearance in the public street, where Barnes Newcome or any passer-by might recognise him. He then told us of the mishap which had befallen Florac's letter on the previous night.

"I can't go away now, whatever might have happened previously; by this time that villain knows that I am here. If I go, he will say I was afraid of him, and ran away. Oh, how I wish he would come and find me." He broke out with a savage laugh.

"It is best to run away," one of us interposed sadly.

"Pendennis," he said with a tone of great softness, "your wife is a good woman. God bless her. God bless her for all she has said and done—would have done, if that villain had let her. Do you know the poor thing hasn't a single friend in the world, not one, one—except me, and that girl they are selling to Farintosh, and who does not count for much? He has driven away all her friends from her: one and all turn upon her. Her relations of course; when did *they* ever fail to hit a poor fellow or a poor girl when she was down? The poor angel! The mother who sold her comes and preaches at

The Letter.

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her; Kew's wife turns up her little cursed nose and scorns her; Rooster, forsooth, must ride the high horse, now he is married and lives at Chanticlere, and give her warning to avoid my company or his! Do you know the only friend she ever had was that old woman with the stick—old Kew; the old witch whom they buried four months ago after nobbling her money for the beauty of the family? She used to protect her—that old woman; heaven bless her for it, wherever she is now, the old hag—a good word won't do her any harm. Ha! ha!" His laughter was cruel to hear.

"Why did I come down?" he continued in reply to our sad queries. "Why did I come down, do you ask? Because she was wretched, and sent for me. Because if I was at the end of the world, and she was to say, 'Jack, come!' I'd come."

"And if she bade you go?" asked his friends.

"I would go; and I *have* gone. If she told me to jump into the sea, do you think I would not do it? But I go; and when she is alone with him, do you know what he does? He strikes her. Strikes *that* poor little thing! He has owned to it. She fled from him and sheltered with the old woman who's dead. He may be doing it now? Why did I ever shake hands with him? that's humiliation sufficient, isn't it? But she wished it; and I'd black his boots, curse him, if she told me. And because he wanted to keep my money in his confounded bank; and because he knew he might rely upon my honour and hers, poor dear child, he chooses to shake hands with me—me, whom he hates worse than a thousand devils—and quite right too. Why isn't there a place where we can go and meet, like man to man, and have it over! If I had a ball through my brains I shouldn't mind, I tell you. I've a mind to do it for myself, Pendennis. You don't understand me, Viscount."

"Il est vrai," said Florac, with a shrug, "I comprehend neither the suicide nor the chaise-de-poste. What will you? I am not yet enough English, my friend. We make marriages of convenance in our country, que diable, and what follows follows; but no scandal afterwards. Do not adopt our institutions à demi, my friend. Vous ne me comprenez pas non plus, mon pauvre Jack!"

"There is one way still, I think," said the third of the speakers in this scene. "Let Lord Highgate come to Rosebury in his own name, leaving that of Mr. Harris behind him. If Sir Barnes Newcome wants you, he can seek you there. If you will go, as go

you should, and God speed you, you can go, and in your own name, too."

"Parbleu, c'est ça," cries Florac, "he speaks like a book—the Romancier!" I confess, for my part, I thought that a good woman might plead with him, and touch that manly not disloyal heart now trembling on the awful balance between evil and good.

"Allons! let us make to come the drague!" cries Florac. "Jack, thou returnest with us, my friend! Madame Pendennis, an angel, my friend, a *quakre* the most charming, shall roucoule to thee the sweetest sermons. My wife shall tend thee like a mother—a grandmother. Go make thy packet!"

Lord Highgate was very much pleased and relieved seemingly. He shook our hands, he said he should never forget our kindness, never! In truth the didactic part of our conversation was carried on at much greater length than as here noted down: and he would come that evening, but not with us, thank you; he had a particular engagement—some letters he must write. Those done, he would not fail us, and would be at Rosebury by dinner-time.

CHAPTER XX.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

HE Fates did not ordain that the plan should succeed which Lord Highgate's friends had devised for Lady Clara's rescue or respite. He was bent upon one more interview with the ırtunate lady; and in that meeting the future destiny of their less lives was decided. On the morning of his return home, ıes Newcome had information that Lord Highgate, under a ıed name, had been staying in the neighbourhood of his house, had repeatedly been seen in the company of Lady Clara. She have gone out to meet him but for one hour more. She had n no leave of her children on the day when she left her home, far from making preparations for her own departure, had been ıged in getting the house ready for the reception of members of family, whose arrival her husband announced as speedily to follow own. Ethel and Lady Ann, and some of the children, were ing. Lord Farintosh's mother and sisters were to follow. It to be a réunion previous to the marriage which was closer to : the two families. Lady Clara said "yes" to her husband's rs; rose mechanically to obey his wishes and arrange for the ption of the guests; and spoke tremblingly to the housekeeper

as her husband jibed at her. The little ones had been consigned to bed early, and before Sir Barnes's arrival. He did not think fit to see them in their sleep; nor did their mother. She did not know, as the poor little creatures left her room in charge of their nurses, that she looked on them for the last time. Perhaps, had she gone to their bedsides that evening, had the wretched panic-stricken soul been allowed leisure to pause, and to think, and to pray, the fate of the morrow might have been otherwise, and the trembling balance of the scale have inclined to right's side. But the pause was not allowed her. Her husband came and saluted her with his accustomed greetings of scorn, and sarcasm, and brutal insult. On a future day he never dared to call a servant of his household to testify to his treatment of her, though many were ready to attend to prove his cruelty and her terror. On that very last night, Lady Clara's maid, a country-girl from her father's house at Chanticlere, told Sir Barnes, in the midst of a conjugal dispute, that her lady might bear his conduct, but she could not, and that she would no longer live under the roof of such a brute. The girl's interference was not likely to benefit her mistress much: the wretched Lady Clara passed the last night under the roof of her husband and children, unattended save by this poor domestic who was about to leave her, in tears and hysterical outcries, and then in moaning stupor. Lady Clara put to sleep with laudanum, her maid carried down the story of her wrongs to the servants' quarters; and half-a-dozen of them took in their resignation to Sir Barnes as he sat over his breakfast the next morning —in his ancestral hall—surrounded by the portraits of his august forefathers—in his happy home.

Their mutiny, of course, did not add to their master's good-humour; and his letters brought him news which increased Barnes's fury. A messenger arrived with a letter from his man of business at Newcome, upon the receipt of which he started up with such an execration as frightened the servant waiting on him, and letter in hand he ran to Lady Clara's sitting-room. Her ladyship was up. Sir Barnes breakfasted rather late on the first morning after an arrival at Newcome. He had to look over the bailiff's books, and to look about him round the park and grounds; to curse the gardeners; to damn the stable and kennel grooms; to yell at the woodman for clearing not enough or too much; to rail at the poor old work-people brooming away the fallen leaves, &c. So Lady Clara was up

and dressed when her husband went to her room, which lay at the end of the house, as we have said, the last of a suite of ancestral halls.

The mutinous servant heard high voice and curses within; then Lady Clara's screams; then Sir Barnes Newcome burst out of the room, locking the door, and taking the key with him, and saluting with more curses James, the mutineer, over whom his master ran.

"Curse your wife, and don't curse *me*, Sir Barnes Newcome!" said James, the mutineer; and knocked down a hand which the infuriated Baronet raised against him, with an arm that was thrice as strong as Barnes's own. This man and maid followed their mistress in the sad journey upon which she was bent. They treated her with unalterable respect. They never could be got to see that her conduct was wrong. When Barnes's counsel subsequently tried to impugn their testimony, they dared him, and hurt the plaintiff's case very much. For the balance had weighed over; and it was Barnes himself who caused what now ensued, and what we learned in a very few hours afterwards from Newcome, where it was the talk of the whole neighbourhood.

Florac and I, as yet ignorant of all that was occurring, met Barnes near his own lodge-gate riding in the direction of Newcome, as we were ourselves returning to Rosebury. The Prince de Montcontour, who was driving, affably saluted the Baronet, who gave us a scowling recognition, and rode on, his groom behind him. "The figure of this garçon," says Florac, as our acquaintance passed, "is not agreeable. Of pale, he has become livid. I hope these two men will not meet, or evil will come!" Evil to Barnes there might be, Florac's companion thought, who knew the previous little affairs between Barnes and his uncle and cousin; and that Lord Highgate was quite able to take care of himself.

In half-an-hour after Florac spoke, that meeting between Barnes and Highgate actually had taken place—in the open square of Newcome, within four doors of the "King's Arms" inn, close to which lives Sir Barnes Newcome's man of business; and before which Mr. Harris, as he was called, was walking, and waiting till a carriage which he had ordered came round from the inn yard. As Sir Barnes Newcome rode into the place many people touched their hats to him, however little they loved him. He was bowing and smirking to one of these, when he suddenly saw Belsize.

He started back, causing his horse to back with him on to the pavement, and it may have been rage and fury, or accident and nervousness merely, but at this instant Barnes Newcome, looking towards Lord Highgate, shook his whip.

"You cowardly villain!" said the other, springing forward. "I was going to your house."

"How dare you, sir," cries Sir Barnes, still holding up that unlucky cane, "how dare you to—to——"

"Dare, you scoundrel!" said Belsize. "Is that the cane you strike your wife with, you ruffian!" Belsize seized and tore him out of the saddle, flinging him screaming down on the pavement. The horse, rearing and making way for himself, galloped down the clattering street; a hundred people were round Sir Barnes in a moment.

The carriage which Belsize had ordered came round at this very juncture. Amidst the crowd, shrinking, bustling, expostulating, threatening, who pressed about him, he shouldered his way. Mr. Taplow, aghast, was one of the hundred spectators of the scene.

"I am Lord Highgate," said Barnes's adversary. "If Sir Barnes Newcome wants me, tell him I will send him word where he may hear of me." And getting into the carriage, he told the driver to go "to the usual place."

Imagine the hubbub in the town, the conclaves at the inns, the talks in the counting-houses, the commotion amongst the factory people, the paragraphs in the Newcome papers, the bustle of surgeons and lawyers, after this event. Crowds gathered at the "King's Arms," and waited round Mr. Speers the lawyer's house, into which Sir Barnes was carried. In vain policemen told them to move on; fresh groups gathered after the seceders. On the next day, when Barnes Newcome, who was not much hurt, had a fly to go home, a factory man shook his fist in at the carriage window, and, with a curse, said "Serve you right, you villain." It was the man whose sweetheart this Don Juan had seduced and deserted years before—whose wrongs were well known amongst his mates—a leader in the chorus of hatred which growled round Barnes Newcome.

Barnes's mother and sister Ethel had reached Newcome shortly before the return of the master of the house. The people there were in disturbance. Lady Ann and Miss Newcome came out with pallid looks to greet him. He laughed and reassured them about his

Sir Barnes Newcome in trouble.

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ident: indeed his hurt had been trifling; he had been bled by the geon, a little jarred by the fall from his horse; but there was no t of danger. Still their pale and doubtful looks continued. What used them? In the open day, with a servant attending her, Lady ara Newcome had left her husband's house; and a letter was forarded to him that same evening from my Lord Highgate, informing r Barnes Newcome that Lady Clara Pulleyn could bear his tyranny o longer, and had left his roof; that Lord Highgate proposed to leave ngland almost immediately, but would remain long enough to afford ir Barnes Newcome the opportunity for an interview, in case he hould be disposed to demand one; and a friend (of Lord Highgate's ate regiment) was named who would receive letters and act in any ray necessary for his lordship.

The debates of the House of Lords must tell what followed afterards in the dreary history of Lady Clara Pulleyn. The proceedings n the Newcome Divorce Bill filled the usual number of columns in he papers,—especially the Sunday papers. The witnesses were examined by learned peers whose business—nay, pleasure—it seems o be to enter into such matters; and, for the ends of justice and norality, doubtless, the whole story of Barnes Newcome's household was told to the British public. In the previous trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, how grandly Serjeant Rowland stood up for the rights of British husbands! with what pathos he depicted the conjugal paradise, the innocent children prattling round their happy parents, he serpent, the destroyer, entering into that Belgravian Eden; the wretched and deserted husband alone by his desecrated hearth, and calling for redress on his country! Rowland wept freely during his noble harangue. At not a shilling under twenty thousand pounds would he estimate the cost of his client's injuries. The jury was very much affected: the evening papers gave Rowland's address *in extenso*, with some pretty sharp raps at the aristocracy in general. The *Day*, the principal morning journal of that period, came out with a leading article the next morning, in which every party concerned and every nstitution was knocked about. The disgrace of the peerage, the ruin of the monarchy (with a retrospective view of the well-known case of 'Gyges and Candaules"), the monstrosity of the crime, and the bsurdity of the tribunal and the punishment, were all set forth in the errible leading article of the *Day*.

But when, on the next day, Serjeant Rowland was requested to

call witnesses to prove that connubial happiness which he depicted so pathetically, he had none at hand.

Oliver, Q.C., now had his innings. A man, a husband, a father, Mr. Oliver could not attempt to defend the conduct o unfortunate client; but if there could be any excuse for such con that excuse he was free to confess the plaintiff had afforded, w cruelty and neglect twenty witnesses in court were ready to pro neglect so outrageous, cruelty so systematic, that he wondered plaintiff had not been better advised than to bring this trial, witl its degrading particulars, to a public issue. On the very day w the ill-omened marriage took place, another victim of cruelty interposed as vainly—as vainly as Serjeant Rowland himself i posed in Court to prevent this case being made known—and piteous outcries, in the name of outraged neglected woman, of casta children pleading in vain for bread, had besought the bride to pa and the bridegroom to look upon the wretched beings who owed life. Why had not Lady Clara Pulleyn's friends listened to appeal? And so on, and so on, between Rowland and Oliver battle waged fiercely that day. Many witnesses were mauled slain. Out of that combat scarce anybody came well, except the principal champions, Rowland, Serjeant, and Oliver, Q.C. whole country looked on and heard the wretched story, not onl Barnes's fault and Highgate's fault, but of the private peccadil of their suborned footmen and conspiring housemaids. Mr. Ju C. Sawyer charged the jury at great length—those men respectable men and fathers of families themselves—of course dealt full measure to Lord Highgate for his delinquencies! cons the injured husband with immense damages, and left him fre pursue the farther steps for releasing himself altogether from tie, which had been bound with affecting Episcopal benedictio St. George's, Hanover Square.

So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to a rescue? The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, p and deplores her. She scarce dares to look out of the window her new home upon the world, lest it should know and reproach All the sisterhood of friendship is cut off from her. If she dare go abroad she feels the sneer of the world as she goes through and knows that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People criminal but undiscovered, make room for her, as if her touch w

pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man whom she loves best; that his friends who see her, treat her with but a doubtful respect; and the domestics who attend her, with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of the county town, neighbours look aside as the carriage passes in which she sits splendid and lonely. Rough hunting companions of her husband's come to her table: he is driven perforce to the company of flatterers and men of inferior sort; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him. She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers round about her, but she fears to visit them lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities, blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the village, if he should be walking with his wife or one of his children. Shall they go to the Continent, and set up a grand house at Paris or at Florence? There they can get society, but of what a sort! Our acquaintances of Baden,—Madame Schlangenbad, and Madame de Cruchecassée, and Madame d'Ivry, and Messrs. Loder, and Punter, and Blackball, and Deuceace will come and dance, and flirt, and quarrel, and gamble, and feast round about her; but what in common with such wild people has this poor, timid, shrinking soul? Even these scorn her. The leers and laughter on those painted faces are quite unlike her own sad countenance. She has no reply to their wit. Their infernal gaiety scares her more than the solitude at home. No wonder that her husband does not like home, except for a short while in the hunting season. No wonder that he is away all day; how can he like a home which she has made so wretched? In the midst of her sorrow, and doubt, and misery, a child comes to her: how she clings to it! how her whole being, and hope, and passion centres itself on this feeble infant! . . . but she no more belongs to our story: with the new name she has taken, the poor lady passes out of the history of the Newcomes.

If Barnes Newcome's children meet yonder solitary lady, do they know her? If her once-husband thinks upon the unhappy young creature whom his cruelty drove from him, does his conscience affect his sleep at night? Why should Sir Barnes Newcome's conscience be more squeamish than his country's, which has put money in his pocket for having trampled on the poor weak young thing, and scorned her, and driven her to ruin? When the whole of the accounts of that wretched bankruptcy are brought up for final Audit,

which of the unhappy partners shall be shown to be most guilty? Does the Right Reverend Prelate who did the benedictory business for Barnes and Clara his wife repent in secret? Do the parents who pressed the marriage, and the fine folks who signed the book, and ate the breakfast, and applauded the bridegroom's speech, feel a little ashamed? O Hymen Hymenæe! The bishops, beadles, clergy, pew-openers, and other officers of the temple dedicated to Heaven under the invocation of St. George, will officiate in the same place at scores and scores more of such marriages: and St. George of England may behold virgin after virgin offered up to the devouring monster, Mammon (with many most respectable female dragons looking on)—may see virgin after virgin given away, just as in the Soldan of Babylon's time, but with never a champion to come to the rescue!

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH ACHILLES LOSES BRISEIS.

ALTHOUGH the years of the Marquis of Farintosh were few, he had spent most of them in the habit of command; and from his childhood upwards, had been obeyed by all persons round about him. As an infant he had but to roar, and his mother and nurses were as much frightened as though he had been a Libyan lion. What he willed and ordered was law amongst his clan and family. During the period of his London and Parisian dissipations his poor mother did not venture to remonstrate with her young prodigal, but shut her eyes, not daring to open them on his wild courses. As for the friends of his person and house, many of whom were portly elderly gentlemen, their affection for the young Marquis was so extreme that there was no company into which their fidelity would not lead them to follow him; and you might see him dancing at Mabille with veteran aides-de-camp looking on, or disporting with opera-dancers at a Trois-Frères banquet, which some old gentleman of his father's age had taken the pains to order. If his lordship Count Almaviva wants a friend to carry the lanthorn or to hold the ladder, do you suppose there are not many most respectable men in society who will act Figaro? When Farintosh thought fit, in the fulness of time and the blooming pride of manhood, to select a spouse, and to elevate a marchioness to his throne, no one dared gainsay him. When he called upon his mother and sisters, and their ladyships' hangers-on and attendants;

upon his own particular kinsmen, led captains, and toadies; to bow the knee and do homage to the woman whom he delighted to honour, those duteous subjects trembled and obeyed; in fact, he thought that the position of a Marchioness of Farintosh was under heaven, and before men, so splendid, that, had he elevated a beggar-maid to that sublime rank, the inferior world was bound to worship her.

So my lord's lady-mother, and my lord's sisters, and his captains, and his players of billiards, and the toadies of his august person, all performed obeisance to his bride-elect, and never questioned the will of the young chieftain. What were the private comments of the ladies of the family we had no means of knowing; but it may naturally be supposed that his lordship's gentlemen-in-waiting, Captain Henchman, Jack Todhunter, and the rest, had many misgivings of their own respecting their patron's change in life, and could not view without anxiety the advent of a mistress who might reign over him and them, who might possibly not like their company, and might exert her influence over her husband to oust these honest fellows from places in which they were very comfortable. The jovial rogues had the run of my lord's kitchen, stables, cellars, and cigar-boxes. A new marchioness might hate hunting, smoking, jolly parties, and toad-eaters in general, or might bring into the house favourites of her own. I am sure any kind-hearted man of the world must feel for the position of these faithful, doubtful, disconsolate vassals, and have a sympathy for their rueful looks and demeanour as they eye the splendid preparations for the ensuing marriage, the grand furnitures sent to my lord's castles and houses, the magnificent plate provided for his tables—tables at which they may never have a knife and fork; castles and houses of which the poor rogues may never be allowed to pass the doors.

When, then, "The Elopement in High Life," which has been described in the previous pages, burst upon the town in the morning papers, I can fancy the agitation which the news occasioned in the faithful bosoms of the generous Todhunter and the attached Henchman. My lord was not in his own house as yet. He and his friends still lingered on in the little house in May Fair, the dear little bachelor's quarters, where they had enjoyed such good dinners, such good suppers, such rare doings, such a jolly time. I fancy Hench coming down to breakfast and reading the *Morning Post*. I imagine Tod dropping in from his bed-room over the way, and Hench

handing the paper over to Tod, and the conversation which ensued between those worthy men. "Elopement in high life—excitement in N—come, and flight of Lady Cl— N—come, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of D–rking, with Lord H—gate; personal rencontre between Lord H—gate and Sir B–nes N—come. Extraordinary disclosures." I say, I can fancy Hench and Tod over this awful piece of news.

"Pretty news, ain't it, Toddy?" says Henchman, looking up from a Périgord pie, which the faithful creature is discussing.

"Always expected it," remarks the other. "Anybody who saw them together last season must have known it. The Chief himself spoke of it to me."

"It'll cut him up awfully when he reads it. Is it in the *Morning Post?* He has the *Post* in his bed-room. I know he has rung his bell: I heard it. Bowman, has his lordship read his paper yet?"

Bowman, the valet, said, "I believe you, he *have* read his paper. When he read it, he jumped out of bed and swore most awful. I cut as soon as I could," continued Mr. Bowman, who was on familiar—nay, contemptuous, terms with the other two gentlemen.

"Enough to make any man swear," says Toddy to Henchman; and both were alarmed in their noble souls, reflecting that their chieftain was now actually getting up and dressing himself; that he would speedily, and in the course of nature, come downstairs; and then, most probably, would begin swearing at *them.*

The most noble Mungo Malcolm Angus was in an awful state of mind, when at length he appeared in the breakfast-room. "Why the dash do you make a tap-room of this?" he cries. The trembling Henchman, who has begun to smoke—as he has done a hundred times before in this bachelor's hall—flings his cigar into the fire.

"There you go—nothing like it! Why don't you fling some more in? You can get 'em at Hudson's for five guineas a pound," bursts out the youthful peer.

"I understand why you are out of sorts, old boy," says Henchman, stretching out his manly hand. A tear of compassion twinkled in his eyelid, and coursed down his mottled cheek. "Cut away at old Frank, Farintosh,—a fellow who has been attached to you since before you could speak. It's not when a fellow's down and cut up, and riled—naturally riled—as you are,—I know you are, Marquis; it's not then that I'm going to be angry with you. Pitch into old

Frank Henchman—hit away, my young one." And Frank put himself into an attitude as of one prepared to receive a pugilistic assault. He bared his breast, as it were, and showed his scars, and said, "Strike!" Frank Henchman was a florid toady. My uncle, Major Pendennis, has often laughed with me about the fellow's pompous flatteries and ebullient fidelity.

"You have read this confounded paragraph?" says the Marquis.

"We *have* read it: and were deucedly cut up, too," says Henchman, "for your sake, my dear boy."

"I remembered what you said last year, Marquis," cries Todhunter (not unadroitly). "You yourself pointed out, in this very room, I recollect, at this very table—that night Coralie and the little Spanish dancer and her mother supped here, and there was a talk about Highgate—you yourself pointed out what was likely to happen. I doubted it; for I have dined at the Newcomes', and seen Highgate and her together in society often. But though you are a younger bird, you have better eyes than I have—and you saw the thing at once—at once, don't you remember? and Coralie said how glad she was, because Sir Barnes ill-treated her friend. What was the name of Coralie's friend, Hench?"

"How should *I* know her confounded name?" Henchman briskly answers. "What do I care for Sir Barnes Newcome and his private affairs? He is no friend of mine. I never said he was a friend of mine. I never said I liked him. Out of respect for the Chief here, I held my tongue about him, and shall hold my tongue. Have some of this pâté, Chief! No? Poor old boy. I know you haven't got an appetite. I know this news cuts you up. I say nothing, and make no pretence of condolence; though I feel for you—and you know you can count on old Frank Henchman—don't you, Malcolm?" And again he turns away to conceal his gallant sensibility and generous emotion.

"What does it matter to me?" bursts out the Marquis, garnishing his conversation with the usual expletives which adorned his eloquence when he was strongly moved. "What do I care for Barnes Newcome and his confounded affairs and family? I never want to see him again, but in the light of a banker, when I go to the City, where he keeps my account. I say, I have nothing to do with him, or all the Newcomes under the sun. Why, one of them is a painter, and will paint my dog Ratcatcher, by Jove! or my horse, or my groom, if I

ve him the order. Do you think I care for any one of the pack? 's not the fault of the Marchioness of Farintosh that her family is ot equal to mine. Besides two others in England and Scotland, I hould like to know what family is? I tell you what, Hench. I bet you ive to two, that before an hour is over my mother will be here, and lown on her knees to me, begging me to break off this engagement."

"And what will you do, Farintosh?" asks Henchman, slowly. "Will you break it off?"

"No!" shouts the Marquis. "Why shall I break off with the inest girl in England—and the best-plucked one, and the cleverest nd wittiest, and the most beautiful creature, by Jove, that ever tepped, for no fault of hers, and because her sister-in-law leaves er brother, who I know treated her infernally? We have talked his matter over at home before. I wouldn't dine with the fellow, hough he was always asking me; nor meet, except just out of civility, ny of his confounded family. Lady Ann is different. She is a lady, he is. She is a good woman: and Kew is a most respectable man, hough he is only a peer of George III.'s creation, and you should ear how *he* speaks of Miss Newcome, though she refused him. I hould like to know who is to prevent me marrying Lady Ann New- ome's daughter?"

"By Jove, you are a good-plucked fellow, Farintosh—give me our hand, old boy," says Henchman.

"Heh! am I? You would have said, Give me your hand, old oy, whichever way I determined, Hench! I tell you, I ain't intel- ectual, and that sort of thing. But I know my rank, and I know my lace; and when a man of my station gives his word, he sticks to it, ir; and my lady and my sisters may go on their knees all round; nd, by Jove, I won't flinch."

The justice of Lord Farintosh's views was speedily proved by the appearance of his lordship's mother, Lady Glenlivat, whose arrival put a stop to a conversation which Captain Francis Henchman has often subsequently narrated. She besought to see her son in terms so urgent, that the young nobleman could not be denied to his parent; and, no doubt, a long and interesting interview took place, in which Lord Farintosh's mother passionately implored him to break off a match upon which he was as resolutely bent.

Was it a sense of honour, a longing desire to possess this young beauty, and call her his own, or a fierce and profound dislike to being

baulked in any object of his wishes, which actuated the young
Certainly he had borne very philosophically, delay after delay
had taken place in the devised union; and being quite sure
mistress, had not cared to press on the marriage, but lingered
the dregs of his bachelor cup complacently still. We all k
what an affecting farewell he took leave of the associates of his
garçon: the speeches made (in both languages), the presents
buted, the tears and hysterics of some of the guests assembl
cigar-boxes given over to this friend, the *écrin* of diamonds t
et cætera, et cætera, et cætera. Don't we know? If we do
not Henchman's fault, who has told the story of Farintosh's bet
a thousand and one times at his clubs, at the houses where
asked to dine, on account of his intimacy with the nobility,
the young men of fashion, or no fashion, whom this two-bottle
and burly admirer of youth has since taken upon himself t
The farewell at Greenwich was so affecting that all "travers
cart," and took another farewell at Richmond, where there was
too, but it was Eucharis cried because fair Calypso wanted
her eyes out; and where not only Telemachus (as was natura
age), but Mentor likewise, quaffed the wine-cup too freely. Y
virtuous, O reader! but there are still cakes and ale. Ask
man if there be not. You will find him in the Park any afte
he will dine with you if no better man ask him in the interva
will tell you story upon story regarding young Lord Farinto
his marriage, and what happened before his marriage, and
wards; and he will sigh, weep almost at some moments,
narrates their subsequent quarrel, and Farintosh's unworthy c
and tells you how he formed that young man. My unc
Captain Henchman disliked each other very much, I am sorry
—sorry to add that it was very amusing to hear either one o
speak of the other.

Lady Glenlivat, according to the Captain, then, had no
in the interview with her son; who, unmoved by the maternal
commands, and entreaties, swore he would marry Miss Ne
and that no power on earth should prevent him. "As if t
thwart that man—*could* ever prevent his having his way!" eja
his quondam friend.

But on the next day, after ten thousand men in clubs and c
had talked the news over; after the evening had repeate

proved the delightful theme of our "morning contemporaries;" er Calypso and Eucharis driving together in the Park, and recon- ed now, had kissed their hands to Lord Farintosh, and made him eir compliments—after a night of natural doubt, disturbance, fiance, fury—as men whispered to each other at the club where s lordship dined, and at the theatre where he took his recreation— ter an awful time at breakfast, in which Messrs. Bowman, valet, and odhunter and Henchman, captains of the Farintosh body-guard, all t their share of kicks and growling—behold Lady Glenlivat came ack to the charge again; and this time with such force that poor ord Farintosh was shaken indeed.

Her ladyship's ally was no other than Miss Newcome herself; om whom Lord Farintosh's mother received, by that day's post, a tter, which she was commissioned to read to her son :—

"DEAR MADAM" (wrote the young lady in her firmest hand- riting)—"Mamma is at this moment in a state of such *grief and smay* at the *cruel* misfortune and *humiliation* which has just befallen ur family, that she is really not able to write to you as she *ought*, nd this task, painful as it is, must be *mine*. Dear Lady Glenlivat, he kindness and confidence which I have ever received from you nd *yours*, merit truth, and most grateful respect and regard from e. And I feel after the late fatal occurrence, what I have often nd often owned to myself though I did not *dare* to acknowledge it, at I ought to release Lord F., *at once and for ever*, from an engage- ent *which he could never think* of maintaining with a family *so unfor- nate as ours*. I thank him with all my heart for his goodness in aring with my humours so long; if I have given him pain, as I ow I have sometimes, I beg his pardon, and would do so *on my nees*. I hope and pray he may be happy, as I feared he never ould be with me. He has many good and noble qualities; and, in idding him farewell, I trust I may retain his friendship, and that he ill believe in the esteem and gratitude of your most sincere

"ETHEL NEWCOME."

A copy of this farewell letter was seen by a lady who happened o be a neighbour of Miss Newcome's when the family misfortune ccurred, and to whom, in her natural dismay and grief, the young ady fled for comfort and consolation. "Dearest Mrs. Pendennis,"

come in these days of calamity.

And my wife, as in duty bound, gave me full reports happened in that house of mourning. On the very day of Lady Ann, her daughter, and some others of her fam at Newcome. The deserted little girl, Barnes's eldest chil tears and cries of joy, to her Aunt Ethel, whom she had al better than her mother; and clung to her and embraced in her artless little words, told her that mamma had gone that Ethel should be her mamma now. Very strongly mo misfortune, as by the caresses and affection of the poo creature, Ethel took the little girl to her heart, and promi mother to her, and that she would not leave her; in w resolve I scarcely need say Laura strengthened her, wh young friend's urgent summons, my wife came to her.

The household at Newcome was in a state of diso after the catastrophe. Two of Lady Clara's servants, i stated already, went away with her. The luckless ma house was lying wounded in the neighbouring town. Newcome, his mother, was terribly agitated by the news, abruptly broken to her, of the flight of her daughter-in-l son's danger. Now she thought of flying to Newcome to and then feared lest she should be ill received by the invali ordered by Sir Barnes to go home, and not to bother h home Lady Ann remained, where the thoughts of the su had already undergone in that house, of Sir Barnes's cruel to her at her last visit, which he had abruptly requested her

went off in a series of hysterical fits, and acted as one distraught; her second daughter screamed in sympathy with her; and Miss Newcome had to take the command of the whole of this demented household, hysterical mamma and sister, mutineering servants, and shrieking abandoned nursery, and bring young people and old to peace and quiet.

On the morrow after his little concussion Sir Barnes Newcome came home, not much hurt in body, but wofully afflicted in temper, and venting his wrath upon everybody round about him in that strong language which he employed when displeased; and under which his valet, his housekeeper, his butler, his farm-bailiff, his lawyer, his doctor, his dishevelled mother herself—who rose from her couch and her salvolatile to fling herself round her dear boy's knees—all had to suffer. Ethel Newcome, the Baronet's sister, was the only person in his house to whom Sir Barnes did not utter oaths or proffer rude speeches. He was afraid of offending her or encountering that resolute spirit, and lapsed into a surly silence in her presence. Indistinct maledictions growled about Sir Barnes's chair when he beheld my wife's pony-carriage drive up; and he asked what brought *her* here? But Ethel sternly told her brother that Mrs. Pendennis came at her particular request, and asked him whether he supposed anybody could come into that house for pleasure now, or for any other motive but kindness? Upon which Sir Barnes fairly burst out into tears, intermingled with execrations against his enemies and his own fate, and assertions that he was the most miserable beggar alive. He would not see his children: but with more tears he would implore Ethel never to leave them, and, anon, would ask what he should do when she married, and he was left alone in that infernal house?

T. Potts, Esq., of the *Newcome Independent*, used to say afterwards that the Baronet was in the direst terror of another meeting with Lord Highgate, and kept a policeman at the lodge-gate, and a second in the kitchen, to interpose in event of a collision. But Mr. Potts made this statement in after days, when the quarrel between his party and paper and Sir Barnes Newcome was flagrant. Five or six days after the meeting of the two rivals in Newcome market-place, Sir Barnes received a letter from the friend of Lord Highgate, informing him that his lordship, having waited for him according to promise, had now left England, and presumed that the differences

between them were to be settled by their respective lawyers—"infamous behaviour on a par with the rest of Lord Highgate's villany," the Baronet said. "When the scoundrel knew I could lift my pistol arm," Barnes said, "Lord Highgate fled the country;"—thus hinting that death, and not damages, were what he intended to seek from his enemy.

After that interview in which Ethel communicated to Laura her farewell letter to Lord Farintosh, my wife returned to Rosebury with an extraordinary brightness and gaiety in her face and her demeanour. She pressed Madame de Moncontour's hands with such warmth, she blushed and looked so handsome, she sang and talked so gaily, that our host was struck by her behaviour, and paid her husband more compliments regarding her beauty, amiability, and other good qualities, than need be set down here. It may be that I like Paul de Florac so much, in spite of certain undeniable faults of character, because of his admiration for my wife. She was in such a hurry to talk to me that night, that Paul's game and Nicotian amusements were cut short by her visit to the billiard-room; and when we were alone by the cozy dressing-room fire, she told me what had happened during the day. Why should Ethel's refusal of Lord Farintosh have so much elated my wife?

"Ah!" cries Mrs. Pendennis, "she has a generous nature, and the world has not had time to spoil it. Do you know there are many points that she never has thought of—I would say problems that she has to work out for herself, only you, Pen, do not like us poor ignorant women to use such a learned word as problems? Life and experience force things upon her mind which others learn from their parents or those who educate them, but for which she has never had any teachers. Nobody has ever told her, Arthur, that it was wrong to marry without love, or pronounce lightly those awful vows which we utter before God at the altar. I believe, if she knew that her life was futile, it is but of late she has thought it could be otherwise, and that she might mend it. I have read (besides that poem of Goethe of which you are so fond) in books of Indian travels of Bayaderes, dancing girls brought up by troops round about the temples, whose calling is to dance, and wear jewels, and look beautiful; I believe they are quite respected in—in Pagoda-land. They perform before the priests in the pagodas; and

the Brahmins and the Indian princes marry them. Can we cry out against these poor creatures, or against the custom of their country? It seems to me that young women in our world are bred up in a way not very different. What they do they scarcely know to be wrong. They are educated for the world, and taught to display: their mothers will give them to the richest suitor, as they themselves were given before. How can these think seriously, Arthur, of souls to be saved, weak hearts to be kept out of temptation, prayers to be uttered, and a better world to be held always in view, when the vanities of this one are all their thought and scheme? Ethel's simple talk made me smile sometimes, do you know, and her *strenuous* way of imparting her discoveries? I thought of the shepherd boy who made a watch, and found on taking it into the town how very many watches there were, and how much better than his. But the poor child has had to make hers for herself, such as it is; and, indeed, is employed now in working on it. She told me very artlessly her little history, Arthur; it affected me to hear her simple talk, and—and I blessed God for our mother, my dear, and that my early days had had a better guide.

"You know that for a long time it was settled that she was to marry her cousin, Lord Kew. She was bred to that notion from her earliest youth; about which she spoke as we all can about our early days. They were spent, she said, in the nursery and school-room for the most part. She was allowed to come to her mother's dressing-room, and sometimes to see more of her during the winter at Newcome. She describes her mother as always the kindest of the kind: but from very early times the daughter must have felt her own superiority, I think, though she does not speak of it. You should see her at home now in their dreadful calamity. She seems the only person of the house who keeps her head.

"She told very nicely and modestly how it was Lord Kew who parted from her, not she who had dismissed him, as you know the Newcomes used to say. I have heard that—oh!—that *man* Sir Barnes say so myself. She says humbly that her cousin Kew was a great deal too good for her; and so is every one almost, she adds, poor thing!"

"Poor every one! Did you ask about him, Laura?" said Mr. Pendennis.

"No; I did not venture. She looked at me out of her down-

right eyes, and went on with her little tale. 'I was scarcely more than a child then,' she continued, 'and though I liked Kew very much—who would not like such a generous honest creature?—I felt somehow that I was *taller* than my cousin, and as if I ought not to marry him, or should make him unhappy if I did. When poor papa used to talk, we children remarked that mamma hardly listened to him; and so we did not respect him as we should, and Barnes was especially scoffing and odious with him. Why, when he was a boy, he used to sneer at papa openly before us younger ones. Now Harriet admires everything that Kew says, and that makes her a great deal happier at being with him.' And then," added Mrs. Pendennis, "Ethel said, 'I hope you respect *your* husband, Laura: depend on it you will be happier if you do.' Was not that a fine discovery of Ethel's, Mr. Pen?

"'Clara's terror of Barnes frightened me when I stayed in the house,' Ethel went on. 'I am sure *I* would not tremble before any man in the world as she did. I saw early that she used to deceive him, and tell him lies, Laura. I do not mean lies of words alone, but lies of looks and actions. Oh! I do not wonder at her flying from him. He was dreadful to be with: cruel, and selfish, and cold. He was made worse by marrying a woman he did not love; as she was, by that unfortunate union with him. Suppose he had found a clever woman who could have controlled him, and amused him, and whom he and his friends could have admired, instead of poor Clara, who made his home wearisome, and trembled when he entered it? Suppose she could have married that unhappy man to whom she was attached early? I was frightened, Laura, to think how ill this worldly marriage had prospered.

"'My poor grandmother, whenever I spoke upon such a subject, would break out into a thousand jibes and sarcasms, and point to many of our friends who had made love-matches, and were quarrelling now as fiercely as though they had never loved each other. You remember that dreadful case in France of the Duc de ——, who murdered his duchess? That was a love-match, and I can remember the sort of screech with which Lady Kew used to speak about it; and of the journal which the poor duchess kept, and in which she noted down all her husband's ill-behaviour.'"

"Hush, Laura! Do you remember where we are? If the Princess were to put down all Florac's culpabilities in an album, what

. ledger it would be—as big as Dr. Portman's 'Chrysostom!'" But his was parenthetical; and after a smile, and a little respite, the 'oung woman proceeded in her narration of her friend's history.

"'I was willing enough to listen,' Ethel said, 'to grandmamma hen: for we are glad of an excuse to do what we like; and I liked ıdmiration, and rank, and great wealth, Laura; and Lord Farintosh »ffered me these. I liked to surpass my companions, and I saw *them* ıo eager in pursuing him! You cannot think, Laura, what meanıesses women in the world will commit—mothers and daughters too —in the pursuit of a person of his great rank. Those Miss Burrs, ?ou should have seen them at the country-houses where we visited :ogether, and how they followed him; how they would meet him in :he parks and shrubberies; how they liked smoking, though I knew it made them ill; how they were always finding pretexts for getting near him! Oh, it was odious!'"

I would not willingly interrupt the narrative, but let the reporter be allowed here to state that at this point of Miss Newcome's story (which my wife gave with a very pretty imitation of the girl's manner), we both burst out laughing so loud that little Madame de Montcontour put her head into the drawing-room and asked what we was a laughing at? We did not tell our hostess that poor Ethel and her grandmother had been accused of doing the very same thing for which she found fault with the Misses Burr. Miss Newcome thought *herself* quite innocent, or how should she have cried out at the naughty behaviour of other people?

"'Wherever we went, however,' resumed my wife's young penitent, 'it was easy to see, I think I may say so without vanity, who was the object of Lord Farintosh's attention. He followed us everywhere; and we could not go upon any visit in England or Scotland but he was in the same house. Grandmamma's whole heart was bent upon that marriage, and when he proposed for me I do not disown that I was very pleased and vain.

"'It is in these last months that I have heard about him more, and learned to know him better—him and myself too, Laura. Some one —some one you know, and whom I shall always love as a brother— reproached me in former days for a worldliness about which you talk to sometimes. But it is not worldly to give yourself up for your family, is it? One cannot help the rank in which one is born, and surely it is but natural and proper to marry in it. Not that Lord

Farintosh thinks me or any one of his rank'. (Here Miss Ethel laughed.) 'He is the Sultan, and we, every unmarried girl in society, is his humblest slave. His Majesty's opinions upon this subject did not suit me, I can assure you: I have no notion of such pride!

"'But I do not disguise from you, dear Laura, that after accepting him, as I came to know him better, and heard him, and heard of him, and talked with him daily, and understood Lord Farintosh's character, I looked forward with more and more doubt to the day when I was to become his wife. I have not learned to respect him in these months that I have known him, and during which there has been mourning in our families. I will not talk to you about him; I have no right, have I?—to hear him speak out his heart, and tell it to any friend. He said he liked me because I did not flatter him. Poor Malcolm! they all do. What was my acceptance of him, Laura, but flattery? Yes, flattery, and servility to rank, and a desire to possess it. Would I have accepted plain Malcolm Roy? I sent away a better than him, Laura.

"'These things have been brooding in my mind for some months past. I must have been but an ill companion for him, and indeed he bore with my waywardness much more kindly than I ever thought possible; and when four days since we came to this sad house, where he was to have joined us, and I found only dismay and wretchedness, and these poor children deprived of a mother, whom I pity, God help her, for she has been made so miserable—and is now and must be to the end of her days;—as I lay awake, thinking of my own future life, and that I was going to marry, as poor Clara had married, but for an establishment and a position in life; I, my own mistress, and not obedient by nature, or a slave to others as that poor creature was—I thought to myself, why shall I do this? Now Clara has left us, and is, as it were, dead to us who made her so unhappy, let me be the mother to her orphans. I love the little girl, and she has always loved me, and came crying to me that day when we arrived, and put her dear little arms round my neck, and said, "*You* won't go away, will you, Aunt Ethel?" in her sweet voice. And I will stay with her; and will try and learn myself that I may teach her; and learn to be good too—better than I have been. Will praying help me, Laura? I did. I am sure I was right, and that it is my duty to stay here.'"

Laura was greatly moved as she told her friend's confession; and

hen the next day at church the clergyman read the opening words f the service I thought a peculiar radiance and happiness beamed rom her bright face.

Some subsequent occurrences in the history of this branch of the Newcome family I am enabled to report from the testimony of the ame informant, who has just given us an account of her own feelings nd life. Miss Ethel and my wife were now in daily communication, nd "my-dearesting" each other with that female fervour which, old men of the world as we are—not only chary of warm expresions of friendship, but averse to entertaining warm feelings at all—e surely must admire in persons of the inferior sex, whose loves row up and reach the skies in a night; who kiss, embrace, console, all each other by Christian names, in that sweet, kindly sisterhood f Misfortune and Compassion who are always entering into partnerhip here in life. I say the world is full of Miss Nightingales; and e, sick and wounded in our private Scutaris, have countless nurseenders. I did not see my wife ministering to the afflicted family at Newcome Park; but I can fancy her there amongst the women and hildren, her prudent counsel, her thousand gentle offices, her apt ity and cheerfulness, the love and truth glowing in her face, and nspiring her words, movements, demeanour.

Mrs. Pendennis's husband for his part did not attempt to console ir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Baronet. I never professed to have halfpennyworth of pity at that gentleman's command. Florac, who wed Barnes his principality and his present comforts in life, did ake some futile efforts at condolence, but was received by the Baronet with such fierceness and evident ill-humour, that he did not care to repeat his visits, and allowed him to vent his curses and peevishness on his own immediate dependants. We used to ask Laura on her return to Rosebury from her charity visits to Newcome about the poor suffering master of the house. She faltered and stammered in describing him and what she heard of him; she smiled, I grieve to say, for this unfortunate lady cannot help having a sense of humour; and we could not help laughing outright sometimes at the idea of that discomfited wretch, that overbearing creature overborne in his turn—which laughter Mrs. Laura used to chide as very naughty and unfeeling. When we went into Newcome the landlord of the "King's Arms" looked knowing and quizzical; Tom

Potts grinned at me and rubbed his hands. "This business serves the paper better than Mr. Warrington's articles," says Mr. Potts. "We have sold no end of *Independents;* and if you polled the whole borough, I bet that five to one would say Sir Screwcome Screwcome was served right. By the way, what's up about the Marquis of Farintosh, Mr. Pendennis? He arrived at the 'Arms' last night; went over to the Park this morning, and is gone back to town by the afternoon train."

What had happened between the Marquis of Farintosh and Miss Newcome I am enabled to know from the report of Miss Newcome's confidante. On the receipt of that letter of *congé* before mentioned, his lordship must have been very much excited, for he left town straightway by that evening's mail, and on the next morning, after a few hours of rest at his inn, was at Newcome lodge-gate demanding to see the Baronet.

On that morning it chanced that Sir Barnes had left home with Mr. Speers, his legal adviser; and hereupon the Marquis asked to see Miss Newcome; nor could the lodge-keeper venture to exclude so distinguished a person from the Park. His lordship drove up to the house, and his name was taken to Miss Ethel. She turned very pale when she heard it; and my wife divined at once who was her visitor. Lady Ann had not left her room as yet. Laura Pendennis remained in command of the little conclave of children, with whom the two ladies were sitting when Lord Farintosh arrived. Little Clara wanted to go with her aunt as she rose to leave the room—the child could scarcely be got to part from her now.

At the end of an hour the carriage was seen driving away, and Ethel returned, looking as pale as before, and red about the eyes. Miss Clara's mutton-chop for dinner coming in at the same time, the child was not so presently eager for her aunt's company. Aunt Ethel cut up the mutton-chop very neatly, and then having seen the child comfortably seated at her meal, went with her friend into a neighbouring apartment, (of course with some pretext of showing Laura a picture, or a piece of china, or a child's new frock, or with some other hypocritical pretence by which the ingenuous female attendants pretended to be utterly blinded,) and there, I have no doubt, before beginning her story, dearest Laura embraced dearest Ethel, and *vice versâ*.

"He is gone!" at length gasps dearest Ethel.

"Pour toujours? poor young man!" sighs dearest Laura. "Was he very unhappy, Ethel?"

"He was more angry," Ethel answers. "He had a right to be hurt, but not to speak as he did. He lost his temper quite at last, and broke out in the most frantic reproaches. He forgot all respect and even gentlemanlike behaviour. Do you know he used words—words such as Barnes uses sometimes when he is angry! and dared this language to me! I was sorry till then, very sorry, and very much moved; but I know more than ever now, that I was right in refusing Lord Farintosh."

Dearest Laura now pressed for an account of all that had happened, which may be briefly told as follows. Feeling very deeply upon the subject which brought him to Miss Newcome, it was no wonder that Lord Farintosh spoke at first in a way which moved her. He said he thought her letter to his mother was very rightly written under the circumstances, and thanked her for her generosity in offering to release him from his engagement. But the affair—the painful circumstance of Highgate, and that—which had happened in the Newcome family, was no fault of Miss Newcome's, and Lord Farintosh could not think of holding her accountable. His friends had long urged him to marry, and it was by his mother's own wish that the engagement was formed, which he was determined to maintain. In his course through the world (of which he was getting very tired), he had never seen a woman, a lady who was so—you understand, Ethel—whom he admired so much, who was likely to make so good a wife for him as you are. "You allude," he continued, "to differences we have had—and we *have* had them—but many of them, I own, have been from my fault. I have been bred up in a way different to most young men. I cannot help it if I have had temptations to which other men are not exposed; and have been placed by—by Providence—in a high rank of life; I am sure if you share it with me you will adorn it, and be in every way worthy of it, and make me much better than I have been. If you knew what a night of agony I passed after my mother read that letter to me—I know you'd pity me, Ethel,—I know you would. The idea of losing you makes me wild. My mother was dreadfully alarmed when she saw the state I was in; so was the Doctor—I assure you he was. And I had no rest at all, and no peace of mind, until I determined to come down to you; and say that I adored you, and you only; and that I would

hold to my engagement in spite of everything—and prove to you that —that no man in the world could love you more sincerely than I do." Here the young gentleman was so overcome that he paused in his speech, and gave way to an emotion, for which surely no man who has been in the same condition with Lord Farintosh will blame him.

Miss Newcome was also much touched by this exhibition of natural feeling; and, I dare say, it was at this time that her eyes showed the first symptoms of that malady of which the traces were visible an hour after.

"You are very generous and kind to me, Lord Farintosh," she said. "Your constancy honours me very much, and proves how good and loyal you are; but—but do not think hardly of me for saying that the more I have thought of what has happened here,—of the wretched consequences of interested marriages; the long union growing each day so miserable, that at last it becomes intolerable, and is burst asunder, as in poor Clara's case;—the more I am resolved not to commit that first fatal step of entering into a marriage without—without the degree of affection which people who take that vow ought to feel for one another."

"Affection! Can you doubt it? Gracious heavens, I adore you! Isn't my being here a proof that I do?" cries the young lady's lover.

"But I?" answered the girl. "I have asked my own heart that question before now. I have thought to myself,—if he comes after all,—if his affection for me survives this disgrace of our family, as it has, and every one of us should be thankful to you—ought I not to show at least gratitude for so much kindness and honour, and devote myself to one who makes such sacrifices for me? But before all things I owe you the truth, Lord Farintosh. I never could make you happy; I know I could not: nor obey you as you are accustomed to be obeyed; nor give you such a devotion as you have a right to expect from your wife. I thought I might once. I can't now! I know that I took you because you were rich, and had a great name; not because you were honest, and attached to me as you show yourself to be. I ask your pardon for the deceit I practised on you.—Look at Clara, poor child, and her misery! My pride, I know, would never have let me fall as far as she has done; but oh! I am humiliated to think that I could have been made to say I would take the first step in that awful career."

"What career, in God's name?" cries the astonished suitor. lumiliated, Ethel? Who's going to humiliate you? I suppose re is no woman in England who need be humiliated by becoming wife. I should like to see the one that I can't pretend to—or to al blood if I like: it's not better than mine. Humiliated, indeed! at *is* news. Ha! ha! You don't suppose that your pedigree, ich I know all about, and the Newcome family, with your barber-geon to Edward the Confessor, are equal to——"

"To yours? No. It is not very long that I have learned to believe in that story altogether. I fancy it was an odd whim of poor father's, and that our family were quite poor people."

"I knew it," said Lord Farintosh. "Do you suppose there was : plenty of women to tell it me?"

"It was not because we were poor that I am ashamed," Ethel nt on. "That cannot be our fault, though some of us seem to nk it is, as they hide the truth so. One of my uncles used to tell that my grandfather's father was a labourer in Newcome: but I s a child then, and liked to believe the prettiest story best."

"As if it matters!" cries Lord Farintosh.

"As if it matters in your wife? *n'est-ce pas?* I never thought that vould. I should have told you, as it was my duty to tell you all. was not my ancestors you cared for; and it is you yourself that ır wife must swear before heaven to love."

"Of course it's me," answers the young man, not quite under-nding the train of ideas in his companion's mind. "And I've en up everything—everything—and have broken off with my old ɔits and—and things you know—and intend to lead a regular life and will never go to Tattersall's again; nor bet a shilling; nor ıch another cigar if you like—that is, if you don't like; for I love ı so, Ethel—I do, with all my heart I do!"

"You are very generous and kind, Lord Farintosh," Ethel said. :t is myself, not you, I doubt. Oh! I am humiliated to make such :onfession!"

"How humiliated?" Ethel withdrew the hand which the young bleman endeavoured to seize.

"If," she continued, "if I found it was your birth, and your me, and your wealth that I coveted, and had nearly taken, ought I ıt to feel humiliated, and ask pardon of you and of God? Oh, ıat perjuries poor Clara was made to speak—and see what has

befallen her! We stood by and heard her without being shocked. We applauded even. And to what shame and misery we brought her! Why did her parents and mine consign her to such ruin? She might have lived pure and happy but for us. With her example before me —not her flight, poor child—I am not afraid of *that* happening to me—but her long solitude, the misery of her wasted years,—my brother's own wretchedness and faults aggravated a hundredfold by his unhappy union with her—I must pause while it is yet time, and recall a promise which I know I should make you unhappy if I fulfilled. I ask your pardon that I deceived you, Lord Farintosh, and feel ashamed for myself that I could have consented to do so."

"Do you mean," cried the young Marquis, "that after my conduct to you—after my loving you, so that even this—this disgrace in your family don't prevent my going on—after my mother has been down on her knees to me to break off, and I wouldn't—no, I wouldn't—after all White's sneering at me and laughing at me, and all my friends, friends of my family, who would go to—go anywhere for me, advising me, and saying, 'Farintosh, what a fool you are; break off this match,'—and I wouldn't back out, because I loved you so, by heaven, and because, as a man and a gentleman, when I give my word I keep it—do you mean that *you* throw me over? It's a shame—it's a shame!" And again there were tears of rage and anguish in Farintosh's eyes.

"What I did was a shame, my lord," Ethel said, humbly; "and again I ask your pardon for it. What I do now is only to tell you the truth, and to grieve with all my soul for the falsehood—yes, the falsehood—which I told you, and which has given your kind heart such cruel pain."

"Yes, it *was* a falsehood!" the poor lad cried out. "You [illegible] a fellow, and you make a fool of him, and you make him fall in love with you, and then you fling him over! I wonder you can look me in the face after such an infernal treason. You've done it to twenty fellows before, I know you have. Everybody said so, and warned me. You draw them on, and get them to be in love, and then you fling them away. Am I to go back to London, and be made the laughing-stock of the whole town—I, who might marry any woman in Europe, and who am at the head of the nobility of England?"

"Upon my word, if you will believe me after deceiving you once,"

e in the case of the Marquis of Tarintosh.

el interposed, still very humbly, "I will never say that it was I
› withdrew from you, and that it was not you who refused me.
at has happened here fully authorises you. Let the rupture of the
agement come from you, my lord. Indeed, indeed, I would
re you all the pain I can. I have done you wrong enough
eady, Lord Farintosh."

And now the Marquis burst forth with tears and imprecations,
ld cries of anger, love, and disappointment, so fierce and inco-
rent that the lady to whom they were addressed did not repeat
m to her confidante. Only she generously charged Laura to
nember, if ever she heard the matter talked of in the world, that
was Lord Farintosh's family which broke off the marriage; but
t his lordship had acted most kindly and generously throughout
whole affair.

He went back to London in such a state of fury, and raved so
dly amongst his friends against the whole Newcome family, that
ny men knew what the case really was. But all women averred
t that intriguing worldly Ethel Newcome, the apt pupil of her
ked old grandmother, had met with a deserved rebuff; that, after
ing everything in her power to catch the great *parti*, Lord
rintosh, who had long been tired of her, flung her over, not liking
connexion; and that she was living out of the world now at
wcome, under the pretence of taking care of that unfortunate
dy Clara's children, but really because she was pining away for
rd Farintosh, who, as we all know, married six months afterwards.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN WHICH WE WRITE TO THE COLONEL.

EEMING that her Barnes had cares enc his own presently or Ethel did not think fit fide to him the partic her interview with Lor tosh; nor even was po Ann informed that s lost a noble son-in-la news would come to them soon enough, thought; and indeed, many hours were c reached Sir Barnes Ne in a very abrupt and unpleasant way. He had dismal occasi to see his lawyers every day; and on the day after Lord Far abrupt visit and departure, Sir Barnes, going into Newcome u own unfortunate affairs, was told by his attorney, Mr. Speers, h Marquis of Farintosh had slept for a few hours at the "King's and returned to town the same evening by the train. We m that his lordship had occupied the very room in which Lord H had previously slept; and Mr. Taplow recommends the bed ingly, and shows it with pride to this very day.

Much disturbed by this intelligence, Sir Barnes was mak way to his cheerless home in the evening, when near his own overtook another messenger. This was the railway porter, wh brought telegraphic messages from his uncle and the b London. The message of that day was, — "Consols, so- French Rentes, so much. *Highgate's and Farintosh's accoun drawn.*" The wretched keeper of the lodge owned, with trei in reply to the curses and queries of his employer, that a gent calling himself the Marquis of Farintosh, had gone up to the

ay before, and come away an hour afterwards,—did not like eak to Sir Barnes when he came home, Sir Barnes looked so ke.

ow, of course, there could be no concealment from her brother, Ethel and Barnes had a conversation, in which the latter ex- d himself with that freedom of language which characterized ead of the house of Newcome. Madame de Montcontour's chaise was in waiting at the hall-door when the owner of the entered it; and my wife was just taking leave of Ethel and ittle people when Sir Barnes Newcome entered the lady's g-room.

he livid scowl with which Barnes greeted my wife surprised that though it did not induce her to prolong her visit to her friend. ura took leave, she heard Sir Barnes screaming to the nurses ake those little beggars away," and she rightly conjectured that more unpleasantries had occurred to disturb this luckless gentle- temper.

n the morrow, dearest Ethel's usual courier, one of the boys from dge, trotted over on his donkey to dearest Laura at Rosebury, one of those missives which were daily passing between the . This letter said :—

Barnes m'a fait une scène terrible hier. I was obliged to tell verything about Lord F., and *to use the plainest language.* At he forbade you the house. He thinks that you have been the of F.'s dismissal, and charged me, *most unjustly*, with a desire ng back poor C. N. I replied *as became me*, and told him fairly ld leave the house if *odious insulting charges* were made against if my friends were not received. He stormed, he cried, he em- d *his usual language*,—he was in a dreadful state. He relented sked pardon. He goes to town to-night by the mail-train. *urse* you come as usual, dear, dear Laura. I am miserable ut you; and you know I cannot leave poor mamma. Clarykin a *thousand kisses* to little Arty; and I am *his mother's* always ionate—E. N.

Will the gentlemen like to shoot our pheasants? Please ask ince to let Warren know when. I sent a brace to poor dear rs. Mason, and had such a nice letter from her!"

And who is poor dear Mrs. Mason?" asks Mr. Pendennis, as it imperfectly acquainted with the history of the Newcomes.

And Laura told me—perhaps I had heard before, and forgotten—that Mrs. Mason was an old nurse and pensioner of the Colonel's, and how he had been to see her for the sake of old times; and how she was a great favourite with Ethel; and Laura kissed her little son, and was exceedingly bright, cheerful, and hilarious that evening, in spite of the affliction under which her dear friends at Newcome were labouring.

People in country-houses should be exceedingly careful about their blotting-paper. They should bring their own portfolios with them. If any kind readers will bear this simple little hint in mind, how much mischief may they save themselves,—nay, enjoy possibly, by looking at the pages of the next portfolio in the next friend's bed-room in which they sleep. From such a book I once cut out, in Charles Slyboots' well-known and perfectly clear handwriting, the words, "Miss Emily Hartington, James Street, Buckingham Gate, London," and produced as legibly on the blotting-paper as on the envelope which the postman delivered. After showing the paper round to the company, I enclosed it in a note and sent it to Mr. Slyboots, who married Miss Hartington three months afterwards. In such a book at the club I read, as plainly as you may read this page, a holograph page of the Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres, which informed the whole club of a painful and private circumstance, and said, "My dear Green,—I am truly sorry that I shall not be able to take up the bill for eight hundred and fifty-six pounds, which becomes due next Tu . . . . ;" and upon such a book, going to write a note in Madame de Montcontour's drawing-room at Rosebury, what should I find but proofs that my own wife was engaged in a clandestine correspondence with a gentleman residing abroad!

"Colonel Newcome, C.B., Montagne de la Cour, Brussels," I read, in this young woman's handwriting; and asked, turning round upon Laura, who entered the room just as I discovered her guilt: "What *have* you been writing to Colonel Newcome about, Miss?"

"I wanted him to get me some lace," she said.

"To lace some nightcaps for me, didn't you, my dear? He is such a fine judge of lace! If I had known you had been writing, I would have asked you to send him a message. I want something from Brussels. Is the letter—ahem—gone?" (In this artful way, you see, I just hinted that I should like to *see* the letter.)

"The letter is—ahem—gone," says Laura. "What do you want from Brussels, Pen?"

"I want some Brussels sprouts, my love—they are so fine in their native country."

"Shall I write to him to send the letter back?" palpitates poor little Laura; for she thought her husband was offended, by using the ironic method.

"No, you dear little woman! You need not send for the letter back: and you need not tell me what was in it: and I will bet you a hundred yards of lace to a cotton nightcap—and you know whether *I*, Madam, am a man *à bonnet-de-coton*—I will bet you that I know what you have been writing about, under pretence of a message about lace, to our Colonel."

"He promised to send it me. He really did. Lady Rockminster gave me twenty pounds——" gasps Laura.

"Under pretence of lace, you have been sending over a love-message. You want to see whether Clive is still of his old mind. You think the coast is now clear, and that dearest Ethel may like him. You think Mrs. Mason is growing very old and infirm, and the sight of her dear boy would——"

"Pen! Pen! *did you open my letter?*" cries Laura; and a laugh which could afford to be good-humoured (followed by yet another expression of the lips) ended this colloquy. No; Mr. Pendennis did not see the letter—but he knew the writer;—flattered himself that he knew women in general.

"Where did you get your experience of them, sir?" asks Mrs. Laura. Question answered in the same manner as the previous demand.

"Well, my dear; and why should not the poor boy be made happy?" Laura continues, standing very close up to her husband. "It is evident to me that Ethel is fond of him. I would rather see her married to a good young man whom she loves, than the mistress of a thousand palaces and coronets. Suppose—suppose you had married Miss Amory, sir, what a wretched worldly creature you would have been by this time; whereas now——"

"Now that I am the humble slave of a good woman there is some chance for me," cries this model of husbands. "And all good women are match-makers, as we know very well; and you have had this match in your heart ever since you saw the two young people

together. Now, Madam, since I did not see your letter to the Colonel —though I have guessed part of it—tell me what have you said in it? Have you by any chance told the Colonel that the Farintosh alliance was broken off?"

Laura owned that she had hinted as much.

"You have not ventured to say that Ethel is well inclined to Clive?"

"Oh, no—oh, *dear*, no?" But after much cross-examining and a little blushing on Laura's part, she is brought to confess that she has asked the Colonel whether he will not come and see Mrs. Mason, who is pining to see him, and is growing very old. And I find out that she has been to see this Mrs. Mason; that she and Miss Newcome visited the old lady the day before yesterday; and Laura thought, from the manner in which Ethel looked at Clive's picture, hanging up in the parlour of his father's old friend, that she really *was* very much, &c. &c. So, the letter being gone, Mrs. Pendennis is most eager about the answer to it, and day after day examines the bag, and is provoked that it brings no letter bearing the Brussels post-mark.

Madame de Montcontour seems perfectly well to know what Mrs. Laura has been doing and is hoping. "What, no letters again to-day? Ain't it provoking?" she cries. She is in the conspiracy, too; and presently Florac is one of the initiated. "These women wish to *bacler* a marriage between the belle Miss and le petit Claive," Florac announces to me. He pays the highest compliments to Miss Newcome's person, as he speaks regarding the marriage. "I continue to adore your Anglaises," he is pleased to say. "What of freshness, what of beauty, what roses! And then they are so adorably good! Go, Pendennis, thou art a happy *coquin!*" Mr. Pendennis does not say "No." He has won the twenty-thousand-pound prize; and we know there are worse than blanks in that lottery.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ICH WE ARE INTRODUCED TO A NEW NEWCOME.

O answer came to Mrs. Pendennis's letter to Colonel Newcome at Brussels, for the Colonel was absent from that city, and at the time when Laura wrote was actually in London, whither affairs of his own had called him. A note from George Warrington acquainted me with this circumstance; he mentioned that he and the Colonel had dined together at Bays's on the day previous, and that the Colonel seemed to be in the highest spirits. High what? This news put Laura in a sad perplexity. ite and tell him to get his letters from Brussels? She minutes have found some other pretext for writing ewcome, had not her husband sternly cautioned the to leave the matter alone.

readily perhaps because he had quarrelled with his Barnes, Thomas Newcome went to visit his brother his sister-in-law; bent on showing that there was no een him and this branch of his family. And you may the admirable woman just named had a fine occasion is conversational powers in discoursing upon the painful iad just happened to Sir Barnes. When we fall, how y out for us! Mrs. Hobson's homilies must have been that outraged virtue must have groaned and lamented, children about its knees, wept over them and washed into sackcloth and ashes, and tied up the knocker; with its spiritual adviser; uttered commonplaces to its l bored the whole house! The punishment of worldli- ity, the evil of marrying out of one's station, how these have been explained and enlarged on! Surely the

"Peerage" was taken off the drawing-room table and removed to papa's study, where it could not open, as it used naturally once, to "Highgate, Baron," or "Farintosh, Marquis of," being shut behind wires and closely jammed in on an upper shelf between "Blackstone's Commentaries" and the "Farmer's Magazine!" The breaking of the engagement with the Marquis of Farintosh was known in Bryanstone Square; and you may be sure interpreted by Mrs. Hobson in the light the most disadvantageous to Ethel Newcome. "A young nobleman—with grief and pain Ethel's aunt must own the fact—a young man of notoriously dissipated habits, but of great wealth and rank, had been pursued by the unhappy Lady Kew—Mrs. Hobson would *not* say by her *niece*, that were *too* dreadful—had been pursued, and followed, and hunted down in the most notorious manner, and finally made to propose! Let Ethel's *conduct* and *punishment* be a warning to my dearest girls, and let them bless *Heaven* they have parents who are not worldly! After all the trouble and pains, Mrs. Hobson did not say *disgrace*, the Marquis takes *the very first pretext* to break off the match, and leaves the unfortunate girl for ever!"

And now we have to tell of the hardest blow which fell upon poor Ethel, and this was that her good uncle Thomas Newcome believed the charges against her. He was willing enough to listen now to anything which was said against that branch of the family. With such a traitor, double-dealer, dastard as Barnes at its head, what could the rest of the race be? When the Colonel offered to endow Ethel and Clive with every shilling he had in the world, had not Barnes, the arch-traitor, temporised and told him falsehoods, and hesitated about throwing him off until the Marquis had declared himself? Yes. The girl he and poor Clive loved so was ruined by her artful relatives, was unworthy of his affection and his boy's, was to be banished, like her worthless brother, out of his regard for ever. And the man she had chosen in preference to his Clive!—a roué, a libertine, whose extravagances and dissipations were the talk of every club, who had no wit, nor talents, not even constancy (for had he not taken the first opportunity to throw her off?) to recommend him—only a great title and a fortune wherewith to bribe her! For shame, for shame! Her engagement to this man was a blot upon her—the rupture only a just punishment and humiliation. Poor unhappy girl! let her take care of her wretched brother's abandoned children, give up the world, and amend her life.

This was the sentence Thomas Newcome delivered: a righteous and tender-hearted man, as we know, but judging in this case wrongly, and bearing much too hardly, as we who know her better must think, upon one who had her faults certainly, but whose errors were not all of her own making. Who set her on the path she walked in? It was her parents' hands which led her, and her parents' voices which commanded her to accept the temptation set before her. What did she know of the character of the man selected to be her husband? Those who should have known better brought him to her, and vouched for him. Noble, unhappy young creature! are you the first of your sisterhood who has been bidden to traffic your beauty, to crush and slay your honest natural affections, to sell your truth and your life for rank and title? But the Judge who sees not the outward acts merely, but their causes, and views not the wrong alone, but the temptations, struggles, ignorance of erring creatures, we know has a different code to ours—to ours, who fall upon the fallen, who fawn upon the prosperous so, who administer our praises and punishments so prematurely, who now strike so hard, and, anon, spare so shamelessly.

Our stay with our hospitable friends at Rosebury was perforce coming to a close, for indeed weeks after weeks had passed since we had been under their pleasant roof; and in spite of dearest Ethel's remonstrances it was clear that dearest Laura must take her farewell. In these last days, besides the visits which daily took place between one and other, the young messenger was put in ceaseless requisition, and his donkey must have been worn off his little legs with trotting to and fro between the two houses. Laura was quite anxious and hurt at not hearing from the Colonel: it was a shame that he did not have over his letters from Belgium and answer that one which she had honoured him by writing. By some information, received who knows how? our host was aware of the intrigue which Mrs. Pendennis was carrying on; and his little wife almost as much interested in it as my own. She whispered to me in her kind way that she would give a guinea, that she would, to see a certain couple made happy together; that they were born for one another, that they were; she was for having me go off to fetch Clive: but who was I to act as Hymen's messenger; or to interpose in such delicate family affairs?

All this while Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., remained absent in London, attending to his banking duties there, and pursuing the

dismal inquiries which ended, in the ensuing Michaelmas term, in the famous suit of Newcome *v.* Lord Highgate. Ethel, pursuing the plan which she had laid down for herself from the first, took entire charge of his children and house; Lady Ann returned to her own family: never indeed having been of much use in her son's dismal household. My wife talked to me of course about her pursuits and amusements at Newcome, in the ancestral hall which we have mentioned. The children played and ate their dinner (mine often partook of his infantine mutton, in company with little Clara and the poor young heir of Newcome,) in the room which had been called my Lady's own, and in which her husband had locked her, forgetting that the conservatories were open, through which the hapless woman had fled. Next to this was the baronial library, a side of which was fitted with the gloomy books from Clapham, which old Mrs. Newcome had amassed; rows of tracts, and missionary magazines, and dingy quarto volumes of worldly travel and history which that lady had admitted into her collection.

Almost on the last day of our stay at Rosebury, the two young ladies bethought them of paying a visit to the neighbouring town of Newcome, to that old Mrs. Mason who has been mentioned in a foregoing page in some yet earlier chapter of our history. She was very old now, very faithful to the recollections of her own early time, and oblivious of yesterday. Thanks to Colonel Newcome's bounty, she had lived in comfort for many a long year past; and he was as much her boy now as in those early days of which we have given but an outline. There were Clive's pictures of himself and his father over her little mantelpiece, near which she sat in comfort and warmth by the winter fire which his bounty supplied.

Mrs. Mason remembered Miss Newcome, prompted thereto by the hints of her little maid, who was much younger, and had a more faithful memory than her mistress. Why, Sarah Mason would have forgotten the pheasants whose very tails decorated the chimney-glass, had not Keziah, the maid, reminded her that the young lady was the donor. Then she recollected her benefactor, and asked after her father, the Baronet; and wondered, for her part, why *her* boy, the Colonel, was not made baronet, and why his brother had the property? Her father was a very good man; though Mrs. Mason had heard he was not much liked in those parts. "Dead and gone, was he, poor man?" (This came in reply to a hint from Keziah, the

ttendant, bawled in the old lady's ears, who was very deaf.) "Well, ell, we must all go; and if we were all good, like the Colonel, what as the use of staying? I hope his wife will be good. I am sure uch a good man deserves one," added Mrs. Mason.

The ladies thought the old woman doting, led thereto by the emark of Keziah, the maid, that Mrs. Mason have a lost her memory. And she asked who the other bonny lady was, and Ethel told her that Mrs. Pendennis was a friend of the Colonel's and Clive's.

"Oh, Clive's friend! Well, she was a pretty lady, and he was a dear pretty boy. He drew those pictures; and he took off me in my cap, with my old cat and all—my poor old cat that's buried this ever so long ago."

"She has had a letter from the Colonel, Miss," cries out Keziah. 'Haven't you had a letter from the Colonel, mum? It came only esterday." And Keziah takes out the letter and shows it to the adies. They read as follows:—

"London, Feb. 12, 184—.

"MY DEAR OLD MASON,—I have just heard from a friend of mine who has been staying in your neighbourhood, that you are well and appy, and that you have been making inquiries after *your young apegrace*, Tom Newcome, who is well and happy too, and who proposes to be *happier still* before any very long time is over.

"The letter which was written to me about you was sent to me *in Belgium*, at Brussels, where I have been living—a town near the place where the famous *Battle of Waterloo* was fought; and as I had run away from Waterloo it *followed me to England.*

"I cannot come to Newcome just now to shake my dear old friend and nurse *by the hand.* I have business in London; and there are those of my name *living in Newcome* who would not be very happy to see me and mine.

"But I promise you a visit before very long, and Clive will come with me; and when we come I shall introduce a new friend to you, a very pretty little *daughter-in-law*, whom you must promise to love very much. She is a *Scotch lassie*, niece of my oldest friend, James Binnie, Esquire, of the Bengal Civil Service, who will give her a *pretty bit of siller*, and her present name is Miss Rosey Mackenzie.

"We shall send you a *wedding cake* soon, and a new gown for

Keziah (to whom remember me), and when I am gone, my grandchildren after me will hear what a dear friend you were to your affectionate

"THOMAS NEWCOME."

Keziah must have thought that there was something between Clive and my wife, for when Laura had read the letter she laid it down on the table, and sitting down by it, and, hiding her face in her hands, burst into tears.

Ethel looked steadily at the two pictures of Clive and his father. Then she put her hand on her friend's shoulder. "Come, my dear," she said, "it is growing late, and I must go back to my children." And she saluted Mrs. Mason and her maid in a very stately manner, and left them, leading my wife away, who was still exceedingly overcome.

We could not stay long at Rosebury after that. When Madame de Montcontour heard the news, the good lady cried too. Mrs. Pendennis's emotion was renewed as we passed the gates of Newcome Park on our way to the railroad.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. AND MRS. CLIVE NEWCOME.

HE friendship between Ethel and Laura, which the last narrated sentimental occurrences had so much increased, subsists very little impaired up to ɜent day. A lady with many domestic interests and increasing &c. &c., cannot be supposed to cultivate female intimacies doors with that ardour and eagerness which young spinsters in their intercourse ; but Laura, whose kind heart first led her ɔathize with her young friend in the latter's days of distress sfortune, has professed ever since a growing esteem for Ethel me, and says, that the trials and perhaps grief which the lady now had to undergo have brought out the noblest s of her disposition. She is a very different person from the nd worldly girl who compelled our admiration of late in the f her triumphant youthful beauty, of her wayward generous ;, of her frivolities and her flirtations.

l Ethel shed tears in secret over the marriage which had Laura's gentle eyes to overflow? We might divine the girl's ut we respected it. The subject was never mentioned by the ɔetween themselves, and even in her most intimate communi- with her husband that gentleman is bound to say his wife ned a tender reserve upon the point, nor cared to speculate subject which her friend held sacred. I could not for my ıt acquiesce in this reticence; and, if Ethel felt regret and

remorse, admire the dignity of her silence, and the sweet composure of her now changed and saddened demeanour.

The interchange of letters between the two friends was constant, and in these the younger lady described at length the duties, occupations, and pleasures, of her new life. She had quite broken with the world, and devoted herself entirely to the nurture and education of her brother's orphan children. She educated herself in order to teach them. Her letters contain droll yet touching confessions of her own ignorance and her determination to overcome it. There was no lack of masters of all kinds in Newcome. She set herself to work like a school-girl. The piano in the little room near the conservatory was thumped by Aunt Ethel until it became quite obedient to her, and yielded the sweetest music under her fingers. When she came to pay us a visit at Fairoaks some two years afterwards she played for our dancing children, (our third is named Ethel, our second Helen, after one still more dear), and we were in admiration of her skill. There must have been the labour of many lonely nights when her little charges were at rest, and she and her sad thoughts sat up together, before she overcame the difficulties of the instrument so as to be able to soothe herself and to charm and delight her children.

When the divorce was pronounced, which came in due form, though we know that Lady Highgate was not much happier than the luckless Lady Clara Newcome had been, Ethel's dread was lest Sir Barnes should marry again, and by introducing a new mistress into his house should deprive her of the care of her children.

Miss Newcome judged her brother rightly in that he would try to marry, but a noble young lady to whom he offered himself rejected him, to his surprise and indignation, for a beggarly clergyman with a small living, on which she elected to starve; and the wealthy daughter of a neighbouring manufacturer whom he next proposed to honour with his gracious hand, fled from him with horror to the arms of her father, wondering how such a man as that should ever dare to propose marriage to an honest girl. Sir Barnes Newcome was much surprised at this outbreak of anger; he thought himself a very ill-used and unfortunate man, a victim of most cruel persecutions, which we may be sure did not improve his temper or tend to the happiness of his circle at home. Peevishness, and selfish rage, quarrels with

servants and governesses, and other domestic disquiet, Ethel had of course to bear from her brother, but not actual personal ill-usage. The fiery temper of former days was subdued in her, but the haughty resolution remained, which was more than a match for her brother's cowardly tyranny; besides, she was the mistress of sixty thousand pounds, and by many wily hints and piteous appeals to his sister Sir Barnes sought to secure this desirable sum of money for his poor dear unfortunate children.

He professed to think that she was ruining herself for her younger brothers, whose expenses the young lady was defraying, this one at college, that in the army, and whose maintenance he thought might be amply defrayed out of their own little fortunes and his mother's jointure: and, by ingeniously proving that a vast number of his household expenses were personal to Miss Newcome and would never have been incurred but for her residence in his house, he subtracted for his own benefit no inconsiderable portion of her income. Thus the carriage-horses were hers, for what need had he, a miserable bachelor, of anything more than a riding-horse and a brougham? A certain number of the domestics were hers, and as he could get no scoundrel of his own to stay with him, he took Miss Newcome's servants. He would have had her pay the coals which burned in his grate, and the taxes due to our Sovereign Lady the Queen; but in truth at the end of the year, with her domestic bounties and her charities round about Newcome, which daily increased as she became acquainted with her indigent neighbours, Miss Ethel, the heiress, was as poor as many poorer persons.

Her charities increased daily with her means of knowing the people round about her. She gave much time to them and thought; visited from house to house, without ostentation; was awe-stricken by that spectacle of the poverty which we have with us always, of which the sight rebukes our selfish griefs into silence, the thought compels us to charity, humility, and devotion. The priests of our various creeds, who elsewhere are doing battle together continually, lay down their arms in its presence and kneel before it; subjugated by that overpowering master. Death, never dying out; hunger always crying; and children born to it day after day,—our young London lady, flying from the splendours and follies in which her life had been passed, found herself in the presence of these; threading

darkling alleys which swarmed with wretched life; sitting by naked beds, whither by God's blessing she was sometimes enabled to carry a little comfort and consolation; or whence she came heart-stricken by the overpowering misery, or touched by the patient resignation of the new friends to whom fate had directed her. And here she met the priest upon his shrift, the homely missionary bearing his words of consolation, the quiet curate pacing his round, and was known to all these, and enabled now and again to help their people in trouble. "Oh! what good there is in this woman," my wife would say to me as she laid one of Miss Ethel's letters aside; "who would have thought this was the girl of your glaring London ball-room? If she has had grief to bear, how it has chastened and improved her."

And now I have to confess that all this time, whilst Ethel Newcome has been growing in grace with my wife, poor Clive has been lapsing sadly out of favour. She has no patience with Clive. She drubs her little foot when his name is mentioned and turns the subject. Whither are all the tears and pities fled now? Mrs. Laura has transferred all her regard to Ethel, and when that lady's ex-suitor writes to his old friend, or other news is had of him, Laura flies out in her usual tirades against the world, the horrid wicked selfish world, which spoils everybody who comes near it. What has Clive done, in vain his apologist asks, that an old friend should be so angry with him?

She is not angry with him—not she. She only does not care about him. She wishes him no manner of harm—not the least, only she has lost all interest in him. And the Colonel too, the poor good old Colonel, was actually in Mrs. Pendennis's black books, and when he sent her the Brussels veil which we have heard of, she did not think it was a bargain at all—not particularly pretty; in fact rather dear at the money. When we met Mr. and Mrs. Clive Newcome in London, whither they came a few months after their marriage, and where Rosey appeared as pretty, happy, good-humoured a little blushing bride as eyes need behold, Mrs. Pendennis's reception of her was quite a curiosity of decorum. "I not receive her well!" cried Laura; "how on earth would you have me receive her? I talked to her about everything, and she only answered yes or no. I showed her the children, and she did not seem to care. Her only conversation was about millinery and Brussels balls, and about her

ress at the drawing-room. The drawing-room! What business has he with such follies."

The fact is, that the drawing-room was Tom Newcome's affair, not his son's, who was heartily ashamed of the figure he cut in that astounding costume, which English private gentlemen are made to sport when they bend the knee before their Gracious Sovereign.

Warrington roasted poor Clive upon the occasion, and complimented him with his usual gravity, until the young fellow blushed, and his father somewhat testily signified to our friend that his irony was not agreeable. "I suppose," says the Colonel, with great hauteur, "that there is nothing ridiculous in an English gentleman entertaining feelings of loyalty and testifying his respect to his Queen: and I presume that her Majesty knows best, and has a right to order in what dress her subjects shall appear before her; and I don't think it's kind of you, George, I say, I don't think it's kind of you to quiz my boy for doing his duty to his Queen and to his father too, sir,—for it was at my request that Clive went—and we went together, sir, to the levee and then to the drawing-room afterwards with Rosey, who was presented by the lady of my old friend, Sir George Tufto, a lady of rank herself, and the wife of as brave an officer as ever drew a sword."

Warrington stammered an apology for his levity, but no explanations were satisfactory, and it was clear George had wounded the feelings of our dear simple old friend.

After Clive's marriage, which was performed at Brussels, Uncle James and the lady, his sister, whom we have sometimes flippantly ventured to call the Campaigner, went off to perform that journey to Scotland which James had meditated for ten years past; and, now little Rosey was made happy for life, to renew acquaintance with little Josey. The Colonel and his son and daughter-in-law came to London, not to the bachelor quarters, where we have seen them, but to an hotel, which they occupied until their new house could be provided for them, a sumptuous mansion in the Tiburnian district, and one which became people of their station.

We have been informed already what the Colonel's income was, and have the gratification of knowing that it was very considerable. The simple gentleman who would dine off a crust, and wear a coat for ten years, desired that his children should have the best of everything: ordered about upholsterers, painters, carriage-makers, in his

splendid Indian way; presented pretty Rosey with brilliant jewels for her introduction at Court, and was made happy by the sight of the blooming young creature decked in these magnificences, and admired by all his little circle. The old boys, the old generals, the old colonels, the old qui-his from the club, came and paid her their homage; the directors' ladies and the generals' ladies called upon her, and feasted her at vast banquets served on sumptuous plate. Newcome purchased plate and gave banquets in return for these hospitalities. Mrs. Clive had a neat close carriage for evenings, and a splendid barouche to drive in the Park. It was pleasant to see this equipage at four o'clock of an afternoon, driving up to Bays's, with Rosey most gorgeously attired reclining within; and to behold the stately grace of the old gentleman as he stepped out to welcome his daughter-in-law, and the bow he made before he entered her carriage. Then they would drive round the Park; round and round and round; and the old generals, and the old colonels, and old fogeys, and their ladies and daughters, would nod and smile out of *their* carriages as they crossed each other upon this charming career of pleasure.

I confess that a dinner at the Colonel's, now he appeared in all his magnificence, was awfully slow. No peaches could look fresher than Rosey's cheeks,—no damask was fairer than her pretty little shoulders. No one, I am sure, could be happier than she, but she did not impart her happiness to her friends; and replied chiefly by smiles to the conversation of the gentlemen at her side. It is true that these were for the most part elderly dignitaries, distinguished military officers with blue-black whiskers, retired old Indian judges, and the like, occupied with their victuals, and generally careless to please. But that solemn happiness of the Colonel, who shall depict it!—that look of affection with which he greeted his daughter as she entered, flounced to the waist, twinkling with innumerable jewels, holding a dainty pocket-handkerchief, with smiling eyes, dimpled cheeks, and golden ringlets! He would take her hand, or follow her about from group to group, exchanging precious observations about the weather, the Park, the Exhibition, nay, the Opera, for the old man actually went to the Opera with his little girl, and solemnly snoozed by her side in a white waistcoat.

Very likely this was the happiest period of Thomas Newcome's life. No woman (save one perhaps fifty years ago) had ever seemed

so fond of him as that little girl. What pride he had in her, and what care he took of her! If she was a little ailing, what anxiety and hurrying for doctors! What droll letters came from James Binnie, and how they laughed over them; with what respectful attention he acquainted Mrs. Mack with everything that took place; with what enthusiasm that Campaigner replied! Josey's husband called a special blessing upon his head in the church at Musselburgh; and little Jo herself sent a tinful of Scotch bun to her darling sister, with a request from her husband that he might have a few shares in the famous Indian Company.

The Company was in a highly flourishing condition, as you may suppose, when one of its directors, who at the same time was one of the honestest men alive, thought it was his duty to live in the splendour in which we now behold him. Many wealthy City men did homage to him. His brother Hobson, though the Colonel had quarrelled with the chief of the firm, yet remained on amicable terms with Thomas Newcome, and shared and returned his banquets for a while. Charles Honeyman we may be sure was present at many of them, and smirked a blessing over the plenteous meal. The Colonel's influence was such with Mr. Sherrick that he pleaded Charles's cause with that gentleman, and actually brought to a successful termination that little love-affair in which we have seen Miss Sherrick and Charles engaged. Mr. Sherrick was not disposed to part with much money during his lifetime—indeed he proved to Colonel Newcome that he was not so rich as the world supposed him. But by the Colonel's interest, the chaplaincy of Boggley Wollah was procured for the Rev. C. Honeyman, who now forms the delight of that flourishing station.

All this while we have said little about Clive, who in truth was somehow in the background in this flourishing Newcome group. To please the best father in the world; the kindest old friend who endowed his niece with the best part of his savings; to settle that question about marriage and have an end of it; Clive Newcome had taken a pretty and fond young girl, who respected and admired him beyond all men, and who heartily desired to make him happy. To do as much would not his father have stripped his coat from his back,—have put his head under Juggernaut's chariot-wheel,—have sacrificed any ease, comfort, or pleasure for the youngster's benefit? One great passion he had had and closed the account of it: a worldly

ambitious girl—how foolishly worshipped and passionately beloved no matter—had played with him for years; had flung him away when a dissolute suitor with a great fortune and title had offered himself. Was he to whine and despair because a jilt had fooled him? He had too much pride and courage for any such submission; he would accept the lot in life which was offered to him, no undesirable one surely; he would fulfil the wish of his father's heart, and cheer his kind declining years. In this way the marriage was brought about. It was but a whisper to Rosey in the drawing-room, a start and a blush from the little girl as he took the little willing hand, a kiss for her from her delighted old father-in-law, a twinkle in good old James's eyes, and double embrace from the Campaigner as she stood over them in a benedictory attitude;—expressing her surprise at an event for which she had been jockeying ever since she set eyes on young Newcome; and calling upon heaven to bless her children. So, as a good thing when it is to be done had best be done quickly, these worthy folks went off almost straightway to a clergyman, and were married out of hand—to the astonishment of Captains Hoby and Goby when they came to hear of the event. Well, my gallant young painter and friend of my boyhood! if my wife chooses to be angry at your marriage, shall her husband not wish you happy? Suppose we had married our first loves, others of us, were we the happier now? Ask Mr. Pendennis, who sulked in his tents when his Costigan, his Briseis, was ravished from him. Ask poor George Warrington, who had his own way, heaven help him! There was no need why Clive should turn monk because number one refused him; and, that charmer removed, why he should not take to his heart number two. I am bound to say, that when I expressed these opinions to Mrs. Laura, she was more angry and provoked than ever.

It is in the nature of such a simple soul as Thomas Newcome to see but one side of a question, and having once fixed Ethel's worldliness in his mind, and her brother's treason, to allow no argument of advocates of the other side to shake his displeasure. Hence the one or two appeals which Laura ventured to make on behalf of her friend, were checked by the good Colonel with a stern negation. If Ethel was not guiltless, she could not make him see at least that she was not guilty. He dashed away all excuses and palliations. Exasperated as he was, he persisted in regarding the poor girl's

conduct in its most unfavourable light. "She was rejected, and deservedly rejected, by the Marquis of Farintosh," he broke out to me once, who was not indeed authorised to tell all I knew regarding the story; "the whole town knows it; all the clubs ring with it. I blush, sir, to think that my brother's child should have brought such a stain upon our name." In vain I told him that my wife, who knew all the circumstances much better, judged Miss Newcome far more favourably, and indeed greatly esteemed and loved her. "Pshaw! sir," breaks out the indignant Colonel, "your wife is an innocent creature, who does not know the world as we men of experience do,—as I do, sir;" and would have no more of the discussion. There is no doubt about it, there was a coolness between my old friend's father and us.

As for Barnes Newcome we gave up that worthy, and the Colonel showed him no mercy. He recalled words used by Warrington, which I have recorded in a former page, and vowed that he only watched for an opportunity to crush the miserable reptile. He hated Barnes as a loathsome traitor, coward, and criminal; he made no secret of his opinion: and Clive, with the remembrance of former injuries, of dreadful heartpangs; the inheritor of his father's blood, his honesty of nature, and his impetuous enmity against wrong; shared to the full his sire's antipathy against his cousin, and publicly expressed his scorn and contempt for him. About Ethel he would not speak. "Perhaps what you say, Pen, is true," he said. "I hope it is. Pray God it is." But his quivering lips and fierce countenance, when her name was mentioned or her defence attempted, showed that he too had come to think ill of her. "As for her brother, as for that scoundrel," he would say, clenching his fist, "if ever I can punish him I will. I shouldn't have the soul of a dog, if ever I forgot the wrongs that have been done me by that vagabond. Forgiveness? Pshaw! Are you dangling to sermons, Pen, at your wife's leading-strings? Are you preaching that cant? There are some injuries that no honest man should forgive, and I shall be a rogue on the day I shake hands with that villain."

"Clive has adopted the Iroquois ethics," says George Warrington, smoking his pipe sententiously, "rather than those which are at present received among us. I am not sure that something is not to be said, as against the Eastern upon the Western, or Tomahawk, or Ojibbeway side of the question. I should not like," he added, "to

be in a vendetta or feud, and to have you, Clive, and the old Colonel engaged against me."

"I would rather," I said, "for my part, have half-a-dozen such enemies as Clive and the Colonel, than one like Barnes. You never know where or when that villain may hit you." And before a very short period was over, Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., hit his two hostile kinsmen such a blow, as one might expect from such a quarter.

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. CLIVE AT HOME.

CLIVE and his father did not think fit to conceal their opinions regarding their kinsman, Barnes Newcome, and uttered them in many public places when Sir Barnes's conduct was brought into question, we ıre that their talk came to the Baronet's ears, and did not ıis already angry feeling towards those gentlemen. For :y had the best of the attack. The Colonel routed Barnes s accustomed club at Bays's; where also the gallant Sir ıfto expressed himself pretty openly with respect to the net's want of courage: the Colonel had bullied and brow- ırnes in the parlour of his own bank, and the story was vell known in the City; where it certainly was not pleasant nes, as he walked to 'Change, to meet sometimes the scowls ry man of war, his uncle, striding down to the offices of the ıd Bank, and armed with that terrible bamboo cane.

ough his wife had undeniably run away after notorious ill- from her husband; though he had shown two white feathers ınpleasant little affairs with his uncle and cousin; though Newcome was certainly neither amiable nor popular in the ındon, his reputation as a most intelligent man of business

still stood; the credit of his house was deservedly high, and people banked with him, and traded with him, in spite of faithless wives and hostile colonels.

When the outbreak between Colonel Newcome and his nephew took place, it may be remembered that Mr. Hobson Newcome, the other partner of the firm of Hobson Brothers, waited upon Colonel Newcome, as one of the principal English directors of the B. B. C., and hoped that although private differences would, of course, oblige Thomas Newcome to cease all personal dealings with the bank of Hobson, the affairs of the Company in which he was interested ought not to suffer on this account; and that the Indian firm should continue dealing with Hobsons on the same footing as before. Mr. Hobson Newcome represented to the Colonel, in his jolly frank way, that whatever happened between the latter and his nephew Barnes, Thomas Newcome had still one friend in the house; that the transactions between it and the Indian Company were mutually advantageous; finally, that the manager of the Indian bank might continue to do business with Hobsons as before. So the B. B. C. sent its consignments to Hobson Brothers, and drew its bills, which were duly honoured by that firm.

More than one of Colonel Newcome's City acquaintances, among them his agent, Mr. Jolly, and his ingenuous friend, Mr. Sherrick, especially, hinted to Thomas Newcome to be very cautious in his dealings with Hobson Brothers, and keep a special care lest that house should play him an evil turn. They both told him that Barnes Newcome had said more than once, in answer to reports of the Colonel's own speeches against Barnes, "I know that hot-headed, blundering Indian uncle of mine is furious against me, on account of an absurd private affair and misunderstanding, which he is too obstinate to see in the proper light. What is my return for the abuse and rant which he lavishes against me? I cannot forget that he is my grandfather's son, an old man, utterly ignorant both of society and business here; and as he is interested in this Indian Banking Company, which must be preciously conducted when it appointed him as the guardian and overseer of its affairs in England, I do my very best to serve the Company, and I can tell you, its blundering, muddle-headed managers, black and white, owe no little to the assistance which they have had from our house. If they don't like us, why do they go on dealing with us? We don't want them and their bills.

We were a leading house fifty years before they were born, and shall continue to be so long after they come to an end." Such was Barnes's case, as stated by himself. It was not a very bad one, or very unfairly stated, considering the advocate. I believe he has always persisted in thinking that he never did his uncle any wrong.

Mr. Jolly and Mr. Sherrick, then, both entreated Thomas Newcome to use his best endeavours, and bring the connection of the B. B. C. and Hobson Brothers to a speedy end. But Jolly was an interested party; he and his friends would have had the agency of the B. B. C., and the profits thereof, which Hobsons had taken from them. Mr. Sherrick was an outside practitioner, a guerilla amongst regular merchants. The opinions of one and the other, though submitted by Thomas Newcome duly to his co-partners, the managers and London board of directors of the Bundlecund Banking Company, were overruled by that assembly.

They had their establishment and apartments in the City; they had their clerks and messengers, their managers' room and board-room, their meetings, where no doubt great quantities of letters were read, vast ledgers produced; where Tom Newcome was voted into the chair, and voted out with thanks; where speeches were made, and the affairs of the B. B. C. properly discussed. These subjects are mysterious, terrifying, unknown to me. I cannot pretend to describe them. Fred Bayham, I remember, used to be great in his knowledge of the affairs of the Bundlecund Banking Company. He talked of cotton, wool, copper, opium, indigo, Singapore, Manilla, China, Calcutta, Australia, with prodigious eloquence and fluency. His conversation was about millions. The most astounding paragraphs used to appear in the *Pall Mall Gazette* regarding the annual dinner at Blackwall, which the directors gave, and to which he, and George, and I, as friends of the court, were invited. What orations were uttered, what flowing bumpers emptied in the praise of this great Company; what quantities of turtle and punch did Fred devour at its expense! Colonel Newcome was the kindly old chairman at these banquets; the Prince, his son, taking but a modest part in the ceremonies, and sitting with us, his old cronies.

All the gentlemen connected with the board, all those with whom the B. B. C. traded in London, paid Thomas Newcome extraordinary respect. His character for wealth was deservedly great, and of course multiplied by the tongue of Rumour. F. B. knew to a few millions

of rupees, more or less, what the Colonel possessed, and what Clive would inherit. Thomas Newcome's distinguished military services, his high bearing, lofty courtesy, simple but touching garrulity;—for the honest man talked much more now than he had been accustomed to do in former days, and was not insensible to the flattery which his wealth brought him;—his reputation as a keen man of business, who had made his own fortune by operations equally prudent and spirited, and who might make the fortunes of hundreds of other people, brought the worthy Colonel a number of friends, and I promise you that the loudest huzzahs greeted his health when it was proposed at the Blackwall dinners. At the second annual dinner after Clive's marriage some friends presented Mrs. Clive Newcome with a fine testimonial. There was a superb silver cocoa-nut tree, whereof the leaves were dexterously arranged for holding candles and pickles; under the cocoa-nut was an Indian prince on a camel giving his hand to a cavalry officer on horseback—a howitzer, a plough, a loom, a bale of cotton, on which were the East India Company's arms, a brahmin, Britannia, and Commerce with a cornucopia, were grouped round the principal figures: and if you would see a noble account of this chaste and elegant specimen of British art, you are referred to the pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of that year, as well as to Fred Bayham's noble speech in the course of the evening, when it was exhibited. The East and its wars, and its heroes, Assaye and Seringapatam ("and Lord Lake and Laswaree too," calls out the Colonel, greatly elated), tiger-hunting palanquins, Juggernaut, elephants, the burning of widows—all passed before us in F. B.'s splendid oration. He spoke of the product of the Indian forest, the palm-tree, the cocoa-nut tree, the banyan-tree. Palms the Colonel had already brought back with him,—the palms of valour, won in the field of war (cheers). Cocoa-nut trees he had never seen, though he had heard wonders related regarding the milky contents of their fruit. Here at any rate was one tree of the kind, under the branches of which he humbly trusted often to repose—and, if he might be so bold as to carry on the Eastern metaphor, he would say, knowing the excellence of the Colonel's claret and the splendour of his hospitality, that he would prefer a cocoa-nut day at the Colonel's to a banyan day anywhere else. Whilst F. B.'s speech went on, I remember J. J. eyeing the trophy, and the queer expression of his shrewd face. The health of British Artists was drunk àpropos of this splendid specimen

of their skill, and poor J. J. Ridley, Esq., A.R.A., had scarce a word to say in return. He and Clive sat by one another, the latter very silent and gloomy. When J. J. and I met in the world, we talked about our friend, and it was easy for both of us to see that neither was satisfied with Clive's condition.

The fine house in Tyburnia was completed by this time, as gorgeous as money could make it. How different it was from the old Fitzroy Square mansion with its ramshackle furniture, and spoils of brokers' shops, and Tottenham-court Road odds and ends! An Oxford Street upholsterer had been let loose in the yet virgin chambers; and that inventive genius had decorated them with all the wonders his fancy could devise. Roses and Cupids quivered on the ceilings, up to which golden arabesques crawled from the walls; your face (handsome or otherwise) was reflected by countless looking-glasses, so multiplied and arranged as, as it were, to carry you into the next street. You trod on velvet, pausing with respect in the centre of the carpet, where Rosey's cypher was worked in the sweet flowers which bear her name. What delightful crooked legs the chairs had! What corner-cupboards there were filled with Dresden gimcracks, which it was a part of this little woman's business in life to purchase! What étagères, and bonbonnières, and chiffonnières! What awfully bad pastels there were on the walls! What frightful Boucher and Lancret shepherds and shepherdesses leered over the portières! What velvet-bound volumes, mother-of-pearl albums, inkstands representing beasts of the field, priedieu chairs, and wonderful knickknacks I can recollect! There was the most magnificent piano, though Rosey seldom sang any of her six songs now; and when she kept her couch at a certain most interesting period, the good Colonel, ever anxious to procure amusement for his darling, asked whether she would not like a barrel-organ grinding fifty or sixty favourite pieces, which a bearer could turn? And he mentioned how Windus, of their regiment, who loved music exceedingly, had a very fine instrument of this kind out to Barrackpore in the year 1810, and relays of barrels by each ship with all the new tunes from Europe. The Testimonial took its place in the centre of Mrs. Clive's table, surrounded by satellites of plate. The delectable parties were constantly gathered together, the grand barouche rolling in the Park, or stopping at the principal shops. Little Rosey bloomed in millinery, and was still the smiling little pet of her father-in-law, and poor Clive,

in the midst of all these splendours, was gaunt, and sad, and silent; listless at most times, bitter and savage at others, pleased only when he was out of the society which bored him, and in the company of George and J. J., the simple friends of his youth.

His careworn look and altered appearance mollified my wife towards him—who had almost taken him again into favour. But she did not care for Mrs. Clive, and the Colonel, somehow, grew cool towards us, and to look askance upon the little band of Clive's friends. It seemed as if there were two parties in the house. There was Clive's set—J. J., the shrewd silent little painter; Warrington, the cynic; and the author of the present biography, who was, I believe, supposed to give himself contemptuous airs, and to have become very high and mighty since his marriage. Then there was the great, numerous, and eminently respectable set, whose names were all registered in little Rosey's little visiting-book, and to whose houses she drove round, duly delivering the cards of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Newcome, and Colonel Newcome;—the Generals and Colonels, the Judges and the Fogeys. The only man who kept well with both sides of the house was F. Bayham, Esq., who, having got into clover, remained in the enjoyment of that welcome pasture; who really loved Clive and the Colonel too, and had a hundred pleasant things and funny stories, (the droll odd creature!) to tell to the little lady for whom we others could scarcely find a word. The old friends of the student-days were not forgotten, but they did not seem to get on in the new house. The Miss Gandishes came to one of Mrs. Clive's balls, still in blue crape, still with ringlets on their wizened old foreheads, accompanying Papa, with his shirt-collars turned down—who gazed in mute wonder on the splendid scene. Warrington actually asked Miss Gandish to dance, making woful blunders, however, in the quadrille, while Clive, with something like one of his old smiles on his face, took out Miss Zoe Gandish, her sister. We made Gandish overeat and overdrink himself in the supper-room, and Clive cheered him by ordering a full length of Mrs. Clive Newcome, from his distinguished pencil. Never was seen a grander exhibition of white satin and jewels. Smee, R.A., was furious at the preference shown to his rival.

We had Sandy M'Collop, too, at the party, who had returned from Rome, with his red beard, and his picture of the murder of the Red Comyn, which made but a dim effect in the Octagon Room of

the Royal Academy, where the bleeding agonies of the dying warrior were veiled in an unkind twilight. On Sandy and his brethren little Rosey looked rather coldly. She tossed up her little head in conversation with me, and gave me to understand that this party was only an *omnium gatherum*, not one of the select parties, from which heaven defend us. "We are Poins, and Nym, and Pistol," growled out George Warrington, as he strode away to finish the evening in Clive's painting and smoking room. "Now Prince Hal is married, and shares the paternal throne, his Princess is ashamed of his brigand associates of former days." She came and looked at us with a feeble little smile, as we sat smoking, and let the daylight in on us from the open door, and hinted to Mr. Clive that it was time to go to bed.

So Clive Newcome lay in a bed of down and tossed and tumbled there. He went to fine dinners, and sat silent over them; rode fine horses, and black Care jumped up behind the moody horseman. He was cut off in a great measure from the friends of his youth, or saw them by a kind of stealth and sufferance; was a very lonely, poor fellow, I am afraid, now that people were testimonialising his wife, and many an old comrade growling at his haughtiness and prosperity.

In former days, when his good father recognized the difference which fate, and time, and temper, had set between him and his son, we have seen with what a gentle acquiescence the old man submitted to his inevitable fortune, and how humbly he bore that stroke of separation which afflicted the boy lightly enough, but caused the loving sire so much pain. Then there was no bitterness between them, in spite of the fatal division; but now, it seemed as if there was anger on Thomas Newcome's part, because, though come together again, they were not united, though with every outward appliance of happiness Clive was not happy. What young man on earth could look for more? a sweet young wife, a handsome home, of which the only encumbrance was an old father, who would give his last drop of blood in his son's behalf. And it was to bring about this end that Thomas Newcome had toiled and had amassed a fortune! Could not Clive, with his talents and education, go down once or twice a week to the City and take a decent part in the business by which his wealth was secured? He appeared at the various board-rooms and City conclaves, yawned at the meetings, and drew figures on the blotting-paper of the Company; had no interest in its transactions,

no heart in its affairs; went away and galloped his horse alone; or returned to his painting-room, put on his old velvet jacket, and worked with his palettes and brushes. Palettes and brushes! Could he not give up these toys when he was called to a much higher station in the world? Could he not go talk with Rosey;—drive with Rosey, kind little soul, whose whole desire was to make him happy? Such thoughts as these, no doubt, darkened the Colonel's mind, and deepened the furrows round his old eyes. So it is, we judge men by our own standards; judge our nearest and dearest often wrong.

Many and many a time did Clive try and talk with the little Rosey, who chirped and prattled so gaily to his father. Many a time would she come and sit by his easel, and try her little powers to charm him, bring him little tales about their acquaintances, stories about this ball and that concert, practise artless smiles upon him, gentle little bouderies, tears, perhaps, followed by caresses and reconciliation. At the end of which he would return to his cigar; and she, with a sigh and a heavy heart, to the good old man who had bidden her to go and talk with him. He used to feel that his father had sent her; the thought came across him in their conversations, and straightway his heart would shut up and his face grow gloomy. They were not made to mate with one another. That was the truth.

Just before the testimonial, Mr. Clive was in constant attendance at home, and very careful and kind and happy with his wife, and the whole family party went very agreeably. Doctors were in constant attendance at Mrs. Clive Newcome's door; prodigious care was taken by the good Colonel in wrapping her and in putting her little feet on sofas, and in leading her to her carriage. The Campaigner came over in immense flurry from Edinburgh, (where Uncle James was now very comfortably lodged in Picardy Place, with the most agreeable society round about him,) and all this circle was in a word very close and happy and intimate; but woe is me, Thomas Newcome's fondest hopes were disappointed this time; his little grandson lived but to see the light and leave it: and sadly, sadly, those preparations were put away, those poor little robes and caps, those delicate muslins and cambrics over which many a care had been forgotten, many a fond prayer thought, if not uttered. Poor little Rosey! she felt the grief very keenly; but she rallied from it very

soon. In a very few months her cheeks were blooming and dimpling with smiles again, and she was telling us how her party was an *omnium gatherum.*

The Campaigner had ere this returned to the scene of her northern exploits; not, I believe, entirely of the worthy woman's own free will. Assuming the command of the household, whilst her daughter kept her sofa, Mrs. Mackenzie had set that establishment into uproar and mutiny. She had offended the butler, outraged the housekeeper, wounded the sensibilities of the footmen, insulted the doctor, and trampled on the inmost corns of the nurse. It was surprising what a change appeared in the Campaigner's conduct, and how little, in former days, Colonel Newcome had known her. What the Emperor Napoleon the First said respecting our Russian enemies, might be applied to this lady, Grattez la, and she appeared a Tartar. Clive and his father had a little comfort and conversation in conspiring against her. The old man never dared to try, but was pleased with the younger's spirit and gallantry in the series of final actions which, commencing over poor little Rosey's prostrate body in the dressing-room, were continued in the drawing-room, resumed with terrible vigour on the enemy's part in the dining-room, and ended, to the triumph of the whole establishment, at the outside of the hall-door.

When the routed Tartar force had fled back to its native north, Rosey made a confession, which Clive told me afterwards, bursting with bitter laughter. "You and papa seem to be very much agitated," she said. (Rosey called the Colonel papa in the absence of the Campaigner.) "I do not mind it a bit, except just at first, when it made me a little nervous. Mamma used always to be so; she used to scold and scold all day, both me and Josey, in Scotland, till grandmamma sent her away; and then, in Fitzroy Square, and then in Brussels, she used to box my ears, and go into such tantrums; and I think," adds Rosey, with one of her sweetest smiles, "she had quarrelled with Uncle James before she came to us."

"She used to box Rosey's ears," roars out poor Clive, "and go into such tantrums, in Fitzroy Square and Brussels afterwards, and the pair would come down with their arms round each other's waists, smirking and smiling as if they had done nothing but kiss each other all their mortal lives! This is what we know about women—this is what we get, and find years afterwards, when we think we have

married a smiling, artless, young creature! Are you all such hypocrites, Mrs. Pendennis?" and he pulled his mustachios in his wrath.

"Poor Clive," says Laura, very kindly. "You would not have had her tell tales of her mother, would you?"

"Oh, of course not," breaks out Clive; "that is what you all say, and so you are hypocrites out of sheer virtue."

It was the first time Laura had called him Clive for many a day. She was becoming reconciled to him. We had our own opinion about the young fellow's marriage.

And, to sum up all, upon a casual rencontre with the young gentleman in question, whom we saw descending from a Hansom at the steps of the "Flag," Pall Mall, I opined that dark thoughts of Hoby had entered into Clive Newcome's mind. Othello-like, he scowled after that unconscious Cassio as the other passed into the club in his lacquered boots.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ABSIT OMEN.

T the first of the Blackwall festivals, Hobson Newcome was present, in spite of the quarrel which had taken place between his elder brother and the chief of the firm of Hobson Brothers & Newcome. But it was the individual Barnes and the individual Thomas who had had a difference together; the Bundlecund Bank was not at variance with its chief house of commission in London; no man drank prosperity to the B. B. C., upon occasion of this festival, with greater fervour than Hobson Newcome, and

which he just slightly alluded, in his own little speech the notorious differences between Colonel Newcome ew, praying that these might cease some day, and, it the confidence between the great Indian establish- London agents might never diminish, was appreciated by six-and-thirty gentlemen, all brimful of claret and d in that happy state of mind in which men appreciate erything.

cond dinner, when the testimonial was presented, ot present. Nor did his name figure amongst those he trunk of Mr. Newcome's allegorical silver cocoa- ve travelled homewards in the omnibus, Fred Bayham rcumstance to me. "I have looked over the list of e," "not merely that on the trunk, sir, but the printed lled up and placed in one of the nests on the top

of the tree. Why is Hobson's name not there?—Ha! it mislikes me, Pendennis."

F. B., who was now very great about City affairs, discoursed about stocks and companies with immense learning, and gave me to understand that he had transacted one or two little operations in Capel Court on his own account, with great present, and still larger prospective advantages to himself. It is a fact that Mr. Ridley was paid, and that F. B.'s costume, though still eccentric, was comfortable, cleanly, and variegated. He occupied the apartments once tenanted by the amiable Honeyman. He lived in ease and comfort there. "You don't suppose," says he, "that the wretched stipend I draw from the *Pall Mall Gazette* enables me to maintain this kind of thing? F. B., sir, has a station in the world; F. B. moves among moneyers and City nobs, and eats cabobs with wealthy nabobs. He may marry, sir, and settle in life." We cordially wished every worldly prosperity to the brave F. B.

Happening to descry him one day in the Park, I remarked that his countenance wore an ominous and tragic appearance, which seemed to deepen as he neared me. I thought he had been toying affably with a nursery-maid the moment before, who stood with some of her little charges watching the yachts upon the Serpentine. Howbeit, espying my approach, F. B. strode away from the maiden and her innocent companions, and advanced to greet his old acquaintance, enveloping his face with shades of funereal gloom.

"Yon were the children of my good friend Colonel Huckaback, of the Bombay Marines! Alas! unconscious of their doom, the little infants play. I was watching them at their sports. There is a pleasing young woman in attendance upon the poor children. They were sailing their little boats upon the Serpentine; racing and laughing, and making merry; and as I looked on, Master Hastings Huckaback's boat went down! *Absit omen*, Pendennis! I was moved by the circumstance. F. B. hopes that the child's father's argosy may not meet with shipwreck!"

"You mean the little yellow-faced man whom we met at Colonel Newcome's?" says Mr. Pendennis.

"I do, sir," growled F. B. "You know that he is a brother director with our Colonel in the Bundlecund Bank?"

"Gracious heavens!" I cried, in sincere anxiety, "nothing has happened, I hope, to the Bundlecund Bank?"

Mr. Frederick Bayham.

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"No," answers the other, "nothing has happened; the good ship is safe, sir, as yet. But she has narrowly escaped a great danger. Pendennis," cries F. B., gripping my arm with great energy, "there was a traitor in her crew—she has weathered the storm nobly—who would have sent her on the rocks, sir, who would have scuttled her at midnight."

"Pray drop your nautical metaphors, and tell me what you mean," cries F. B.'s companion, and Bayham continued his narration.

"Were you in the least conversant with City affairs," he said, "or did you deign to visit the spot where merchants mostly congregate, you would have heard the story, which was over the whole City yesterday, and spread dismay from Threadneedle Street to Leadenhall. The story is, that the firm of Hobson Brothers & Newcome yesterday refused acceptance of thirty thousand pounds' worth of bills of the Bundlecund Banking Company of India.

"The news came like a thunderclap upon the London Board of Directors, who had received no notice of the intentions of Hobson Brothers, and caused a dreadful panic amongst the shareholders of the concern. The board-room was besieged by colonels and captains, widows and orphans; within an hour after protest the bills were taken up, and you will see, in the City article of the *Globe* this very evening, an announcement that henceforward the house of Baines & Jolly, of Fog Court, will meet engagements of the Bundlecund Banking Company of India, being provided with ample funds to do honour to every possible liability of that Company. But the shares fell, sir, in consequence of the panic. I hope they will rally. I trust and believe they will rally. For our good Colonel's sake, and that of his friends, for the sake of the innocent children sporting by the Serpentine yonder.

"I had my suspicions when they gave that testimonial," said F. B. "In my experience of life, sir, I always feel rather shy about testimonials, and when a party gets one, somehow look out to hear of his smashing the next month. *Absit omen!* I will say again. I like not the going down of yonder little yacht."

The *Globe* sure enough contained a paragraph that evening announcing the occurrence which Mr. Bayham had described, and the temporary panic which it had occasioned, and containing an advertisement stating that Messrs. Baines & Jolly would henceforth act as agents of the Indian Company. Legal proceedings were

presently threatened by the solicitors of the Company against banking firm which had caused so much mischief. Mr. Hol Newcome was absent abroad when the circumstance took place, it was known that the protest of the bills was solely attribut to his nephew and partner. But after the break between the firms, there was a rupture between Hobson's family and Col Newcome. The exasperated Colonel vowed that his brother his nephew were traitors alike, and would have no further deal with one or the other. Even poor innocent Sam Newcome, con up to London from Oxford, where he had been plucked, and offe a hand to Clive, was frowned away by our Colonel, who sp in terms of great displeasure to his son for taking the least notic the young traitor.

Our Colonel was changed, changed in his heart, changed in whole demeanour towards the world, and above all towards his for whom he had made so many kind sacrifices in his old days. have said how, ever since Clive's marriage, a tacit strife had l growing up between father and son. The boy's evident unhappi was like a reproach to his father. His very silence angered the man. His want of confidence daily chafed and annoyed him. the head of a large fortune, which he rightly persisted in spendin felt angry with himself because he could not enjoy it, angry witl son, who should have helped him in the administration of his estate, and who was but a listless, useless member of the little federacy, a living protest against all the schemes of the good n past life. The catastrophe in the City again brought father and together somewhat, and the vindictiveness of both was rouse Barnes's treason. Time was when the Colonel himself would l viewed his kinsman more charitably, but fate and circumstance angered that originally friendly and gentle disposition; hate suspicion had mastered him, and if it cannot be said that his new had changed him, at least it had brought out faults for which t had hitherto been no occasion, and qualities latent before. D know ourselves, or what good or evil circumstance may bring f us? Did Cain know, as he and his younger brother played ro their mother's knee, that the little hand which caressed Abel sh one day grow larger, and seize a brand to slay him? Thrice fortu he, to whom circumstance is made easy: whom fate visits with ge trial, and kindly Heaven keeps out of temptation.

In the stage which the family feud now reached, and which the biographer of the Newcomes is bound to describe, there is one gentle moralist who gives her sentence decidedly against Clive's father; whilst, on the other hand, a rough philosopher and friend of mine, whose opinions used to have some weight with me, stoutly declares that they were right. "War and Justice are good things," says George Warrington, rattling his clenched fist on the table. "I maintain them, and the common sense of the world maintains them, against the preaching of all the Honeymans that ever puled from the pulpit. I have not the least objection in life to a rogue being hung. When a scoundrel is whipped I am pleased, and say, serve him right. If any gentleman will horsewhip Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, I shall not be shocked, but, on the contrary, go home and order an extra mutton-chop for dinner."

"Ah! Revenge is wrong, Pen," pleads the other counsellor. "Let alone that the wisest and best of all Judges has condemned it. It blackens the hearts of men. It distorts their views of right. It sets them to devise evil. It causes them to think unjustly of others. It is not the noblest return for injury, not even the bravest way of meeting it. The greatest courage is to bear persecution, not to answer when you are reviled, and when a wrong has been done you to forgive. I am sorry for what you call the Colonel's triumph and his enemy's humiliation. Let Barnes be as odious as you will, he ought never to have humiliated Ethel's brother; but he is weak. Other gentlemen as well are weak, Mr. Pen, although you are so much cleverer than women. I have no patience with the Colonel, and I beg you to tell him, whether he asks you or not, that he has lost my good graces, and that I for one will not huzzah at what his friends and flatterers call his triumphs, and that I don't think in this instance he has acted like the dear Colonel, and the good Colonel, and the good Christian, that I once thought him."

We must now tell what the Colonel and Clive had been doing, and what caused two such different opinions respecting their conduct from the two critics just named. The refusal of the London Banking House to accept the bills of the Great Indian Company of course affected very much the credit of that Company in this country. Sedative announcements were issued by the Directors in London; brilliant accounts of the Company's affairs abroad were published; proof incontrovertible was given that the B. B. C. was

never in so flourishing a state as at that time when Hobson Brothers had refused its drafts; but there could be no question that the Company had received a severe wound and was deeply if not vitally injured by the conduct of the London firm.

The propensity to sell out became quite epidemic amongst the shareholders. Everybody was anxious to realise. Why, out of the thirty names inscribed on poor Mrs. Clive's cocoa-nut tree no less than twenty deserters might be mentioned, or at least who would desert could they find an opportunity of doing so with arms and baggage. Wrathfully the good Colonel scratched the names of those faithless ones out of his daughter's visiting-book; haughtily he met them in the street: to desert the B. B. C. at the hour of peril was, in his idea, like applying for leave of absence on the eve of an action. He would not see that the question was not one of sentiment at all, but of chances and arithmetic; he would not hear with patience of men quitting the ship, as he called it. "They may go, sir," says he, "but let them never more be officers of mine." With scorn and indignation he paid off one or two timid friends, who were anxious to fly, and purchased their shares out of his own pocket. But his purse was not long enough for this kind of amusement. What money he had was invested in the Company already, and his name further pledged for meeting the engagements from which their late London Bankers had withdrawn.

Those gentlemen, in the meanwhile, spoke of their differences with the Indian Bank as quite natural, and laughed at the absurd charges of personal hostility which poor Thomas Newcome publicly preferred. "Here is a hot-headed old Indian Dragoon," says Sir Barnes, "who knows no more about business than I do about cavalry tactics or Hindostanee; who gets into a partnership along with other dragoons and Indian wiseacres, with some uncommonly wily old native practitioners; and they pay great dividends, and they set up a bank. Of course we will do these people's business as long as we are covered, but I have always told their manager that we would run no risks whatever, and close the account the very moment it did not suit us to keep it: and so we parted company six weeks ago, since when there has been a panic in the Company, a panic which has been increased by Colonel Newcome's absurd swagger and folly. He says I am his enemy; enemy indeed! So I am in private life, but what has that to do with business? In business, begad,

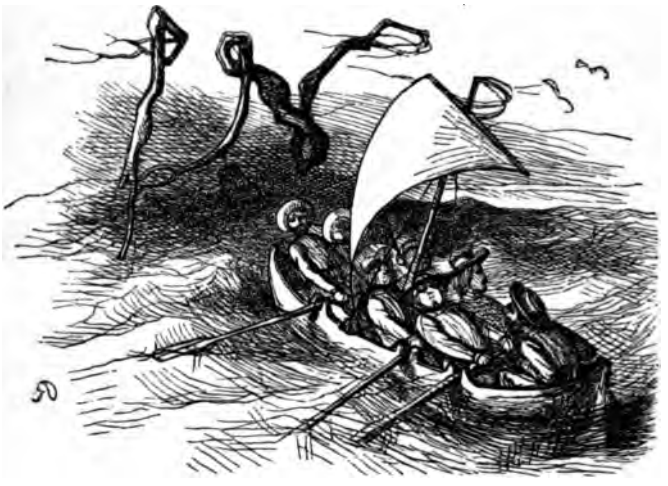
ıere are no friends and no enemies at all. I leave all my sentiment n the other side of Temple Bar."

So Thomas Newcome, and Clive the son of Thomas, had wrath n their hearts against Barnes, their kinsman, and desired to be evenged upon him, and were eager after his undoing, and longed for n opportunity when they might meet him and overcome him, and put him to shame.

When men are in this frame of mind, a certain personage is said always to be at hand to help them and give them occasion for indulging in their pretty little passion. What is sheer hate seems to the individual entertaining the sentiment so like indignant virtue, that he often indulges in the propensity to the full, nay, lauds himself for the exercise of it. I am sure if Thomas Newcome, in his present desire for retaliation against Barnes, had known the real nature of his sentiments towards that worthy, his conduct would have been different, and we should have heard of no such active hostilities as ensued.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH MRS. CLIVE COMES INTO HER FORTUNE.



SPEAKING of the affairs of the B. B. C., Sir Barnes Newcome always took care to maintain his candid surprise relating to the proceedings of that Company. He set about evil reports against it! He endeavour to do it a wrong—absurd! If a friend were to ask him (and it was quite curious what a number did manage to ask him) whether he thought the Company was an advantageous investment, of course he would give an answer. He could not say conscientiously he thought so—never once had said so—in the time of their connection, which had been formed solely with a view of obliging his amiable uncle. It was a quarrelsome Company; a dragoon Company; a Company of gentlemen accustomed to gunpowder, and fed on mulligatawny. He, forsooth, be hostile to it! There were some Companies that required no enemies at all, and would be pretty sure to go to the deuce their own way.

Thus, and with this amiable candour, spake Barnes, about a commercial speculation, the merits of which he had a right to canvass as well as any other citizen. As for Uncle Hobson, his conduct was characterized by a timidity which one would scarcely have expected

rom a gentleman of his florid, jolly countenance, active habits, and ;enerally manly demeanour. He kept away from the cocoa-nut feast, is we have seen; he protested privily to the Colonel that his private ;ood-will continued undiminished; but he was deeply grieved at the B. B. C. affair, which took place while he was on the Continent—confound the Continent, my wife would go—and which was entirely without his cognisance. The Colonel received his brother's excuses, first with awful bows and ceremony, and finally with laughter. "My good Hobson," said he, with the most insufferable kindness, "of course you intended to be friendly; of course the affair was done without your knowledge. We understand that sort of thing. London bankers have no hearts—for these last fifty years past that I have known you and your brother, and my amiable nephew, the present commanding officer, has there been anything in your conduct that has led me to suppose you had?" and herewith Colonel Newcome burst out into a laugh. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. Worthy Hobson took his hat, and walked away, brushing it round and round, and looking very confused. The Colonel strode after him downstairs, and made him an awful bow at the hall door. Never again did Hobson Newcome set foot in that Tyburnian mansion.

During the whole of that season of the testimonial the cocoa-nut figured in an extraordinary number of banquets. The Colonel's hospitalities were more profuse than ever, and Mrs. Clive's toilettes more brilliant. Clive, in his confidential conversations with his friends, was very dismal and gloomy. When I asked City news of our well-informed friend F. B., I am sorry to say, his countenance became funereal. The B. B. C. shares, which had been at an immense premium twelve months since, were now slowly falling, falling.

"I wish," said Mr. Sherrick to me, "the Colonel would realize even now, like that Mr. Ratray who has just come out of the ship, and brought a hundred thousand pounds with him."

"Come out of the ship! You little know the Colonel, Mr. Sherrick, if you think he will ever do that."

Mr. Ratray, though he had returned to Europe, gave the most cheering accounts of the B. B. C. It was in the most flourishing state. Shares sure to get up again. He had sold out entirely on account of his liver. Must come home—the doctor said so.

Some months afterwards, another director, Mr. Hedges, came home. Both of these gentlemen, as we know, entertained the fashionable world, got seats in Parliament, purchased places in the country, and were greatly respected. Mr. Hedges came out, but his wealthy partner, Mr. McGaspey, entered into the B. B. C. The entry of Mr. McGaspey into the affairs of the Company did not seem to produce very great excitement in England. The shares slowly fell. However, there was a prodigious indigo crop. The London manager was in perfect good-humour. In spite of this and that, of defections, of unpleasantries, of unfavourable whispers, and doubtful friends—Thomas Newcome kept his head high, and his face was always kind and smiling, except when certain family enemies were mentioned, and he frowned like Jove in anger.

We have seen how very fond little Rosey was of her mamma, of her uncle, James Binnie, and now of her papa, as she affectionately styled Thomas Newcome. This affection, I am sure, the two gentlemen returned with all their hearts, and but that they were much too generous and simple-minded to entertain such a feeling, it may be wondered that the two good old boys were not a little jealous of one another. Howbeit it does not appear that they entertained such a feeling; at least it never interrupted the kindly friendship between them, and Clive was regarded in the light of a son by both of them, and each contented himself with his moiety of the smiling little girl's affection.

As long as they were with her, the truth is, little Mrs. Clive was very fond of people, very docile, obedient, easily pleased, brisk, kind, and good-humoured. She charmed her two old friends with little songs, little smiles, little kind offices, little caresses; and having administered Thomas Newcome's cigar to him in the daintiest, prettiest way she would trip off to drive with James Binnie, or sit at his dinner, if he was indisposed, and be as gay, neat-handed, watchful, and attentive a child as any old gentleman could desire.

She did not seem to be very sorry to part with mamma, a want of feeling which that lady bitterly deplored in her subsequent conversation with her friends about Mrs. Clive Newcome. Possibly there were reasons why Rosey should not be very much vexed at quitting mamma; but surely she might have dropped a little tear, as she took leave of kind, good old James Binnie. Not she. The gentle-

man's voice faltered, but hers did not in the least. She kissed him on the face, all smiles, blushes, and happiness, and tripped into the railway-carriage with her husband and father-in-law at Brussels, leaving the poor old uncle very sad. Our women said, I know not why, that little Rosey had no heart at all. Women are accustomed to give such opinions respecting the wives of their newly married friends. I am bound to add, (and I do so during Mr. Clive Newcome's absence from England, otherwise I should not like to venture upon the statement,) that some men concur with the ladies' opinion of Mrs. Clive. For instance, Captains Goby and Hoby declare that her treatment of the latter, her encouragement and desertion of him when Clive made his proposals, were shameful.

At this time Rosey was in a pupillary state. A good, obedient little girl, her duty was to obey the wishes of her dear mamma. How show her sense of virtue and obedience better than by promptly and cheerfully obeying mamma, and at the orders of that experienced Campaigner, giving up Bobby Hoby, and going to England to a fine house, to be presented at Court, to have all sorts of pleasure with a handsome young husband and a kind father-in-law by her side? No wonder Rosey was not in a very active state of grief at parting from Uncle James. He strove to console himself with these considerations when he had returned to the empty house, where she had danced, and smiled, and warbled; and he looked at the chair she sat in; and at the great mirror which had so often reflected her fresh pretty face;—the great callous mirror, which now only framed upon its shining sheet the turban, and the ringlets, and the plump person, and the resolute smile of the old Campaigner.

After that parting with her uncle at the Brussels railway, Rosey never again beheld him. He passed into the Campaigner's keeping, from which alone he was rescued by the summons of pallid death. He met that summons like a philosopher; rejected rather testily all the mortuary consolations which his nephew-in-law, Josey's husband, thought proper to bring to his bedside; and uttered opinions which scandalized that divine. But as he left Mrs. M'Craw only 500*l.*, thrice that sum to his sister, and the remainder of his property to his beloved niece, Rosa Mackenzie, now Rosa Newcome, let us trust that Dr. M'Craw, hurt and angry at the ill-favour shown to his wife, his third young wife, his best beloved Josey, at the impatience with

which the deceased had always received his, Dr. M'Craw's, own sermons;—let us hope, I say, that the reverend gentleman was mistaken in his views respecting the present position of Mr. James Binnie's soul; and that Heaven may have some regions yet accessible to James, which Dr. M'Craw's intellect has not yet explored. Look, gentlemen! Does a week pass without the announcement of the discovery of a new comet in the sky, a new star in the heaven, twinkling dimly out of a yet farther distance, and only now becoming visible to human ken though existent for ever and ever? So let us hope divine truths may be shining, and regions of light and love extant, which Geneva glasses cannot yet perceive, and are beyond the focus of Roman telescopes.

I think Clive and the Colonel were more affected by the news of James's death than Rosey, concerning whose wonderful strength of mind good Thomas Newcome discoursed to my Laura and me, when, fancying that my friend's wife needed comfort and consolation, Mrs. Pendennis went to visit her. "Of course we shall have no more parties this year," sighed Rosey. She looked very pretty in her black dress. Clive, in his hearty way, said a hundred kind feeling things about the departed friend. Thomas Newcome's recollections of him, and regret, were no less tender and sincere. "See," says he, "how that dear child's sense of duty makes her hide her feelings! Her grief is most deep, but she wears a calm countenance. I see her looking sad in private, but I no sooner speak than she smiles." "I think," said Laura, as we came away, "that Colonel Newcome performs all the courtship part of the marriage, and Clive, poor Clive, though he spoke very nobly and generously about Mr. Binnie, I am sure it is not his old friend's death merely, which makes him so unhappy."

Poor Clive, by right of his wife, was now rich Clive; the little lady having inherited from her kind relative no inconsiderable sum of money. In a very early part of this story, mention has been made of a small sum producing one hundred pounds a year, which Clive's father had made over to the lad when he sent him from India. This little sum Mr. Clive had settled upon his wife before marriage, being indeed all he had of his own; for the famous bank shares which his father presented to him, were only made over formally when the young man came to London after his marriage, and at the paternal request and order appeared as a most inefficient director of the B. B. C.

Now Mrs. Newcome, of her own inheritance, possessed not only B. B. C. shares, but moneys in bank and shares in East India Stock, so that Clive in the right of his wife had a seat in the assembly of East India shareholders, and a voice in the election of directors of that famous company. I promise you Mrs. Clive was a personage of no little importance. She carried her little head with an aplomb and gravity which amused some of us. F. B. bent his most respectfully down before her; she sent him on messages, and deigned to ask him to dinner. He once more wore a cheerful countenance; the clouds which gathered o'er the sun of Newcome were in the bosom of the ocean buried, Bayham said, by James Binnie's brilliant behaviour to his niece.

Clive was a proprietor of East India Stock, and had a vote in electing the directors of that Company; and who so fit to be a director of its affairs as Thomas Newcome, Esq., Companion of the Bath, and so long a distinguished officer in its army? To hold this position of director, used, up to very late days, to be the natural ambition of many East Indian gentlemen. Colonel Newcome had often thought of offering himself as a candidate, and now openly placed himself on the lists, and publicly announced his intention. His interest was rather powerful through the Indian bank, of which he was a director, and many of the shareholders of which were proprietors of the East India Company. To have a director of the B. B. C. also a member of the parliament in Leadenhall Street, would naturally be beneficial to the former institution. Thomas Newcome's prospectuses were issued accordingly, and his canvass received with tolerable favour.

Within a very short time another candidate appeared in the field, —a retired Bombay lawyer, of considerable repute and large means, —and at the head of this gentleman's committee appeared the names of Hobson Brothers & Newcome, very formidable personages at the East India House, with which the bank of Hobson Brothers have had dealings for half a century past, and where the old lady, who founded or consolidated that family, had had three stars before her own venerable name, which had descended upon her son Sir Brian, and her grandson Sir Barnes.

War was thus openly declared between Thomas Newcome and his nephew. The canvass on both sides was very hot and eager. The number of promises was pretty equal. The election was not to come

off yet for a while; for aspirants to the honourable office of director used to announce their wishes years before they could be fulfilled, and returned again and again to the contest before they finally won it. Howbeit, the Colonel's prospects were very fair, and a prodigious indigo crop came in to favour the B. B. C. with the most brilliant report from the board at Calcutta. The shares, still somewhat sluggish, rose again, the Colonel's hopes with them, and the courage of gentlemen at home who had invested their money in the transaction.

We were sitting one day round the Colonel's dinner-table; it was not one of the cocoa-nut tree days, that emblem was locked up in the butler's pantry, and only beheld the lamps on occasions of state. It was a snug family party in the early part of the year, when scarcely anybody was in town; only George Warrington, and F. B., and Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis; and, the ladies having retired, we were having such a talk as we used to enjoy in quite old days, before marriages and cares and divisions had separated us.

F. B. led the conversation. The Colonel received his remarks with great gravity, and thought him an instructive personage. Others considered him rather as amusing than instructive, and so his eloquence was generally welcome. The canvass for the directorship was talked over. The improved affairs of a certain great Banking Company, which shall be nameless, but one which F. B. would take the liberty to state, would, in his opinion, unite for ever the mother country to our great Indian possessions;—the prosperity of this great Company was enthusiastically drunk by Mr. Bayham in some of the very best claret. The conduct of the enemies of that Company was characterized in terms of bitter, but not undeserved, satire. F. B. rather liked to air his oratory, and neglected few opportunities for making speeches after dinner.

The Colonel admired his voice and sentiments not the less, perhaps, because the latter were highly laudatory of the good man. And not from interest, at least, as far as he himself knew—not from any mean or selfish motives, did F. B. speak. He called Colonel Newcome his friend, his benefactor; kissed the hem of his garment; he wished fervently that he could have been the Colonel's son; he expressed, repeatedly, a desire that some one would speak ill of the Colonel, so that he, F. B., might have the opportunity of polishing that individual off in about two seconds. He revered the Colonel

with all his heart; nor is any gentleman proof altogether against this constant regard and devotion from another.

The Colonel used to wag his head wisely, and say Mr. Bayham's suggestions were often exceeedingly valuable, as indeed the fact was, though his conduct was no more of a piece with his opinions than those of some other folks occasionally are.

"What the Colonel ought to do, sir, to help him in the direction," says F. B., "is to get into Parliament. The House of Commons would aid him into the Court of Directors, and the Court of Directors would help in the House of Commons."

"Most wisely said," says Warrington.

The Colonel declined. "I have long had the House of Commons in my eye," he said; "but not for me. I wanted my boy to go there. It would be a proud day for me if I could see him there."

"I can't speak," says Clive, from his end of the table. "I don't understand about parties, like F. B. here."

"I believe I do know a thing or two," Mr. Bayham here politely interposes.

"And politics do not interest me in the least," Clive sighs out, drawing pictures with his fork on his napkin, and not heeding the other's interruption.

"I wish I knew what would interest him," his father whispers to me, who happened to be at his side. "He never cares to be out of his painting-room; and he doesn't seem to be very happy even in there. I wish to God, Pen, I knew what had come over the boy." I thought I knew; but what was the use of telling, now there was no remedy.

"A dissolution is expected every day," continued F. B. "The papers are full of it. Ministers cannot go on with this majority—cannot possibly go on, sir. I have it on the best authority; and men who are anxious about their seats are writing to their constituents, or are subscribing at missionary meetings, or are gone down to lecturing at Athenæums, and that sort of thing."

Here Warrington burst out into a laughter much louder than the occasion of the speech of F. B. seemed to warrant; and the Colonel, turning round with some dignity, asked the cause of George's amusement.

"What do you think your darling, Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome,

has been doing during the recess?" cries Warrington. "I had a letter this morning from my liberal and punctual employer, Thomas Potts, Esquire, of the *Newcome Independent*, who states, in language scarcely respectful, that Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome is trying to come the religious dodge, as Mr. Potts calls it. He professes to be stricken down by grief on account of late family circumstances; wears black, and puts on the most piteous aspect, and asks ministers of various denominations to tea with him; and the last announcement is the most stupendous of all. Stop, I have it in my great-coat." And, ringing the bell, George orders a servant to bring him a newspaper from his great-coat pocket. "Here it is, actually in print," Warrington continues, and reads to us:—"'Newcome Athenæum. 1. for the benefit of the Newcome Orphan Children's Home, and 2. for the benefit of the Newcome Soup Association, without distinction of denomination. Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., proposes to give two lectures, on Friday the 23rd, and Friday the 30th, instant. No. 1, The Poetry of Childhood: Doctor Watts, Mrs. Barbauld, Jane Taylor. No. 2, The Poetry of Womanhood, and the Affections: Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L. Threepence will be charged at the doors, which will go to the use of the above two admirable societies.' Potts wants me to go down and hear him. He has an eye to business. He has had a quarrel with Sir Barnes, and wants me to go down and hear him, and smash him, he kindly says. Let us go down, Clive. You shall draw your cousin as you have drawn his villanous little mug a hundred times before; and I will do the smashing part, and we will have some fun out of the transaction."

"Besides, Florac will be in the country; going to Rosebury is a journey worth the taking, I can tell you; and we have old Mrs. Mason to go and see, who sighs after you, Colonel. My wife went to see her," remarks Mr. Pendennis, "and——"

"And Miss Newcome, I know," says the Colonel.

"She is away at Brighton, with her little charges, for sea air. My wife heard from her to-day."

"Oh, indeed. Mrs. Pendennis corresponds with her?" says our host, darkling under his eyebrows; and, at this moment, my neighbour, F. B., is kind enough to scrunch my foot under the table with the weight of his heel, as much as to warn me, by an appeal to my own corns, to avoid treading on so delicate a subject in that house.

"Yes," said I, in spite, perhaps in consequence, of this interruption. "My wife does correspond with Miss Ethel, who is a noble creature, and whom those who know her know how to love and admire. She is very much changed since you knew her, Colonel Newcome; since the misfortunes in Sir Barnes's family, and the differences between you and him. Very much changed and very much improved. Ask my wife about her, who knows her most intimately, and hears from her constantly."

"Very likely, very likely," cried the Colonel, hurriedly. "I hope she is improved, with all my heart. I am sure there was room for it. Gentlemen, shall we go up to the ladies and have some coffee?" And herewith the colloquy ended, and the party ascended to the drawing-room.

The party ascended to the drawing-room, where no doubt both the ladies were pleased by the invasion which ended their talk. My wife and the Colonel talked apart, and I saw the latter looking gloomy, and the former pleading very eagerly, and using a great deal of action, as the little hands are wont to do, when the mistress's heart is very much moved. I was sure she was pleading Ethel's cause with her uncle.

So indeed she was. And Mr. George, too, knew what her thoughts were. "Look at her!" he said to me. "Don't you see what she is doing? She believes in that girl whom you all said Clive took a fancy to before he married his present little placid wife; a nice little simple creature, who is worth a dozen Ethels."

"Simple certainly," says Mr. P., with a shrug of the shoulder.

"A simpleton of twenty is better than a roué of twenty. It is better not to have thought at all, than to have thought such things as must go through a girl's mind whose life is passed in jilting and being jilted; whose eyes, as soon as they are opened, are turned to the main chance, and are taught to leer at an earl, to languish at a marquis, and to grow blind before a commoner. I don't know much about fashionable life. Heaven help us! (you young Brummell! I see the reproach in your face!) Why, sir, it absolutely appears to me as if this little hop-o'-my-thumb of a creature has begun to give herself airs since her marriage and her carriage. Do you know, I rather thought she patronized me? Are all women spoiled by their contact with the world, and their bloom rubbed off in the market? I know *one* who seems to me to remain pure! to be sure

I only know her, and this little person, and Mrs. Flanagan our laundress, and my sisters at home, who don't count. But that Miss Newcome to whom once you introduced me? Oh, the cockatrice! only that poison don't affect your wife, the other would kill her. I hope the Colonel will not believe a word which Laura says." And my wife's *tête-à-tête* with our host coming to an end about this time, Mr. Warrington in high spirits goes up to the ladies, recapitulates the news of Barnes's lecture, recites "How doth the little busy bee," and gives a quasi-satirical comment upon that well-known poem, which bewilders Mrs. Clive, until, set on by the laughter of the rest of the audience, she laughs very freely at that odd man, and calls him "you droll satirical creature you!" and says "she never was so much amused in her life. Were you, Mrs. Pendennis?"

Meanwhile Clive, who has been sitting apart moodily biting his nails, not listening to F. B.'s remarks, has broken into a laugh once or twice, and gone to a writing-book, on which, whilst George is still disserting, Clive is drawing.

At the end of the other's speech, F. B. goes up to the draughtsman, looks over his shoulder, makes one or two violent efforts as of inward convulsion, and finally explodes in an enormous guffaw. "It's capital! By Jove, it's capital! Sir Barnes would never dare to face his constituents with that picture of him hung up in Newcome!"

And F. B. holds up the drawing, at which we all laugh except Laura. As for the Colonel, he paces up and down the room, holding the sketch close to his eyes, holding it away from him, patting it, clapping his son delightedly on the shoulder. "Capital! capital! We'll have the picture printed by Jove, sir; show vice its own image; and shame the viper in his own nest, sir. That's what we will."

Mrs. Pendennis came away with rather a heavy heart from this party. She chose to interest herself about the right or wrong of her friends; and her mind was disturbed by the Colonel's vindictive spirit. On the subsequent day we had occasion to visit our friend J. J., (who was completing the sweetest little picture, No. 263 in the Exhibition, "Portrait of a Lady and Child,") and we found that Clive had been with the painter that morning likewise; and that J. J. was acquainted with his scheme. That he did not approve of

it we could read in the artist's grave countenance. "Nor does Clive approve of it either!" cried Ridley, with greater eagerness than he usually displayed, and more openness than he was accustomed to exhibit in judging unfavourably of his friends.

"Among them they have taken him away from his art," Ridley said. "They don't understand him when he talks about it; they despise him for pursuing it. Why should I wonder at that? my parents despised it too, and my father was not a grand gentleman like the Colonel, Mrs. Pendennis. Ah! why did the Colonel ever grow rich? Why had not Clive to work for his bread as I have? He would have done something that was worthy of him then; now his time must be spent in dancing attendance at balls and operas, and yawning at City board-rooms. They call that business; they think he is idling when he comes here, poor fellow! As if life was long enough for our art; and the best labour we can give, good enough for it! He went away groaning this morning, and quite saddened in spirits. The Colonel wants to set up himself for Parliament, or to set Clive up; but he says he won't. I hope he won't: do not you, Mrs. Pendennis?"

The painter turned as he spoke; and the bright northern light which fell upon the sitter's head was intercepted, and lighted up his own as he addressed us. Out of that bright light looked his pale thoughtful face, and long locks and eager brown eyes. The palette on his arm was a great shield painted of many colours: he carried his maul-stick and a sheaf of brushes along with it, the weapons of his glorious but harmless war. With these he achieves conquests, wherein none are wounded save the envious: with that he shelters him against how much idleness, ambition, temptation! Occupied over that consoling work, idle thoughts cannot gain the mastery over him; selfish wishes or desires are kept at bay. Art is truth: and truth is religion; and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty. What are the world's struggles, brawls, successes, to that calm recluse pursuing his calling? See, twinkling in the darkness round his chamber, numberless beautiful trophies of the graceful victories which he has won—sweet flowers of fancy reared by him—kind shapes of beauty which he has devised and moulded. The world enters into the artist's studio, and scornfully bids him a price for his genius, or makes dull pretence to admire it. What know you of his art? You cannot read the alphabet of that sacred book,

good old Thomas Newcome! What can you tell of its glorie secrets, consolations? Between his two best beloved mist poor Clive's luckless father somehow interposes; and with sor even angry protests. In place of Art the Colonel brings ledger; and in lieu of first love, shows him Rosey.

No wonder that Clive hangs his head; rebels sometimes, de always; he has positively determined to refuse to stand for New Ridley says. Laura is glad of his refusal, and begins to think once more as of the Clive of old days.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH THE COLONEL AND THE NEWCOME ATHENÆUM ARE BOTH LECTURED.

AT breakfast with his family, on the morning after the little entertainment to which we were bidden, in the last chapter, Colonel Newcome was full of the projected invasion of Barnes's territories, and delighted to think that there was an opportunity of at last humiliating that rascal.

"Clive does not think he is a rascal at all, papa," cries Rosey, from behind her tea-urn; "that is, you said you thought papa judged him too harshly; you know you did, this morning!" And from her husband's angry glances, she flies to his father's for protection. Those were even fiercer than Clive's. Revenge flashed from beneath Thomas Newcome's grizzled eyebrows, and glanced in the direction where Clive sat. Then the Colonel's face flushed up, and he cast his eyes down towards his tea-cup, which he lifted with a trembling hand. The father and son loved each other so, that each was afraid of the other. A war between two such men is dreadful; pretty little pink-faced Rosey, in a sweet little morning cap and ribbons, her pretty little fingers twinkling with a score of rings, sat simpering before her silver tea-urn, which reflected her pretty little pink baby face. Little artless creature! what did she know of the dreadful wounds which her little words inflicted in the one generous breast and the other?

"My boy's heart is gone from me," thinks poor Thomas Newcome; "our family is insulted, our enterprises ruined, by that traitor, and my son is not even angry! he does not care for the success of our plans—for the honour of our name even; I make him a position of

which any young man in England might be proud, and Clive scarcely deigns to accept it."

"My wife appeals to my father," thinks poor Clive; "it is from him she asks counsel, and not from me. Be it about the ribbon in her cap, or any other transaction in our lives, she takes her colour from his opinion, and goes to him for advice, and I have to wait till it is given, and conform myself to it. If I differ from the dear old father, I wound him; if I yield up my opinion, as I do always, it is with a bad grace, and I wound him still. With the best intentions in the world, what a slave's life it is that he has made for me!"

"How interested you are in your papers," resumes the sprightly Rosey. "What can you find in those horrid politics?" Both gentlemen are looking at their papers with all their might, and no doubt cannot see one single word which those brilliant and witty leading articles contain.

"Clive is like you, Rosey," says the Colonel, laying his paper down, "and does not care for politics."

"He only cares for pictures, papa," says Mrs. Clive. "He would not drive with me yesterday in the Park, but spent hours in his room, while you were toiling in the City, poor papa!—spent hours painting a horrid beggar-man dressed up as a monk. And this morning, he got up quite early, quite early, and has been out ever so long, and only came in for breakfast just now! just before the bell rung."

"I like a ride before breakfast," says Clive.

"A ride! I know where you have been sir! He goes away, morning after morning, to that little Mr. Ridley's—his chum, papa, and he comes back with his hands all over horrid paint. He did this morning: you know you did, Clive."

"I did not keep any one waiting, Rosey," says Clive. "I like to have two or three hours at my painting when I can spare them?" Indeed, the poor fellow used so to run away of summer mornings for Ridley's instructions, and gallop home again, so as to be in time for the family meal.

"Yes," cries Rosey, tossing up the cap and ribbons, "he gets up so early in the morning, that at night he falls asleep after dinner; very pleasant and polite, isn't he, papa?"

"I am up betimes too, my dear," says the Colonel (many and many a time he must have heard Clive as he left the house); "I have a great many letters to write, affairs of the greatest importance to

examine and conduct. Mr. Betts from the City is often with me for hours before I come down to your breakfast-table. A man who has the affairs of such a great bank as ours to look to, must be up with the lark. We are all early risers in India."

"You dear kind papa!" says little Rosey, with unfeigned admiration; and she puts out one of the plump white little jewelled hands, and pats the lean brown paw of the Colonel which is nearest to her.

"Is Ridley's picture getting on well, Clive?" asks the Colonel, trying to interest himself about Ridley and his picture.

"Very well; it is beautiful; he has sold it for a great price; they must make him an academician next year," replies Clive.

"A most industrious and meritorious young man; he deserves every honour that may happen to him," says the old soldier. "Rosey my dear, it is time that you should ask Mr. Ridley to dinner, and Mr. Smee, and some of those gentlemen. We will drive this afternoon and see your portrait."

"Clive does not go to sleep after dinner when Mr. Ridley comes here," cries Rosey.

"No; I think it is my turn then," says the Colonel, with a glance of kindness. The anger has disappeared from under his brows; at that moment the menaced battle is postponed.

"And yet I know that it must come," says poor Clive, telling me the story as he hangs on my arm, and we pace through the Park. "The Colonel and I are walking on a mine, and that poor little wife of mine is perpetually flinging little shells to fire it. I sometimes wish it were blown up, and I were done for, Pen. I don't think my widow would break her heart about me. No; I have no right to say that; it's a shame to say that; she tries her very best to please me, poor little dear. It's the fault of my temper, perhaps, that she can't. But they neither understand me, don't you see? the Colonel can't help thinking I am a degraded being, because I am fond of painting. Still, dear old boy, he patronizes Ridley; a man of genius, whom those sentries ought to salute by Jove, sir, when he passes. Ridley patronized by an old officer of Indian dragoons, a little bit of a Rosey, and a fellow who is not fit to lay his palette for him! I want sometimes to ask J. J.'s pardon, after the Colonel has been talking to him in his confounded condescending way, uttering some awful bosh about the fine arts. Rosey follows him, and trips round J. J.'s studio, and pretends to admire, and says, 'How soft; how

sweet!' recalling some of mamma-in-law's dreadful expressions, which make me shudder when I hear them. If my poor old father had a confidant into whose arm he could hook his own, and whom he could pester with his family griefs as I do you, the dear old boy would have his dreary story to tell too. I hate banks, bankers, Bundlecund, indigo, cotton, and the whole business. I go to that confounded board, and never hear one syllable that the fellows are talking about. I sit there because he wishes me to sit there; don't you think he sees that my heart is out of the business; that I would rather be at home in my painting-room? We don't understand each other, but we feel each other as it were by instinct. Each thinks in his own way, but knows what the other is thinking. We fight mute battles, don't you see? and our thoughts, though we don't express them, are perceptible to one another, and come out from our eyes, or pass out from us somehow, and meet, and fight, and strike, and wound."

Of course Clive's confidant saw how sore and unhappy the poor fellow was, and commiserated his fatal but natural condition. The little ills of life are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know. What would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame, and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman,—of any glory, and happiness, or good-fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? All fame and happiness would disappear, and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails. I strove, by such philosophic sedatives as confidants are wont to apply on these occasions, to soothe my poor friend's anger and pain; and I dare say the little nails hurt the patient just as much as before.

Clive pursued his lugubrious talk through the Park, and continued it as far as the modest-furnished house which we then occupied in the Pimlico region. It so happened that the Colonel and Mrs. Clive also called upon us that day, and found this culprit in Laura's drawing-room, when they entered it, descending out of that splendid barouche in which we have already shown Mrs. Clive to the public.

"He has not been here for months before; nor have you, Rosey; nor have you, Colonel; though we have smothered our indignation, and been to dine with you, and to call, *ever* so many times!" cries Laura.

The Colonel pleaded his business engagements; Rosa, that little woman of the world, had a thousand calls to make, and who knows how much to do, since she came out? She had been to fetch papa at Bays's, and the porter had told the Colonel that Mr. Clive and Mr. Pendennis had just left the club together.

"Clive scarcely ever drives with me," says Rosa, "papa almost always does."

"Rosey's is such a swell carriage, that I feel ashamed," says Clive.

"I don't understand you young men. I don't see why you need be ashamed to go on the course with your wife in her carriage, Clive," remarks the Colonel.

"The Course! the Course is at Calcutta, papa!" cries Rosey. "*We* drive in the Park."

"We have a park at Barrackpore too, my dear," says papa.

"And he calls his grooms saices! He said he was going to send away a saice for being tipsy, and I did not know in the least what he could mean, Laura!"

"Mr. Newcome! you must go and drive on the course with Rosa, now; and the Colonel must sit and talk with me, whom he has not been to see for such a long time." Clive presently went off in state by Rosey's side, and then Laura showed Colonel Newcome his beautiful white Cashmere shawl round a successor of that little person who had first been wrapped in that web, now a stout young gentleman whose noise could be clearly heard in the upper regions.

"I wish you could come down with us, Arthur, upon our electioneering visit."

"That of which you were talking last night? Are you bent upon it?"

"Yes, I am determined on it."

Laura heard a child's cry at this moment, and left the room with a parting glance at her husband, who in fact had talked over the matter with Mrs. Pendennis, and agreed with her in opinion.

As the Colonel had opened the question, I ventured to make a respectful remonstrance against the scheme. Vindictiveness on the part of a man so simple and generous, so fair and noble in all his dealings as Thomas Newcome, appeared in my mind unworthy of him. Surely his kinsman had sorrow and humiliation enough already at home. Barnes's further punishment, we thought, might be left to time, to remorse, to the Judge of right and wrong; Who better

understands than we can do, our causes and temptations towards evil actions, Who reserves the sentence for His own tribunal. But when angered, the best of us mistake our own motives, as we do those of the enemy who inflames us. What may be private revenge, we take to be indignant virtue, and just revolt against wrong. The Colonel would not hear of counsels of moderation, such as I bore him from a sweet Christian pleader. "Remorse!" he cried out with a laugh, "that villain will never feel it until he is tied up and whipped at the cart's tail! Time change that rogue! Unless he is wholesomely punished, he will grow a greater scoundrel every year. I am inclined to think, sir," says he, his honest brows darkling as he looked towards me, "that you too are spoiled by this wicked world, and these heartless, fashionable, fine people. You wish to live well with the enemy, and with us too, Pendennis. It can't be. He who is not with us is against us. I very much fear, sir, that the women, the women, you understand, have been talking you over. Do not let us speak any more about this subject, for I don't wish that my son, and my son's old friend, should have a quarrel." His face became red, his voice quivered with agitation, and he looked with glances which I was pained to behold in those kind old eyes: not because his wrath and suspicion visited myself, but because an impartial witness, nay, a friend to Thomas Newcome in that family quarrel, I grieved to think that a generous heart was led astray, and to see a good man do wrong. So with no more thanks for his interference than a man usually gets who meddles in domestic strifes, the present luckless advocate ceased pleading.

To be sure, the Colonel and Clive had other advisers, who did not take the peaceful side. George Warrington was one of these; he was for war *à l'outrance* with Barnes Newcome; for keeping no terms with such a villain. He found a pleasure in hunting him and whipping him. "Barnes ought to be punished," George said, "for his poor wife's misfortune; it was Barnes's infernal cruelty, wickedness, selfishness, which had driven her into misery and wrong." Mr. Warrington went down to Newcome, and was present at that lecture whereof mention has been made in a preceding chapter. I am afraid his behaviour was very indecorous; he laughed at the pathetic allusions of the respected member for Newcome; he sneered at the sublime passages; he wrote an awful critique in the *Newcome Independent* two days after, whereof the irony was so subtle,

that half the readers of the paper mistook his grave scorn for respect, and his jibes for praise.

Clive, his father, and Frederick Bayham, their faithful aide-de-camp, were at Newcome likewise when Sir Barnes's oration was delivered. At first it was given out at Newcome that the Colonel visited the place for the purpose of seeing his dear old friend and pensioner, Mrs. Mason, who was now not long to enjoy his bounty, and so old, as scarcely to know her benefactor. Only after her sleep, or when the sun warmed her and the old wine with which he supplied her, was the good old woman able to recognise her Colonel. She mingled father and son together in her mind. A lady who now often came in to her, thought she was wandering in her talk, when the poor old woman spoke of a visit she had had from her boy; and then the attendant told Miss Newcome that such a visit had actually taken place, and that but yesterday Clive and his father had been in that room, and occupied the chair where she sat. "The young lady was taken quite ill, and seemed ready to faint almost," Mrs. Mason's servant and spokeswoman told Colonel Newcome when that gentleman arrived shortly after Ethel's departure, to see his old nurse. "Indeed! he was very sorry." The maid told many stories about Miss Newcome's goodness and charity; how she was constantly visiting the poor now; how she was for ever engaged in good works for the young, the sick, and the aged. She had had a dreadful misfortune in love; she was going to be married to a young marquis; richer even than Prince de Montcontour down at Rosebury; but it was all broke off on account of that dreadful affair at the Hall.

"Was she very good to the poor? did she come often to see her grandfather's old friend? it was no more than she ought to do," Colonel Newcome said; without, however, thinking fit to tell his informant that he had himself met his niece Ethel, five minutes before he had entered Mrs. Mason's door.

The poor thing was in discourse with Mr. Harris, the surgeon, and talking, (as best she might, for no doubt the news which she had just heard had agitated her,) talking about blankets and arrowroot, wine, and medicaments for her poor, when she saw her uncle coming towards her. She tottered a step or two forwards to meet him; held both her hands out, and called his name; but he looked her sternly in the face, took off his hat and bowed, and passed on. He did not think fit to mention the meeting even to his son, Clive; but we may

be sure Mr. Harris, the surgeon, spoke of the circumstance that night after the lecture at the club, where a crowd of gentlemen were gathered together, smoking their cigars, and enjoying themselves according to their custom, and discussing Sir Barnes Newcome's performance.

According to established usage in such cases, our esteemed representative was received by the committee of the Newcome Athenæum, assembled in their committee-room, and thence marshalled by the chairman and vice-chairman to his rostrum in the lecture-hall, round about which the magnates of the institution and the notabilities of the town were rallied on this public occasion. The Baronet came in some state from his own house, arriving at Newcome in his carriage with four horses, accompanied by my lady his mother, and Miss Ethel his beautiful sister, who was now mistress at the Hall. His little girl was brought—five years old now; she sate on her aunt's knee, and slept during a greater part of the performance. A fine bustle, we may be sure, was made on the introduction of these personages to their reserved seats on the platform, where they sat encompassed by others of the great ladies of Newcome, to whom they and the lecturer were especially gracious at this season. Was not Parliament about to be dissolved, and were not the folks at Newcome Park particularly civil at that interesting period? So Barnes Newcome mounts his pulpit, bows round to the crowded assembly in acknowledgment of their buzz of applause or recognition, passes his lily-white pocket-handkerchief across his thin lips, and dashes off into his lecture about Mrs. Hemans and the poetry of the affections. A public man, a commercial man as we well know, yet his heart is in his home, and his joy in his affections: the presence of this immense assembly here this evening; of the industrious capitalists; of the intelligent middle class; of the pride and mainstay of England, the operatives of Newcome; these surrounded by their wives and their children (a graceful bow to the bonnets to the right of the platform), show that they too have hearts to feel, and homes to cherish; that they, too, feel the love of women, the innocence of children, the love of song! Our lecturer then makes a distinction between man's poetry and woman's poetry, charging considerably in favour of the latter. We show that to appeal to the affections is after all the true office of the bard; to decorate the homely threshold, to wreathe flowers round the domestic hearth, the delightful duty of the Christian singer. We

"Sir Barnes Newcome on the Affections."

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glance at Mrs. Hemans's biography, and state where she was born, and under what circumstances she must have at first, &c. &c. Is this a correct account of Sir Barnes Newcome's lecture? I was not present, and did not read the report. Very likely the above may be a reminiscence of that mock lecture which Warrington delivered in anticipation of the Baronet's oration.

After he had read for about five minutes, it was remarked the Baronet suddenly stopped and became exceedingly confused over his manuscript; betaking himself to his auxiliary glass of water before he resumed his discourse, which for a long time was languid, low, and disturbed in tone. This period of disturbance, no doubt, must have occurred when Sir Barnes saw before him F. Bayham and Warrington seated in the amphitheatre; and, by the side of those fierce scornful countenances, Clive Newcome's pale face.

Clive Newcome was not looking at Barnes. His eyes were fixed upon the lady seated not far from the lecturer—upon Ethel, with her arm round her little niece's shoulder, and her thick black ringlets drooping down over a face paler than Clive's own.

Of course she knew that Clive was present. She was aware of him as she entered the hall; saw him at the very first moment; saw nothing but him, I dare say, though her eyes were shut and her head was turned now towards her mother, and now bent down on the little niece's golden curls. And the past and its dear histories, and youth and its hopes and passions, and tones and looks for ever echoing in the heart, and present in the memory—these, no doubt, poor Clive saw and heard as he looked across the great gulf of time, and parting and grief, and beheld the woman he had loved for many years. There she sits; the same, but changed: as gone from him as if she were dead; departed indeed into another sphere, and entered into a kind of death. If there is no love more in yonder heart, it is but a corpse unburied. Strew round it the flowers of youth. Wash it with tears of passion. Wrap it and envelope it with fond devotion. Break heart, and fling yourself on the bier, and kiss her cold lips and press her hand! It falls back dead on the cold breast again. The beautiful lips have never a blush or a smile. Cover them and lay them in the ground, and so take thy hat-band off, good friend, and go to thy business. Do you suppose you are the only man who has had to attend such a funeral? You will find some men smiling and at work the day after. Some come to the grave now and again out of the

world, and say a brief prayer, and a "God bless her!" With some men, she gone, and her viduous mansion your heart to let, her successor the new occupant poking in all the drawers, and corners, and cupboards of the tenement, finds her miniature and some of her dusty old letters hidden away somewhere, and says—Was this the face he admired so? Why, allowing even for the painter's flattery, it is quite ordinary, and the eyes certainly do not look straight. Are these the letters you thought so charming? Well, upon my word, I never read anything more commonplace in my life. See, here's a line half blotted out. Oh, I suppose she was crying then—some of her tears, idle tears. . . . Hark, there is Barnes Newcome's eloquence still plapping on like water from a cistern—and our thoughts, where have they wandered? far away from the lecture—as far away as Clive's almost. And now the fountain ceases to trickle; the mouth from which issued that cool and limpid flux ceases to smile; the figure is seen to bow and retire; a buzz, a hum, a whisper, a scuffle, a meeting of bonnets and wagging of feathers and rustling of silks ensue. "Thank you! delightful, I am sure!" "I really was quite overcome." "Excellent." "*So* much obliged," are rapid phrases heard amongst the polite on the platform. While down below, "Yaw! quite enough of that." "Mary Jane, cover your throat up, and don't kitch cold, and don't push *me*, please, sir." "'Arry! coom along and 'av a pint a' ale," &c., are the remarks heard, or perhaps not heard, by Clive Newcome as he watches at the private entrance of the Athenæum, where Sir Barnes's carriage is waiting with its flaming lamps, and domestics in state liveries. One of them comes out of the building bearing the little girl in his arms and lays her in the carriage. Then Sir Barnes, and Lady Ann, and the Mayor. Then Ethel issues forth, and as she passes under the lamps, beholds Clive's face as pale and sad as her own.

Shall we go visit the lodge-gates of Newcome Park with the moon shining on their carving? Is there any pleasure in walking by miles of grey paling and endless palisades of firs? O you fool, what do you hope to see behind that curtain? Absurd fugitive, whither would you run? Can you burst the tether of fate: and is not poor dear little Rosey Mackenzie sitting yonder waiting for you by the stake? Go home, sir; and don't catch cold. So Mr. Clive returns to the "King's Arms," and up to his bed-room, and he hears Mr. F. Bayham's deep voice as he passes by the Boscawen Room, where the jolly Britons are as usual assembled.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEWCOME AND LIBERTY.

WE have said that the Baronet's lecture was discussed in the midnight senate assembled at the "King's Arms," where Mr. Tom Potts showed the orator no mercy. The senate of the "King's Arms" was hostile to Sir Barnes Newcome. Many other Newcomites besides were savage and inclined to revolt against the representative of their borough. As these patriots met over their cups, and over the bumper of friendship uttered the sentiments of freedom, they had often asked of one another, where should a man be found to rid Newcome of its dictator? Generous hearts writhed under the oppression: patriotic eyes scowled when Barnes Newcome went by: with fine satire, Tom Potts at Brown the hatter's shop, who made the hats for Sir Barnes Newcome's domestics, proposed to take one of the beavers—a gold-laced one with a cockade and a cord—and set it up in the market-place and bid all Newcome come bow to it, as to the hat of Gessler. "Don't you think, Potts," says F. Bayham, who of course was admitted into the "King's Arms" club, and ornamented that assembly by his presence and discourse, "Don't you think the Colonel would make a good William Tell to combat against that

Gessler?" Ha! Proposal received with acclamation—eagerly adopted by Charles Tucker, Esq., attorney-at-law, who would not have the slightest objection to conduct Colonel Newcome's, or any other gentleman's, electioneering business in Newcome or elsewhere.

Like those three gentlemen in the plays and pictures of William Tell who conspire under the moon, calling upon liberty and resolving to elect Tell as their especial champion—like Arnold, Melchthal, and Werner—Tom Potts, Fred Bayham, and Charles Tucker, Esqs., conspired round a punch-bowl, and determined that Thomas Newcome should be requested to free his country. A deputation from the electors of Newcome, that is to say, these very gentlemen, waited on the Colonel in his apartment the very next morning, and set before him the state of the borough; Barnes Newcome's tyranny under which it groaned; and the yearning of all honest men to be free from that usurpation. Thomas Newcome received the deputation with great solemnity and politeness, crossed his legs, folded his arms, smoked his cheroot, and listened most decorously, as now Potts, now Tucker expounded to him; Bayham giving the benefit of his emphatic "hear hear," to their statements, and explaining dubious phrases to the Colonel in the most affable manner.

Whatever the conspirators had to say against poor Barnes, Colonel Newcome was only too ready to believe. He had made up his mind that that criminal ought to be punished and exposed. The lawyer's covert inuendoes, who was ready to insinuate any amount of evil against Barnes which could safely be uttered, were by no means strong enough for Thomas Newcome. "'Sharp practice! exceedingly alive to his own interests—reported violence of temper and tenacity of money'—say swindling at once, sir—say falsehood and rapacity—say cruelty and avarice," cries the Colonel—"I believe, upon my honour and conscience, that unfortunate young man to be guilty of every one of those crimes."

Mr. Bayham remarks to Mr. Potts that our friend the Colonel, when he does utter an opinion, takes care there shall be no mistake about it.

"And I took care there should be no mistake before I uttered it at all, Bayham!" cries F. B.'s patron. "As long as I was in any doubt about this young man, I gave the criminal the benefit of it, as a man who admires our glorious constitution should do, and kept my own counsel, sir."

A Deputation.

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"At least," remarks Mr. Tucker, "enough is proven to show that ir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Baronet, is scarce a fit person to epresent this great borough in Parliament."

"Represent Newcome in Parliament! It is a disgrace to that ioble institution the English House of Commons, that Barnes New- ome should sit in it. A man whose word you cannot trust; a man tained with every private crime. What right has he to sit in the ssembly of the legislators of the land, sir?" cries the Colonel, waving is hand as if addressing a chamber of deputies.

"You are for upholding the House of Commons?" inquires the awyer.

"Of course, sir, of course."

"And for increasing the franchise, Colonel Newcome, I should iope?" continues Mr. Tucker.

"Every man who can read and write ought to have a vote, sir; hat is my opinion!" cries the Colonel.

"He's a Liberal to the backbone," says Potts to Tucker.

"To the backbone!" responds Tucker to Potts. "The Colonel ill do for us, Potts."

"We want such a man, Tucker; the *Independent* has been crying ut for such a man for years past. We ought to have a Liberal as econd representative of this great town—not a sneaking half-and-half Ministerialist like Sir Barnes, a fellow with one leg in the Carlton and ie other in Brookes's. Old Mr. Bunce we can't touch. His place ; safe; he is a good man of business: we can't meddle with Mr. Bunce —I know that, who know the feeling of the country pretty well."

"Pretty well! Better than any man in Newcome, Potts!" cries Mr. Tucker.

"But a good man like the Colonel,—a good Liberal like the Colonel,—a man who goes in for household suffrage ——"

"Certainly, gentlemen."

"And the general great Liberal principles—we know, of course— uch a man would assuredly have a chance against Sir Barnes New- ome at the coming election! could we find such a man! a real friend f the people!"

"I know a friend of the people if ever there was one," F. Bayham nterposes.

"A man of wealth, station, experience; a man who has fought for is country; a man who is beloved in this place as *you* are, Colonel

Newcome: for your goodness is known, sir—*You* are not ashamed of your origin, and there is not a Newcomite old or young but knows how admirably good you have been to your old friend, Mrs.—Mrs. Whatd'youcall'em?"

"Mrs. Mason," from F. B.

"Mrs. Mason. If such a man as you, sir, would consent to put himself in nomination at the next election, every true Liberal in this place would rush to support you; and crush the oligarch who rides over the liberties of this borough!"

"Something of this sort, gentlemen, I own to you had crossed my mind," Thomas Newcome remarked. "When I saw that disgrace to my name, and the name of my father's birthplace, representing the borough in Parliament, I thought for the credit of the town and the family, the Member for Newcome at least might be an honest man. I am an old soldier; have passed all my life in India; and am little conversant with affairs at home (cries of 'You are, you are'). I hoped that my son, Mr. Clive Newcome, might have been found qualified to contest this borough against his unworthy cousin, and possibly to sit as your representative in Parliament. The wealth I have had the good fortune to amass will descend to him naturally, and at no very distant period of time, for I am nearly seventy years of age, gentlemen."

The gentlemen are astonished at this statement.

"But," resumed the Colonel, "my son Clive, as friend Bayham knows, and to my own regret and mortification, as I don't care to confess to you, declares he has no interest in politics, nor desire for public distinction—prefers his own pursuits—and even these I fear do not absorb him—declines the offer which I made him, to present himself in opposition to Sir Barnes Newcome. It becomes men in a certain station, as I think, to assert that station; and though a few years back I never should have thought of public life at all, and proposed to end my days in quiet as a retired dragoon officer, since —since it has pleased heaven to increase very greatly my pecuniary means, to place me as a director and manager of an important banking company, in a station of great public responsibility, I and my brother directors have thought it but right that one of us should sit in Parliament, if possible, and I am not a man to shirk from that or from any other duty."

"Colonel, will you attend a meeting of electors which we will

call, and say as much to them and as well?" cries Mr. Potts. "Shall I put an announcement in my paper to the effect that you are ready to come forward?"

"I am prepared to do so, my good sir."

And presently this solemn palaver ended.

Besides the critical article upon the Baronet's lecture, of which Mr. Warrington was the author, there appeared in the leading columns of the ensuing number of Mr. Potts's *Independent* some remarks of a very smashing or hostile nature against the Member for Newcome. "This gentleman has shown such talent in the lecturing business," the *Independent* said, "that it is a great pity he should not withdraw himself from politics, and cultivate what all Newcome knows are the arts which he understands best; namely, poetry and the domestic affections. The performance of our talented representative last night was so pathetic as to bring tears into the eyes of several of our fair friends. We have heard, but never believed until now, that Sir Barnes Newcome possessed such a genius *for making women cry*. Last week we had the talented Miss Noakes from Slowcome, reading Milton to us; how far superior was the eloquence of Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., even to that of the celebrated actress! Bets were freely offered in the room last night that Sir Barnes would *beat any woman*,—bets, which were not taken, as we scarcely need say, so well do our citizens appreciate the character of our excellent, our admirable representative. Let the Baronet stick to his lectures, and let Newcome relieve him of his political occupations. He is not fit for them, he is too sentimental a man for us; the men of Newcome want a sound practical person; the Liberals of Newcome have a desire to be represented. When we elected Sir Barnes, he talked liberally enough, and we thought he would do, but you see the honourable Baronet is so poetical! we ought to have known that, and not to have believed him. Let us have a straightforward gentleman. If not a man of words, at least let us have a practical man. If not a man of eloquence, one at any rate whose word we can trust, and we can't trust Sir Barnes Newcome's; we have tried him, and we can't really. Last night, when the ladies were crying, we could not for the souls of us help laughing. We hope we know how to conduct ourselves as gentlemen. We trust we did not interrupt the harmony of the evening; but Sir Barnes Newcome, prating about children and virtue, and affection and poetry, this is really too strong.

"The *Independent*, faithful to its name, and ever actuated by principles of honour, has been, as our thousands of readers know, disposed to give Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., a fair trial. When he came forward after his father's death, we believed in his pledges and promises, as a retrencher and reformer, and we stuck by him. Is there any man in Newcome, except, perhaps, our twaddling old contemporary the *Sentinel*, who believes in Sir B. N. any more? We say no, and we now give the readers of the *Independent*, and the electors of this borough, fair notice, that when the dissolution of Parliament takes place, a good man, a true man, a man of experience, no dangerous radical, or brawling tap orator—Mr. Hicks's friends well understand whom we mean—but a gentleman of Liberal principles, well-won wealth, and deserved station and honour, will ask the electors of Newcome whether they are or are not discontented with their present unworthy Member. The *Independent*, for one, says, we know good men of your family, we know in it men who would do honour to any name; but you, Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., we trust no more."

In the electioneering matter, which had occasioned my unlucky interference, and that subsequent little coolness upon the good Colonel's part, Clive Newcome had himself shown that the scheme was not to his liking; had then submitted as his custom was: and doing so with a bad grace, as also was to be expected, had got little thanks for his obedience. Thomas Newcome was hurt at his son's faint-heartedness, and of course little Rosey was displeased at his hanging back. He set off in his father's train, a silent, unwilling partisan. Thomas Newcome had the leisure to survey Clive's glum face opposite to him during the whole of their journey, and to chew his mustachios, and brood upon his wrath and wrongs. His life had been a sacrifice for that boy! What darling schemes had he not formed in his behalf, and how superciliously did Clive meet his projects! The Colonel could not see the harm of which he had himself been the author. Had he not done everything in mortal's power for his son's happiness, and how many young men in England were there with such advantages as this moody, discontented, spoiled boy? As Clive backed out of the contest, of course his father urged it only the more vehemently. Clive slunk away from committees and canvassing, and lounged about the Newcome manufactories, whilst his

father, with anger and bitterness in his heart, remained at the post of honour, as he called it, bent upon overcoming his enemy and carrying his point against Barnes Newcome. "If Paris will not fight, sir," the Colonel said, with a sad look following his son, "Priam must." Good old Priam believed his cause to be a perfectly just one, and that duty and his honour called upon him to draw the sword. So there was difference between Thomas Newcome and Clive his son. I protest it is with pain and reluctance I have to write, that the good old man was in error—that there was a wrong-doer, and that Atticus was he.

Atticus, be it remembered, thought himself compelled by the very best motives. Thomas Newcome, the Indian banker, was at war with Barnes, the English banker. The latter had commenced the hostilities, by a sudden and cowardly act of treason. There were private wrongs to envenom the contest, but it was the mercantile quarrel on which the Colonel chose to set his declaration of war. Barnes's first dastardly blow had occasioned it, and his uncle was determined to carry it through. This I have said was also George Warrington's judgment, who in the ensuing struggle between Sir Barnes and his uncle, acted as a very warm and efficient partisan of the latter. "Kinsmanship!" says George. "What has old Tom Newcome ever had from his kinsman but cowardice and treachery? If Barnes had held up his finger the young one might have been happy; if he could have effected it, the Colonel and his bank would have been ruined. I am for war, and for seeing the old boy in Parliament. He knows no more about politics than I do about dancing the polka; but there are five hundred wiseacres in that assembly who know no more than he does, and an honest man taking his seat there, in place of a confounded little rogue, at least makes a change for the better."

I dare say Thomas Newcome, Esq., would by no means have concurred in the above estimate of his political knowledge, and thought himself as well informed as another. He used to speak with the greatest gravity about our constitution as the pride and envy of the world, though he surprised you as much by the latitudinarian reforms, which he was eager to press forward, as by the most singular old Tory opinions which he advocated on other occasions. He was for having every man to vote; every poor man to labour short time and get high wages; every poor curate to be paid double or treble;

every bishop to be docked of his salary, and dismissed from the House of Lords. But he was a staunch admirer of that assembly, and a supporter of the rights of the Crown. He was for sweeping off taxes from the poor, and as money must be raised to carry on government, he opined that the rich should pay. He uttered all these opinions with the greatest gravity and emphasis, before a large assembly of electors and others convened in the Newcome Town Hall, amid the roars of applause of the non-electors, and the bewilderment and consternation of Mr. Potts, of the *Independent*, who had represented the Colonel in his paper, as a safe and steady reformer. Of course the *Sentinel* showed him up as a most dangerous radical, a sepoy republican, and so forth, to the wrath and indignation of Colonel Newcome. He a republican, he scorned the name! He would die as he had bled many a time for his sovereign. He an enemy of our beloved church! He esteemed and honoured it, as he hated and abhorred the superstitions of Rome. (Yells from the Irish in the crowd.) He an enemy of the House of Lords! He held it to be the safeguard of the constitution and the legitimate prize of our most illustrious, naval, military, and — and — legal heroes (ironical cheers). He repelled with scorn the dastard attacks of the journal which had assailed him; he asked, laying his hands on his heart, if as a gentleman, an officer bearing her Majesty's commission, he could be guilty of a desire to subvert her empire and to insult the dignity of her crown?

After this second speech at the Town Hall, it was asserted by a considerable party in Newcome, that Old Tom (as the mob familiarly called him) was a Tory, while an equal number averred that he was a Radical. Mr. Potts tried to reconcile his statements, a work in which I should think the talented editor of the *Independent* had no little difficulty. "He knows nothing about it," poor Clive said with a sigh; "his politics are all sentiment and kindness, he will have the poor man paid double wages, and does not remember that the employer would be ruined: you have heard him, Pen, talking in this way at his own table, but when he comes out armed *cap-à-pied*, and careers against windmills in public, don't you see that as Don Quixote's son I had rather the dear brave old gentleman was at home?"

So this *fainéant* took but little part in the electioneering doings, holding moodily aloof from the meetings, and councils, and public-houses, where his father's partisans were assembled.

CHAPTER XXX.

A LETTER AND A RECONCILIATION.

Miss Ethel Newcome to Mrs. Pendennis.

EAREST LAURA.—I have not written to you for many weeks past. There have been some things too trivial, and some too sad, to write about; some things I know I shall write of if I begin, and yet that I know I had best leave; for of what good is looking to the past now? Why vex you or myself by reverting to it? Does not every day bring its own duty and task, and are these not enough to occupy one? What a fright you must have had with my little god-daughter! Thank n she is well now, and restored to you. You and your nd I know do not think it essential, but I do, *most essential*, n very grateful that she was taken to church before her illness. [s Mr. Pendennis proceeding with his canvass? I try and avoid ain subject, but it *will* come. You know who is canvassing :t us here. My poor uncle has met with very considerable :s amongst the lower classes. He makes them rambling ıes at which my brother and his friends laugh, but which the ɜ applaud. I saw him only yesterday, on the balcony of the g's Arms," speaking to a great mob, who were cheering vocife- below. I had met him before. He would not even stop and ıis Ethel of old days his hand. I would have given him I don't what, for one kiss, for one kind word; but he passed on and not answer me. He thinks me—what the world thinks me, ly and heartless; what I *was*. But at least, dear Laura, you that I always truly loved *him*, and do now, although he is our y, though he believes and utters the most cruel things against

Barnes, though he says that Barnes Newcome, my father's son, my brother, Laura, is not an honest man. Hard, selfish, worldly, I own my poor brother to be, and pray heaven to amend him; but dishonest! and to be so maligned by the person one loves best in the world! This is a hard trial. I pray a proud heart may be bettered by it.

"And I have seen my cousin: once at a lecture which poor Barnes gave, and who seemed very much disturbed on perceiving Clive; once afterwards at good old Mrs. Mason's, whom I have always continued to visit for uncle's sake. The poor old woman, whose wits are very nearly gone, held both our hands, and asked when we were going to be married? and laughed, poor old thing! I cried out to her that Mr. Clive had a wife at home, a dear young wife, I said. He gave a dreadful sort of laugh, and turned away into the window. He looks terribly ill, pale, and oldened.

"I asked him a great deal about his wife, whom I remember a very pretty, sweet-looking girl indeed, at my Aunt Hobson's, but with a not agreeable mother as I thought then. He answered me by monosyllables, appeared as though he would speak, and then became silent. I am pained, and yet glad that I saw him. I said, not very distinctly, I dare say, that I hoped the difference between Barnes and uncle would not extinguish his regard for mamma and me, who have always loved him; when I said loved him, he gave one of his bitter laughs again; and so he did when I said I hoped his wife was well. You never would tell me much about Mrs. Newcome; and I fear she does not make my cousin happy. And yet this marriage was of my uncle's making: another of the unfortunate marriages in our family. I am glad that I paused in time, before the commission of that sin; I strive my best, and to amend my temper, my inexperience, my shortcomings, and try to be the mother of my poor brother's children. But Barnes has never forgiven me my refusal of Lord Farintosh. He is of the world still, Laura. Nor must we deal too harshly with people of his nature, who cannot perhaps comprehend a world beyond. I remember in old days, when we were travelling on the Rhine, in the happiest days of my whole life, I used to hear Clive, and his friend Mr. Ridley, talk of art and of nature in a way that I could not understand at first, but came to comprehend better as my cousin taught me; and since then, I see pictures, and landscapes, and flowers, with quite different eyes, and beautiful

secrets as it were, of which I had no idea before. The secret of all secrets, the secret of the other life, and the better world beyond ours, may not this be unrevealed to some? I pray for them all, dearest Laura, for those nearest and dearest to me, that the truth may lighten their darkness, and heaven's great mercy defend them in the perils and dangers of their night.

"My boy at Sandhurst has done very well indeed; and Egbert, I am happy to say, thinks of taking orders; he has been very moderate at College. Not so Alfred; but the Guards are a sadly dangerous school for a young man; I have promised to pay his debts, and he is to exchange into the line. Mamma is coming to us at Christmas with Alice; my sister is very pretty indeed, I think, and I am rejoiced she is to marry young Mr. Mumford, who has a tolerable living, and who has been attached to her ever since he was a boy at Rugby school.

"Little Barnes comes on bravely with his Latin; and Mr. Whitestock, *a most excellent and valuable* person in this place, where there is so much Romanism and Dissent, speaks highly of him. Little Clara is so like her unhappy mother in a thousand ways and actions, that I am shocked often; and see my brother starting back and turning his head away, as if suddenly wounded. I have heard the most deplorable accounts of Lord and Lady Highgate. Oh, dearest friend and sister!—save you, I think I scarce know any one that is happy in the world: I trust you may continue so—you who impart your goodness and kindness to all who come near you—you in whose sweet serene happiness I am thankful to be allowed to repose sometimes. You are the island in the desert, Laura! and the birds sing there, and the fountain flows; and we come and repose by you for a little while, and to-morrow the march begins again, and the toil, and the struggle, and the desert. Good-by, fountain! Whisper kisses to my dearest little ones for their affectionate

"AUNT ETHEL.

"A friend of his, a Mr. Warrington, has spoken against us several times with extraordinary ability as Barnes owns. Do you know Mr. W.? He wrote a dreadful article in the *Independent*, about the last poor lecture, which was indeed sad sentimental commonplace: and the critique is terribly comical. I could not help laughing, remembering some passages in it, when Barnes mentioned it: and

my brother became so angry! They have put up a dreadful caricature of B. in Newcome: and my brother says he did it, but I hope not. It is very droll, though: he used to make them very funnily. I am glad he has spirits for it. Good-by, again.—E. N."

"He says he did it!" cries Mr. Pendennis, laying the letter down. "Barnes Newcome would scarcely caricature himself, my dear!"

"'He' often means—means Clive—I think," says Mrs. Pendennis, in an off-hand manner.

"Oh! he means Clive, does he, Laura?"

"Yes—and you mean goose, Mr. Pendennis!" that saucy lady replies.

It must have been about the very time that this letter was written, that a critical conversation occurred between Clive and his father, of which the lad did not inform me until much later days; as was the case—the reader has been more than once begged to believe—with many other portions of this biography.

One night the Colonel, having come home from a round of electioneering visits, not half-satisfied with himself; exceedingly annoyed (much more than he cared to own) with the impudence of some rude fellows at the public-houses, who had interrupted his fine speeches with odious hiccups and familiar jeers, was seated brooding over his cheroot by his chimney-fire; friend F. B. (of whose companionship his patron was occasionally tired) finding much better amusement with the "Jolly Britons" in the Boscawen Room below. The Colonel, as an electioneering business, had made his appearance in the club. But that ancient Roman warrior had frightened those simple Britons. His manners were too awful for them: so were Clive's, who visited them also under Mr. Potts's introduction; but the two gentlemen—each being full of care and personal annoyance at the time, acted like wet blankets upon the Britons—whereas F. B. warmed them and cheered them, affably partook of their meals with them, and graciously shared their cups. So the Colonel was alone, listening to the far-off roar of the Britons' choruses by an expiring fire, as he sat by a glass of cold negus and the ashes of his cigar.

I dare say he may have been thinking that his fire was well nigh out, his cup at the dregs, his pipe little more now than dust and ashes—when Clive, candle in hand, came into their sitting-room.

As each saw the other's face, it was so very sad and worn and pale, that the young man started back; and the elder, with quite the tenderness of old days, cried, "God bless me, my boy, how ill you look! Come and warm yourself—look, the fire's out. Have something, Clivy!"

For months past they had not had a really kind word. The tender old voice smote upon Clive, and he burst into sudden tears. They rained upon his father's trembling old brown hand as he stooped down and kissed it.

"You look very ill too, father," says Clive.

"Ill? not I!" cries the father, still keeping the boy's hand under both his own on the mantelpiece. "Such a battered old fellow as I am has a right to look the worse for wear; but you, boy, why do *you* look so pale?"

"I have seen a ghost, father," Clive answered. Thomas, however, looked alarmed and inquisitive as though the boy was wandering in his mind.

"The ghost of my youth, father, the ghost of my happiness, and the best days of my life," groaned out the young man. "I saw Ethel to-day. I went to see Sarah Mason, and she was there."

"I had seen her, but I did not speak of her," said the father. "I thought it was best not to mention her to you, my poor boy. And are—are you fond of her still, Clive?"

"Still! once means always in these things, father, doesn't it? Once means to-day and yesterday, and for ever and ever."

"Nay, my boy, you mustn't talk to me so, or even to yourself so. You have the dearest little wife at home, a dear little wife and child."

"You had a son, and have been kind enough to him, God knows. *You* had a wife: but that doesn't prevent other—other thoughts. Do you know you never spoke twice in your life about my mother? You didn't care for her."

"I—I did my duty by her; I denied her nothing. I scarcely ever had a word with her, and I did my best to make her happy," interposed the Colonel.

"I know, but your heart was with the other. So is mine. It's fatal; it runs in the family, father."

The boy looked so ineffably wretched that the father's heart melted still more. "I did my best, Clive," the Colonel gasped out. "I went to that villain Barnes and offered him to settle every

shilling I was worth on you—I did—you didn't know that—I'd kill myself for your sake, Clivy. What's an old fellow worth living for? I can live upon a crust and a cigar. I don't care about a carriage, and only go in it to please Rosey. I wanted to give up all for you, but he played me false, that scoundrel cheated us both; he did, and so did Ethel."

"No, sir; I may have thought so in my rage once, but I know better now. She was the victim and not the agent. Did Madame de Florac play *you* false when she married her husband? It was her fate, and she underwent it. We all bow to it, we are in the track and the car passes over us. You know it does, father." The Colonel was a fatalist: he had often advanced this oriental creed in his simple discourses with his son and Clive's friends.

"Besides," Clive went on, "Ethel does not care for me. She received me to-day quite coldly, and held her hand out as if we had only parted last year. I suppose she likes that marquis who jilted her—God bless her. How shall we know what wins the hearts of women? She has mine. There was my Fate. Praisé be to Allah! It is over."

"But there's that villain who injured you. His isn't over yet," cried the Colonel, clenching his trembling hand.

"Ah, father! Let us leave him to Allah too! Suppose Madame de Florac had a brother who insulted you. You know you wouldn't have revenged yourself. You would have wounded her in striking him."

"You called out Barnes yourself, boy," cried the father.

"That was for another cause, and not for my quarrel. And how do you know I intended to fire? By Jove, I was so miserable then that an ounce of lead would have done me little harm!"

The father saw the son's mind more clearly than he had ever done hitherto. They had scarcely ever talked upon that subject, which the Colonel found was so deeply fixed in Clive's heart. He thought of his own early days, and how he had suffered, and beheld his son before him racked with the same cruel pangs of enduring grief. And he began to own that he had pressed him too hastily in his marriage; and to make an allowance for an unhappiness of which he had in part been the cause.

"Mashallah! Clive, my boy," said the old man, "what is done is done."

"Let us break up our camp before this place, and not go to war with Barnes, father," said Clive. "Let us have peace—and forgive him if we can."

"And retreat before this scoundrel, Clive?"

"What is a victory over such a fellow? One gives a chimney-sweep the wall, father."

"I say again—What is done is done. I have promised to meet him at the hustings, and I will. I think it is best: and you are right: and you act like a high-minded gentleman—and my dear, dear old boy—not to meddle in the quarrel—though I didn't think so—and the difference gave me a great deal of pain—and so did what Pendennis said—and I'm wrong—and thank God I am wrong—and God bless you, my own boy," the Colonel cried out in a burst of emotion; and the two went to their bed-rooms together, and were happier as they shook hands at the doors of their adjoining chambers than they had been for many a long day and year.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ELECTION.

HAVING thus given his challenge, reconnoitred the enemy, and pledged himself to do battle at the ensuing election, our Colonel took leave of the town of Newcome, and returned to his banking affairs in London. His departure was as that of a great public personage; the gentlemen of the Committee followed him obsequiously down to the train. "Quick," bawls out Mr. Potts to Mr. Brown, the station-master, "Quick, Mr. Brown, a carriage for Colonel Newcome!" Half-a-dozen hats are taken off as he enters into the carriage, F. Bayham and his servant after him, with portfolios, umbrellas, shawls, despatch-boxes. Clive was not there to act as his father's aide-de-camp. After their conversation together the young man had returned to Mrs. Clive and his other duties in life.

It has been said that Mr. Pendennis was in the country, engaged in a pursuit exactly similar to that which occupied Colonel Newcome. The menaced dissolution of Parliament did not take place so soon as we expected. The Ministry still hung together, and by consequence, Sir Barnes Newcome kept his seat in the House of Commons, from which his elder kinsman was eager to oust him. Away from London, and having but few correspondents, save on affairs of business, I heard little of Clive and the Colonel, save an occasional puff of one

f Colonel Newcome's entertainments in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to hich journal F. Bayham still condescended to contribute; and a atisfactory announcement in a certain part of that paper, that on uch a day, in Hyde Park Gardens, Mrs. Clive Newcome had pre-ented her husband with a son. Clive wrote to me presently, to nform me of the circumstance, stating at the same time, with ut moderate gratification on his own part, that the Campaigner, Mrs. Newcome's mamma, had upon this second occasion made a econd lodgment in her daughter's house and bed-chamber, and howed herself affably disposed to forget the little unpleasantries hich had clouded over the sunshine of her former visit.

Laura, with a smile of some humour, said she thought now would e the time when, if Clive could be spared from his bank, he might ay us that visit at Fairoaks which had been due so long, and hinted hat change of air and a temporary absence from Mrs. Mackenzie night be agreeable to my old friend.

It was on the contrary Mr. Pendennis's opinion that his wife rtfully chose that period of time when little Rosey was, per force, ept at home and occupied with her delightful maternal duties, to nvite Clive to see us. Mrs. Laura frankly owned that she liked our live better without his wife than with her, and never ceased to regret hat pretty Rosey had not bestowed her little hand upon Captain Hoby, as she had been very well disposed at one time to do. Against ll marriages of interest this sentimental Laura never failed to utter ndignant protests; and Clive's had been a marriage of interest, a narriage made up by the old people, a marriage to which the young nan had only yielded out of good-nature and obedience. She would postrophize her unconscious young ones, and inform those innocent abies that *they* should never be made to marry except for love, ever—an announcement which was received with perfect indifference y little Arthur on his rocking-horse, and little Helen smiling and rowing in her mother's lap.

So Clive came down to us careworn in appearance, but very pleased nd happy, he said, to stay for a while with the friends of his youth. We howed him our modest rural lions; we got him such sport and company s our quiet neighbourhood afforded, we gave him fishing in the Brawl, nd Laura in her pony-chaise drove him to Baymouth, and to Clavering Park and town, and to visit the famous cathedral at Chatteris, where he was pleased to recount certain incidents of her husband's youth.

Clive laughed at my wife's stories; he pleased himself in our home; he played with our children, with whom he became a great favourite; he was happier, he told me with a sigh, than he had been for many a day. His gentle hostess echoed the sigh of the poor young fellow. She was sure that his pleasure was only transitory, and was convinced that many deep cares weighed upon his mind.

Ere long my old school-fellow made me sundry confessions, which showed that Laura's surmises were correct. About his domestic affairs he did not treat much; the little boy was said to be a very fine little boy; the ladies had taken entire possession of him. "I can't stand Mrs. Mackenzie any longer, I own," says Clive; "but how resist a wife at such a moment? Rosa was sure she would die, unless her mother came to her, and of course we invited Mrs. Mack. This time she is all smiles and politeness with the Colonel: the last quarrel is laid upon me, and in so far I am easy, as the old folks get on pretty well together." To me, considering these things, it was clear that Mr. Clive Newcome was but a very secondary personage indeed in his father's new fine house which he inhabited, and in which the poor Colonel had hoped they were to live such a happy family.

But it was about Clive Newcome's pecuniary affairs that I felt the most disquiet when he came to explain these to me. The Colonel's capital and that considerable sum which Mrs. Clive had inherited from her good old uncle, were all involved in a common stock, of which Colonel Newcome took the management. "The governor understands business so well, you see," says Clive; "is a most remarkable head for accounts, he must have inherited that from my grandfather, you know, who made his own fortune: all the Newcomes are good at accounts except me, a poor useless devil who knows nothing but to paint a picture, and who can't even do that." He cuts off the head of a thistle as he speaks, bites his tawny mustachios, plunges his hands into his pockets and his soul into reverie.

"You don't mean to say," asks Mr. Pendennis, "that your wife's fortune has not been settled upon herself?"

"Of course it has been settled upon herself; that is, it is entirely her own—you know the Colonel has managed all the business, he understands it better than we do."

"Do you say that your wife's money is not vested in the hands of trustees, and for her benefit?"

"My father is one of the trustees. I tell you he manages the

ole thing. What is his property is mine and ever has been: and night draw upon him as much as I liked: and you know it's five ıes as great as my wife's. What is his is ours, and what is ours is ı, of course; for instance, the India Stock, which poor Uncle mes left, that now stands in the Colonel's name. He wants to be Director: he will be at the next election—he must have a certain antity of India Stock, don't you see?"

"My dear fellow, is there then no settlement made upon your fe at all?"

"You needn't look so frightened," says Clive. "I made a settle- ent on her: with all my worldly goods I did her endow—three ousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds six and eightpence, ıich my father sent over from India to my uncle, years ago, when I me home."

I might well indeed be aghast at this news, and had yet further elligence from Clive, which by no means contributed to lessen my xiety. This worthy old Colonel, who fancied himself to be so ver a man of business, chose to conduct it in utter ignorance and fiance of law. If anything happened to the Bundlecund Bank, it s clear that not only every shilling of his own property but every thing bequeathed to Rosey Mackenzie would be lost; only his iring pension, which was luckily considerable, and the hundred unds a year which Clive had settled on his wife, would be saved t of the ruin.

And now Clive confided to me his own serious doubts and sgivings regarding the prosperity of the Bank itself. He did not ow why, but he could not help fancying that things were going ong. Those partners who had come home, having sold out of the ınk, and living in England so splendidly, why had they quitted it? ıe Colonel said it was a proof of the prosperity of the company, at so many gentlemen were enriched who had taken shares in it. But when I asked my father," Clive continued, "why he did not mself withdraw, the dear old boy's countenance fell: he told me ch things were not to be done every day; and ended, as usual, by ying that I do not understand anything about business. No more lo: that is the truth. I hate the whole concern, Pen! I hate that eat tawdry house in which we live; and those fearfully stupid rties:—Oh, how I wish we were back in Fitzroy Square! But who n recall bygones, Arthur; or wrong steps in life? We must make

the best of to-day, and to-morrow must take care of itself. 'Poor little child!' I could not help thinking, as I took it crying in my arms the other day, 'what has life in store for you, my poor weeping baby?' My mother-in-law cried out that I should drop the baby, and that only the Colonel knew how to hold it. My wife called from her bed; the nurse dashed up and scolded me; and they drove me out of the room amongst them. By Jove, Pen, I laugh when some of my friends congratulate me on my good fortune! I am not quite the father of my own child, nor the husband of my own wife, nor even the master of my own easel. I am managed for, don't you see! boarded, lodged, and done for. And here is the man they call happy? Happy! Oh!!! why had I not your strength of mind; and why did I ever leave my art, my mistress?"

And herewith the poor lad fell to chopping thistles again; and quitted Fairoaks shortly, leaving his friends there very much disquieted about his prospects, actual and future.

The expected dissolution of Parliament came at length. All the country papers in England teemed with electioneering addresses; and the country was in a flutter with particoloured ribbons. Colonel Thomas Newcome, pursuant to his promise, offered himself to the independent electors of Newcome in the Liberal journal of the family town, whilst Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., addressed himself to his old and tried friends, and called upon the friends of the constitution to rally round him, in the Conservative print. The addresses of our friend were sent to us at Fairoaks by the Colonel's indefatigable aide-de-camp, Mr. Frederick Bayham. During the period which had elapsed since the Colonel's last canvassing visit and the issuing of the writs now daily expected for the new Parliament, many things of great importance had occurred in Thomas Newcome's family—events which were kept secret from his biographer, who was, at this period also, pretty entirely occupied with his own affairs. These, however, are not the present subject of this history, which has Newcome for its business, and the parties engaged in the family quarrel there.

There were four candidates in the field for the representation of that borough. That old and tried Member of Parliament, Mr. Bunce, was considered to be secure; and the Baronet's seat was thought to be pretty safe on account of his influence in the place. Nevertheless, Thomas Newcome's supporters were confident for their champion, and

that when the parties came to the poll, the extreme Liberals of the borough would divide their votes between him and the fourth candidate, the uncompromising Radical, Mr. Barker.

In due time the Colonel and his staff arrived at Newcome, and resumed the active canvass which they had commenced some months previously. Clive was not in his father's suite this time, nor Mr. Warrington, whose engagements took him elsewhere. The lawyer, the editor of the *Independent*, and F. B., were the Colonel's chief men. His head-quarters (which F. B. liked very well) were at the hotel where we last saw him, and whence issuing with his aide-de-camp at his heels, the Colonel went round to canvass personally, according to his promise, every free and independent elector of the borough. Barnes too was canvassing eagerly on his side, and was most affable and active; the two parties would often meet nose to nose in the same street, and their retainers exchange looks of defiance. With Mr. Potts of the *Independent*, a big man, on his left; with Mr. Frederick, a still bigger man, on his right; his own trusty bamboo cane in his hand, before which poor Barnes had shrunk abashed ere now, Colonel Newcome had commonly the best of these street encounters, and frowned his nephew Barnes, and Barnes's staff, off the pavement. With the non-electors the Colonel was a decided favourite; the boys invariably hurrahed him; whereas they jeered and uttered ironical cries after poor Barnes, asking, "Who beat his wife? Who drove his children to the workhouse?" and other unkind personal questions. The man upon whom the libertine Barnes had inflicted so cruel an injury in his early days, was now the Baronet's bitterest enemy. He assailed him with curses and threats when they met, and leagued his brother workmen against him. The wretched Sir Barnes owned with contrition that the sins of his youth pursued him; his enemy scoffed at the idea of Barnes's repentance; he was not moved at the grief, the punishment in his own family, the humiliation and remorse which the repentant prodigal piteously pleaded. No man was louder in his cries of *mea culpa* than Barnes: no man professed a more edifying repentance. He was hat in hand to every black coat, established or dissenting. Repentance was to his interest, to be sure, but yet let us hope it was sincere. There is some hypocrisy of which one does not like even to entertain the thought; especially that awful falsehood which trades with divine truth, and takes the name of Heaven in vain.

The "Roebuck Inn," at Newcome, stands in the market-place, directly facing the "King's Arms," where, as we know, Colonel Newcome and uncompromising toleration held their head-quarters. Immense banners of blue and yellow floated from every window of the "King's Arms," and decorated the balcony from which the Colonel and the assistants were in the habit of addressing the multitude. Fiddlers and trumpeters, arrayed in his colours, paraded the town and enlivened it with their melodious strains. Other trumpeters and fiddlers, bearing the true blue cockades and colours of Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., would encounter the Colonel's musicians, on which occasions of meeting, it is to be feared, small harmony was produced. They banged each other with their brazen instruments. The warlike drummers thumped each other's heads in lieu of the professional sheepskin. The town-boys and street blackguards rejoiced in these combats, and exhibited their valour on one side or the other. The Colonel had to pay a long bill for broken brass, when he settled the little accounts of the election.

In after-times F. B. was pleased to describe the circumstances of a contest in which he bore a most distinguished part. It was F. B.'s opinion that his private eloquence brought over many waverers to the Colonel's side, and converted numbers of the benighted followers of Sir Barnes Newcome. Bayham's voice was indeed magnificent, and could be heard from the "King's Arms'" balcony above the shout and roar of the multitude, the gongs and bugles of the opposition bands. He was untiring in his oratory—undaunted in the presence of the crowds below. He was immensely popular, F. B. Whether he laid his hand upon his broad chest, took off his hat and waved it, or pressed his blue and yellow ribbons to his bosom, the crowd shouted, "Hurrah! silence! bravo! Bayham for ever!" "They would have carried me in triumph," said F. B.; "if I had but the necessary qualification, I might be Member for Newcome this day or any other I chose."

I am afraid, in this conduct of the Colonel's election, Mr. Bayham resorted to acts of which his principal certainly would disapprove, and engaged auxiliaries whose alliance was scarcely creditable. Whose was the hand which flung the potato which struck Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., on the nose as he was haranguing the people from the "Roebuck?" How came it that whenever Sir Barnes and his friends essayed to speak, such an awful yelling and groaning took place

Newcome versus Newcome.

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in the crowd below, that the words of those feeble orators were inaudible? Who smashed all the front windows of the "Roebuck?" Colonel Newcome had not words to express his indignation at proceedings so unfair. When Sir Barnes and his staff were hustled in the market-place and most outrageously shoved, jeered, and jolted, the Colonel from the "King's Arms" organized a rapid sally, which he himself headed with his bamboo cane; cut out Sir Barnes and his followers from the hands of the mob and addressed those ruffians in a noble speech, of which the bamboo cane—Englishman—shame—fair-play, were the most emphatic expressions. The mob cheered Old Tom as they called him—they made way for Sir Barnes, who shrunk pale and shuddering back into his hotel again—who always persisted in saying that that old villain of a dragoon had planned both the assault and the rescue.

"When the dregs of the people—the scum of the rabble, sir, banded together by the myrmidons of Sir Barnes Newcome, attacked us at the 'King's Arms,' and smashed ninety-six pounds' worth of glass at one volley, besides knocking off the gold unicorn's head and the tail of the British lion; it was fine, sir," F. B. said, "to see how the Colonel came forward, and the coolness of the old boy in the midst of the action. He stood there in front, sir, with his old hat off, never so much as once bobbing his old head, and I think he spoke rather better under fire than he did when there was no danger. Between ourselves, he ain't much of a speaker, the old Colonel; he hems and hahs, and repeats himself a good deal. He hasn't the gift of natural eloquence which some men have, Pendennis. You should have heard my speech, sir, on the Thursday in the Town Hall—that was something like a speech. Potts was jealous of it, and always reported me most shamefully."

In spite of his respectful behaviour to the gentlemen in black coats, his soup-tickets and his flannel tickets, his own pathetic lectures and his sedulous attendance at other folks' sermons, poor Barnes could not keep up his credit with the serious interest at Newcome, and the meeting-houses and their respective pastors and frequenters turned their backs upon him. The case against him was too flagrant: his enemy, the factory-man, worked it with an extraordinary skill, malice, and pertinacity. Not a single man, woman, or child in Newcome but was made acquainted with Sir Barnes's early peccadillo. Ribald ballads were howled through the streets describing

his sin, and his deserved punishment. For very shame, the reverend dissenting gentlemen were obliged to refrain from voting for him; such as ventured, believing in the sincerity of his repentance, to give him their voices, were yelled away from the polling-places. A very great number who would have been his friends, were compelled to bow to decency and public opinion, and supported the Colonel.

Hooted away from the hustings and the public places whence the rival candidates addressed the free and independent electors, this wretched and persecuted Sir Barnes invited his friends and supporters to meet him at the "Athenæum Room"—scene of his previous eloquent performances. But though this apartment was defended by tickets, the people burst into it; and Nemesis, in the shape of the persevering factory-man, appeared before the scared Sir Barnes and his puzzled committee. The man stood up and bearded the pale Baronet. He had a good cause, and was in truth a far better master of debate than our banking friend, being a great speaker amongst his brother operatives, by whom political questions are discussed, and the conduct of political men examined, with a ceaseless interest and with an ardour and eloquence which are often unknown in what is called superior society. This man and his friends round about him fiercely silenced the clamour of "Turn him out," with which his first appearance was assailed by Sir Barnes's hangers-on. He said, in the name of justice he would speak up; if they were fathers of families, and loved their wives and daughters, he dared them to refuse him a hearing. Did they love their wives and their children? it was a shame that they should take such a man as that yonder for their representative in Parliament. But the greatest sensation he made was when in the middle of his speech, after inveighing against Barnes's cruelty and parental ingratitude, he asked, "Where were Barnes's children?" and actually thrust forward two, to the amazement of the committee and the ghastly astonishment of the guilty Baronet himself.

"Look at them," says the man: "they are almost in rags, they have to put up with scanty and hard food; contrast them with his other children, whom you see lording it in gilt carriages, robed in purple and fine linen, and scattering mud from their wheels over us humble people as we walk the streets; ignorance and starvation is good enough for these, for those others nothing can be too fine or too dear. What can a factory-girl expect from such a fine high-bred,

white-handed, aristocratic gentleman as Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, but to be cajoled, and seduced, and deserted, and left to starve! When she has served my lord's pleasure, her natural fate is to be turned into the street; let her go and rot there, and her children beg in the gutter."

"This is the most shameful imposture," gasps out Sir Barnes; "these children are not—are not——"

The man interrupted him with a bitter laugh. "No," says he, "they are not his; that's true enough, friends. It's Tom Martin's girl and boy, a precious pair of lazy little scamps. But, at first, he *thought* they were his children. See how much he knows about them! He hasn't seen his children for years; he would have left them and their mother to starve, and did, but for shame and fear. The old man, his father, pensioned them, and he hasn't the heart to stop their wages now. Men of Newcome, will you have this man to represent you in Parliament?" And the crowd roared out "No;" and Barnes and his shame-faced committee slunk out of the place, and no wonder the dissenting clerical gentlemen were shy of voting for him.

A brilliant and picturesque diversion in Colonel Newcome's favour was due to the inventive genius of his faithful aide-de-camp, F. B. On the polling-day, as the carriages full of voters came up to the market-place, there appeared nigh to the booths an open barouche, covered all over with ribbon, and containing Frederick Bayham, Esq., profusely decorated with the Colonel's colours, and a very old woman and her female attendant, who were similarly ornamented. It was good old Mrs. Mason, who was pleased with the drive and the sunshine, though she scarcely understood the meaning of the turmoil, with her maid by her side, delighted to wear such ribbons, and sit in such a post of honour. Rising up in the carriage, F. B. took off his hat, bade his men of brass be silent, who were accustomed to bray "See the Conquering Hero comes," whenever the Colonel, or Mr. Bayham, his brilliant aide-de-camp, made their appearance;—bidding, we say, the musicians and the universe to be silent, F. B. rose, and made the citizens of Newcome a splendid speech. Good old unconscious Mrs. Mason was the theme of it, and the Colonel's virtues and faithful gratitude in tending her. "She was his father's old friend. She was Sir Barnes Newcome's grandfather's old friend. She had lived for more than forty years at Sir Barnes Newcome's

door, and how often had he been to see her? Did he go every week? No. Every month? No. Every year? No. Never in the whole course of his life had he set his foot into her doors!" (Loud yells, and cries of "Shame!") "Never had he done her one single act of kindness. Whereas for years and years past, when he was away in India, heroically fighting the battles of his country, when he was distinguishing himself at Assaye, and—and—Mulligatawny and Seringapatam, in the hottest of the fight and the fiercest of the danger, in the most terrible moment of the conflict and the crowning glory of the victory, the good, the brave, the kind old Colonel,—why should he say Colonel? why should he not say Old Tom at once?" (immense roars of applause) "always remembered his dear old nurse and friend. Look at that shawl, boys, which she has got on! My belief is that Colonel Newcome took that shawl in single combat, and on horseback, from the prime minister of Tippoo Saib." (Immense cheers and cries of "Bravo, Bayham!") "Look at that brooch the dear old thing wears!" (he kissed her hand whilst so apostrophizing her.) "Tom Newcome never brags about his military achievements, he is the most modest as well as the bravest man in the world. What if I were to tell you that he cut that brooch from the throat of an Indian rajah? He's man enough to do it." ("He is! he is!" from all parts of the crowd). "What, you want to take the horses out, do you?" (to the crowd, who were removing those quadrupeds.) "I ain't agoing to prevent you; I expected as much of you. Men of Newcome, I expected as much of you, for I know you! Sit still, old lady; don't be frightened, ma'am, they are only going to pull you to the 'King's Arms,' and show you to the Colonel."

This, indeed, was the direction in which the mob (whether inflamed by spontaneous enthusiasm, or excited by cunning agents placed amongst the populace by F. B., I cannot say,) now took the barouche and its three occupants. With a myriad roar and shout the carriage was dragged up in front of the "King's Arms," from the balconies of which a most satisfactory account of the polling was already placarded. The extra noise and shouting brought out the Colonel, who looked at first with curiosity at the advancing procession, and then, as he caught sight of Sarah Mason, with a blush and a bow of his kind old head.

"Look at him, boys!" cried the enraptured F. B., pointing up to the old man. "Look at him; the dear old boy! Isn't he an old

rump? which will you have for your Member, Barnes Newcome or Old Tom?"

And as might be supposed, an immense shout of "Old Tom!" rose from the multitude; in the midst of which, blushing and bowing still, the Colonel went back to his committee-room: and the bands played "See the Conquering Hero" louder than ever; and poor Barnes in the course of his duty having to come out upon his balcony at the "Roebuck" opposite, was saluted with a yell as vociferous as the cheer for the Colonel had been; and old Mrs. Mason asked what the noise was about; and after making several vain efforts, in dumb show, to the crowd, Barnes slunk back into his hole again as pale as the turnip which was flung at his head; and the horses were brought, and Mrs. Mason driven home; and the day of election came to an end.

Reasons of personal gratitude, as we have stated already, prevented his Highness the Prince de Montcontour from taking a part in this family contest. His brethren of the House of Higg, however, very much to Florac's gratification, gave their second votes to Colonel Newcome, carrying with them a very great number of electors: we know that in the present Parliament, Mr. Higg and Mr. Bunce sit for the Borough of Newcome. Having had monetary transactions with Sir Barnes Newcome, and entered largely into railway speculations with him, the Messrs. Higg had found reason to quarrel with the Baronet; accuse him of sharp practices to the present day, and have long stories to tell which do not concern us about Sir Barnes's stratagems, grasping, and extortion. They and their following, deserting Sir Barnes, whom they had supported in previous elections, voted for the Colonel, although some of the opinions of that gentleman were rather too extreme for such sober persons.

Not exactly knowing what his politics were when he commenced the canvass, I can't say to what opinions the poor Colonel did not find himself committed by the time when the election was over. The worthy gentleman felt himself not a little humiliated by what he had to say and to unsay, by having to answer questions, to submit to familiarities, to shake hands, which, to say truth, he did not care for grasping at all. His habits were aristocratic; his education had been military; the kindest and simplest soul alive, he yet disliked all familiarity, and expected from common people the sort of deference which he had received from his men in the regiment. The contest saddened

and mortified him; he felt that he was using wrong means to obtain an end that perhaps was not right (for so his secret conscience must have told him); he was derogating from his own honour in tampering with political opinions, submitting to familiarities, condescending to stand by whilst his agents solicited vulgar suffrages or uttered clap-traps about retrenchment and reform. "I felt I was wrong," he said to me in after days, "though *I* was too proud to own my error in those times, and you and your good wife and my boy were right in protesting against that mad election." Indeed, though we little knew what events were speedily to happen, Laura and I felt very little satisfaction when the result of the Newcome election was made known to us, and we found Sir Barnes Newcome third, and Col. Thomas Newcome second upon the poll.

Ethel was absent with her children at Brighton. She was glad, she wrote, not to have been at home during the election. Mr. and Mrs. C. were at Brighton, too. Ethel had seen Mrs. C. and her child once or twice. It was a very fine child. "My brother came down to us," she wrote, "after all was over. He is furious against M. de Montcontour, who, he says, persuaded the Whigs to vote against him, and turned the election."

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

E shall say no more regarding Thomas Newcome's political doings; his speeches against Barnes, and the Baronet's replies. The nephew was beaten by his stout old uncle.

In due time the *Gazette* announced that Thomas Newcome, Esq., was returned as one of the Members Parliament for the borough of Newcome; and after triumphant ners, speeches, and rejoicings, the Member came back to his ily in London, and to his affairs in that city.

The good Colonel appeared to be by no means elated by his tory. He would not allow that he was wrong in engaging in that ily war, of which we have just seen the issue; though it may be t his secret remorse on this account in part occasioned his disquiet. t there were other reasons, which his family not long afterwards ne to understand, for the gloom and low spirits which now ressed the head of their home.

It was observed (that is, if simple little Rosey took the trouble to erve,) that the entertainments at the Colonel's mansion were re frequent and splendid even than before; the silver cocoa-nut was constantly in requisition, and around it were assembled ny new guests, who had not formerly been used to sit under those nches. Mr. Sherrick and his wife appeared at those parties, at ch the proprietor of Lady Whittlesea's chapel made himself fectly familiar. Sherrick cut jokes with the master of the house,

which the latter received with a very grave acquiescence; he ordered the servants about, addressing the butler as "Old Corkscrew," and bidding the footman, whom he loved to call by his Christian-name, to "look alive." He called the Colonel "Newcome" sometimes, and facetiously speculated upon the degree of relationship subsisting between them now that his daughter was married to Clive's uncle, the Colonel's brother-in-law. Though I dare say Clive did not much relish receiving news of his aunt, Sherrick was sure to bring such intelligence when it reached him; and announced, in due time, the birth of a little cousin at Bogglywallah, whom the fond parents designed to name "Thomas Newcome Honeyman."

A dreadful panic and ghastly terror seized poor Clive on an occasion which he described to me afterwards. Going out from home one day with his father, he beheld a wine-merchant's cart, from which hampers were carried down the area gate into the lower regions of Colonel Newcome's house. "Sherrick & Co., Wine-Merchants, Walpole Street," was painted upon the vehicle.

"Good heavens! sir, do you get your wine from *him?*" Clive cried out to his father, remembering Honeyman's provisions in early times. The Colonel, looking very gloomy and turning red, said, "Yes, he bought wine from Sherrick, who had been very good-natured and serviceable; and who—and who, you know, is our connexion now." When informed of the circumstance by Clive, I too, as I confess, thought the incident alarming.

Then Clive, with a laugh, told me of a grand battle which had taken place in consequence of Mrs. Mackenzie's behaviour to the wine-merchant's wife. The Campaigner had treated this very kind and harmless, but vulgar woman, with extreme *hauteur*—had talked loud during her singing—the beauty of which, to say truth, time had considerably impaired—had made contemptuous observations regarding her upon more than one occasion. At length the Colonel broke out in great wrath against Mrs. Mackenzie—bade her to respect that lady as one of his guests—and, if she did not like the company which assembled at his house, hinted to her that there were many thousand other houses in London where she could find a lodging. For the sake of her child, and her adored grandchild, the Campaigner took no notice of this hint; and declined to remove from the quarter which she had occupied ever since she had become a grandmamma.

I myself dined once or twice with my old friends, under the shadow of the pickle-bearing cocoa-nut tree; and could not but remark a change of personages in the society assembled. The manager of the City branch of the B. B. C. was always present—an ominous-looking man, whose whispers and compliments seemed to make poor Clive, at his end of the table, very melancholy. With the City manager came the City manager's friends, whose jokes passed gaily round, and who kept the conversation to themselves. Once I had the happiness to meet Mr. Ratray, who had returned, filled with rupees from the Indian Bank; who told us many anecdotes of the splendour of Rummun Loll at Calcutta, who complimented the Colonel on his fine house and grand dinners with sinister good-humour. Those compliments did not seem to please our poor friend; that familiarity choked him. A brisk little chattering attorney, very intimate with Sherrick, with a wife of dubious gentility, was another constant guest. He enlivened the table by his jokes, and recounted choice stories about the aristocracy, with certain members of whom the little man seemed very familiar. He knew to a shilling how much this lord owed—and how much the creditors allowed to that marquis. He had been concerned with such and such a nobleman, who was now in the Queen's Bench. He spoke of their lordships affably and without their titles—calling upon "Louisa my dear," his wife, to testify to the day when Viscount Tagrag dined with them, and Earl Bareacres sent them the pheasants. F. B., as sombre and downcast as his hosts now seemed to be, informed me demurely that the attorney was a member of one of the most eminent firms in the City—that he had been engaged in procuring the Colonel's parliamentary title for him—and in various important matters appertaining to the B. B. C.; but my knowledge of the world and the law was sufficient to make me aware that this gentleman belonged to a well-known firm of money-lending solicitors, and I trembled to see such a person in the home of our good Colonel. Where were the generals and the judges? Where were the fogeys and their respectable ladies? Stupid they were, and dull their company, but better a stalled ox in their society, than Mr. Campion's jokes over Mr. Sherrick's wines.

After the little rebuke administered by Colonel Newcome, Mrs. Mackenzie abstained from overt hostilities against any guests of her daughter's father-in-law; and contented herself by assuming

grand and princess-like airs in the company of the new ladies. They flattered her and poor little Rosey intensely. The latter liked their company no doubt. To a man of the world looking on, who has seen the men and morals of many cities, it was curious, almost pathetic, to watch that poor little innocent creature fresh and smiling, attired in bright colours and a thousand gewgaws, simpering in the midst of these darkling people—practising her little arts and coquetries, with such a court round about her. An unconscious little maid, with rich and rare gems sparkling on all her fingers, and bright gold rings as many as belonged to the late Old Woman of Banbury Cross—still she smiled and prattled innocently before these banditti—I thought of Zerlina and the Brigands, in "Fra Diavolo."

Walking away with F. B. from one of these parties of the Colonel's, and seriously alarmed at what I had observed there, I demanded of Bayham whether my conjectures were not correct, that some misfortune overhung our old friend's house? At first Bayham denied stoutly or pretended ignorance; but at length, having reached the "Haunt" together, which I had not visited since I was a married man, we entered that place of entertainment, and were greeted by its old landlady and waitress, and accommodated with a quiet parlour. And here F. B., after groaning—after sighing—after solacing himself with a prodigious quantity of bitter beer—fairly burst out, and, with tears in his eyes, made a full and sad confession respecting this unlucky Bundlecund Banking Company. The shares had been going lower and lower, so that there was no sale now for them at all. To meet the liabilities the directors must have undergone the greatest sacrifices. He did not know—he did not like to think what the Colonel's personal losses were. The respectable solicitors of the Company had retired long since, after having secured payment of a most respectable bill, and had given place to the firm of dubious law-agents of whom I had that evening seen a partner. How the retiring partners from India had been allowed to withdraw, and to bring fortunes along with them, was a mystery to Mr. Frederick Bayham. The great Indian millionnaire was in his, F. B.'s eyes, "a confounded old mahogany-coloured heathen humbug." These fine parties which the Colonel was giving, and that fine carriage which was always flaunting about the Park with poor Mrs. Clive and the Campaigner, and the nurse and the baby, were, in F. B.'s opinion, all decoys and shams. He did not mean to say that the

meals were not paid, and that the Colonel had to plunder for his horses' corn; but he knew that Sherrick, and the attorney, and the manager, insisted upon the necessity of giving these parties, and keeping up this state and grandeur, and opined that it was at the special instance of these advisers that the Colonel had contested the borough for which he was now returned. "Do you know how much that contest cost?" asks F. B. "The sum, sir, was awful! and we have ever so much of it to pay. I came up twice from Newcome myself to Campion and Sherrick about it. I betray no secrets—F. B., sir, would die a thousand deaths before he would tell the secrets of his benefactor!—But, Pendennis, you understand a thing or two. You know what o'clock it is, and so does yours truly, F. B., who drinks your health. *I* know the taste of Sherrick's wine well enough. F. B., sir, fears the Greeks and all the gifts they bring. Confound his Amontillado! I had rather drink this honest malt and hops all my life than ever see a drop of his abominable golden sherry. Golden? F. B. believes it *is* golden—and a precious deal dearer than gold too"—and herewith, ringing the bell, my friend asked for a second pint of the just-named and cheaper fluid.

I have of late had to recount portions of my dear old friend's history which must needs be told, and over which the writer does not like to dwell. If Thomas Newcome's opulence was unpleasant to describe, and to contrast with the bright goodness and simplicity I remembered in former days, how much more painful is that part of his story to which we are now come perforce, and which the acute reader of novels has, no doubt, long foreseen? Yes, sir or madam, you are quite right in the opinion which you have held all along regarding that Bundlecund Banking Company, in which our Colonel has invested every rupee he possesses, *Solvuntur rupees*, &c. I disdain, for the most part, the tricks and surprises of the novelist's art. Knowing, from the very beginning of our story, what was the issue of this Bundlecund Banking concern, I have scarce had patience to keep my counsel about it; and whenever I have had occasion to mention the company, have scarcely been able to refrain from breaking out into fierce diatribes against that complicated, enormous, outrageous swindle. It was one of many similar cheats which have been successfully practised upon the simple folks, civilian and military, who toil and struggle—who fight with sun and enemy—who pass years of long exile and gallant endurance in the service of our

empire in India. Agency-houses after agency-houses have been established, and have flourished in splendour and magnificence, and have paid fabulous dividends—and have enormously enriched two or three wary speculators—and then have burst in bankruptcy, involving widows, orphans, and countless simple people who trusted their all to the keeping of these unworthy treasurers.

The failure of the Bundlecund Bank which we now have to record, was one only of many similar schemes ending in ruin. About the time when Thomas Newcome was chaired as Member of Parliament for the borough of which he bore the name, the great Indian merchant who was at the head of the Bundlecund Banking Company's affairs at Calcutta, suddenly died of cholera at his palace at Barrackpore. He had been giving of late a series of the most splendid banquets with which Indian prince ever entertained a Calcutta society. The greatest and proudest personages of that aristocratic city had attended his feasts. The fairest Calcutta beauties had danced in his halls. Did not poor F. B. transfer from the columns of the *Bengal Hurkaru* to the *Pall Mall Gazette* the most astounding descriptions of those Asiatic Nights' Entertainments, of which the very grandest was to come off on the night when cholera seized Rummun Loll in its grip? There was to have been a masquerade outvying all European masquerades in splendour. The two rival queens of the Calcutta society were to have appeared each with her court around her. Young civilians at the college, and young ensigns fresh landed, had gone into awful expenses and borrowed money at fearful interest from the B. B. C. and other banking companies, in order to appear with befitting splendour as knights and noblemen of Henrietta Maria's Court (Henrietta Maria, wife of Hastings Hicks, Esq., Sudder Dewanee Adawlut), or as princes and warriors surrounding the palanquin of Lallah Rookh (the lovely wife of Hon. Cornwallis Bobus, Member of Council): all these splendours were there. As carriage after carriage drove up from Calcutta, they were met at Rummun Loll's gate by ghastly weeping servants, who announced their master's decease.

On the next day the Bank at Calcutta was closed, and the day after, when heavy bills were presented which must be paid, although by this time Rummun Loll was not only dead but buried, and his widows howling over his grave, it was announced throughout Calcutta that but 800 rupees were left in the treasury of the B. B. C. to

meet engagements to the amount of four lakhs then immediately due, and sixty days afterwards the shutters were closed at No. 175, Lothbury, the London offices of the B. B. C. of India, and 35,000*l.* worth of their bills refused by their agents, Messrs. Baines, Jolly & Co., of Fog Court.

When the accounts of that ghastly bankruptcy arrived from Calcutta, it was found, of course, that the merchant prince Rummun Loll owed the B. B. C. twenty-five lakhs of rupees, the value of which was scarcely even represented by his respectable signature. It was found that one of the auditors of the bank, the generally esteemed Charley Condor (a capital fellow, famous for his good dinners and for playing low-comedy characters at the Chowringhee Theatre,) was indebted to the bank in 90,000*l.*; and also it was discovered that the revered Baptist Bellman, Chief Registrar of the Calcutta Tape and Sealing-Wax Office (a most valuable and powerful amateur preacher who had converted two natives, and whose serious soirées were thronged at Calcutta,) had helped himself to 73,000*l.* more, for which he settled in the Bankruptcy Court before he resumed his duties in his own. In justice to Mr. Bellman, it must be said that he could have had no idea of the catastrophe impending over the B. B. C. For only three weeks before that great bank closed its doors, Mr. Bellman, as guardian of the children of his widowed sister, Mrs. Colonel Green, had sold the whole of the late Colonel's property out of Company's paper and invested it in the bank, which gave a high interest, and with bills of which drawn upon their London correspondents he had accommodated Mrs. Colonel Green when she took her departure for Europe with her numerous little family on board the "Burrumpooter."

And now you have the explanation of the title of this chapter, and know wherefore Thomas Newcome never sat in Parliament. Where are our dear old friends now? Where are Rosey's chariots and horses? Where her jewels and gewgaws? Bills are up in the fine new house. Swarms of Hebrew gentlemen with their hats on are walking about the drawing-rooms, peering into the bed-rooms, weighing and poising the poor old silver cocoa-nut tree, eyeing the plate and crystal, thumbing the damask of the curtains, and inspecting ottomans, mirrors, and a hundred articles of splendid trumpery. There is Rosey's boudoir which her father-in-law loved to ornament —there is Clive's studio with a hundred sketches—there is the

Colonel's bare room at the top of the house, with his little iron bedstead and ship's drawers, and a camel trunk or two which have accompanied him on many an Indian march, and his old regulation sword, and that one which the native officers of his regiment gave him when he bade them farewell. I can fancy the brokers' faces as they look over this camp wardrobe, and that the uniforms will not fetch much in Holywell Street. There is the old one still, and that new one which he ordered and wore when poor little Rosey was presented at court. I had not the heart to examine their plunder, and go amongst those wreckers. F. B. used to attend the sale regularly, and report its proceedings to us with eyes full of tears. "A fellow laughed at me," says F. B., "because when I came into the dear old drawing-room I took my hat off. I told him that if he dared say another word I would knock him down." I think F. B. may be pardoned in this instance for emulating the office of auctioneer. Where are you, pretty Rosey, and poor little helpless Baby? Where are you, dear Clive—gallant young friend of my youth? Ah! it is a sad story—a melancholy page to pen! Let us pass it over quickly—I love not to think of my friend in pain.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH MRS. CLIVE NEWCOME'S CARRIAGE IS ORDERED.

ALL the friends of the Newcome family, of course, knew the disaster which had befallen the good Colonel, and I was aware, for my own part, that not only his own, but almost the whole of Rosey Newcome's property was involved in the common ruin. Some proposals of temporary relief were made to our friends from more quarters than one, but were thankfully rejected; and we were led to hope that the Colonel having still his pension secured to him, which the law could not touch, might live comfortably enough in the retirement to which, of course, he would betake himself, when the melancholy proceedings consequent on the bankruptcy were brought to an end. It was shown that he had been egregiously duped in the transaction; that his credulity had cost him and his family a large fortune; that he had given up every penny which belonged to him; that there could not be any sort of stain upon his honest reputation. The judge before whom he appeared, spoke with feeling and regard of the unhappy gentleman; the lawyer who examined him respected the grief and fall of that simple old man. Thomas Newcome took a little room near the court where his affairs and the affairs of the company were adjudged; lived with a frugality which never was difficult to him; and once when perchance I met him in the City, avoided me, with a bow and courtesy that was quite humble, though proud and somehow inexpressibly touching to me. Fred. Bayham was the only person whom he admitted. Fred. always faithfully insisted upon attending him in and out of court. J. J. came to me immediately after he heard of the disaster, eager to place all

his savings at the service of his friends. Laura and I came to London, and were urgent with similar offers. Our good friend declined to see any of us. F. B., again, with tears trickling on his rough cheeks, and a break in his voice, told me he feared that affairs must be very bad indeed, for the Colonel absolutely denied himself a cheroot to smoke. Laura drove to his lodgings and took him a box, which was held up to him as he came to open the door to my wife's knock by our smiling little boy. He patted the child on his golden head and kissed him. My wife wished he would have done as much for her; but he would not—though she owned she kissed his hand. He drew it across his eyes and thanked her in a very calm and stately manner—but he did not invite her within the threshold of his door, saying simply, that such a room was not a fit place to receive a lady, "as you ought to know very well, Mrs. Smith," he said to the landlady, who had accompanied my wife up the stairs. "He will eat scarcely anything," the woman told us; "his meals come down untouched; his candles are burning all night, almost, as he sits poring over his papers." "He was bent—he who used to walk so uprightly," Laura said. He seemed to have grown many years older, and was, indeed, quite a decrepit old man.

"I am glad they have left Clive out of the bankruptcy," the Colonel said to Bayham; it was almost the only time when his voice exhibited any emotion. "It was very kind of them to leave out Clive, poor boy, and I have thanked the lawyers in Court." Those gentlemen, and the judge himself, were very much moved at this act of gratitude. The judge made a very feeling speech to the Colonel when he came up for his certificate. He passed very different comments on the conduct of the Manager of the Bank, when that person appeared for examination. He wished that the law had power to deal with those gentlemen who had come home with large fortunes from India, realized but a few years before the bankruptcy. Those gentlemen had known how to take care of themselves very well, and as for the Manager, is not his wife giving elegant balls at her elegant house at Cheltenham at this very day?

What weighed most upon the Colonel's mind, F. B. imagined, was the thought that he had been the means of inducing many poor friends to embark their money in this luckless speculation. Take J. J.'s money after he had persuaded old Ridley to place 200*l.* in Indian shares! Good God, he and his family should rather perish

than he would touch a farthing of it! Many fierce words were uttered to him by Mrs. Mackenzie, for instance; by her angry son-in-law at Musselburgh — Josey's husband; by Mr. Smee, R.A., and two or three Indian officers, friends of his own, who had entered into the speculation on his recommendation. These rebukes Thomas Newcome bore with an affecting meekness, as his faithful F. B. described to me, striving with many oaths and much loudness to carry off his own emotion. But what moved the Colonel most of all, was a letter which came at this time from Honeyman in India, saying that he was doing well—that of course he knew of his benefactor's misfortune, and that he sent a remittance which, *D. V.*, should be annual, in payment of his debt to the Colonel, and his good sister at Brighton. "On receipt of this letter," said F. B., "the old man was fairly beat —the letter, with the bill in it, dropped out of his hands. He clasped them both together, shaking in every limb, and his head dropped down on his breast as he said, 'I thank my God Almighty for this!' and he sent the cheque off to Mrs. Honeyman by the post that night, sir, every shilling of it; and he passed his old arm under mine; and we went out to Tom's Coffee House, and he ate some dinner for the first time for ever so long, and drank a couple of glasses of port wine, and F. B. stood it, sir, and would stand his heart's blood for that dear old boy."

It was on a Monday morning that those melancholy shutters were seen over the offices of the Bundlecund Bank in Lothbury, which were not to come down until the rooms were handed over to some other, and let us trust, more fortunate speculators. The Indian bills had arrived, and been protested in the City on the previous Saturday. The Campaigner and Mrs. Rosey had arranged a little party to the theatre that evening, and the gallant Captain Goby had agreed to quit the delights of the "Flag Club," in order to accompany the ladies. Neither of them knew what was happening in the City, or could account, otherwise than by the common domestic causes, for Clive's gloomy despondency and his father's sad reserve. Clive had not been in the City on this day. He had spent it, as usual, in his studio, *boudé* by his wife, and not disturbed by the mess-room raillery of the Campaigner. They dined early, in order to be in time for the theatre. Goby entertained them with the latest jokes from the smoking-room at the "Flag," and was in his turn amused by the brilliant plans for the

season which Rosey and her mamma sketched out. The entertainments which Mrs. Clive proposed to give, the ball—she was dying for a masked ball—just such a one as that described in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of last week, out of that paper with the droll title, the *Bengal Hurkaru*, which the merchant prince, the head of the bank, you know, in India, had given at Calcutta. "We must have a ball, too," says Mrs. Mackenzie, "society demands it of you." "Of course it does," echoes Captain Goby; and he bethought him of a brilliant circle of young fellows from the "Flag," whom he would bring in splendid uniform to dance with the pretty Mrs. Clive Newcome.

After the dinner, they little knew it was to be their last in that fine house, the ladies retired to give a parting kiss to baby—a parting look to the toilettes, with which they proposed to fascinate the inhabitants of the pit and public boxes at the Olympic. Goby made vigorous play with the claret-bottle during the brief interval of potation allowed to him; he, too, little deeming that he should never drink bumper there again; Clive looking on with the melancholy and silent acquiescence which had, of late, been his part in the household. The carriage was announced—the ladies came down—pretty capotes on—the lovely Campaigner, Goby vowed, looking as young and as handsome as her daughter, by Jove,—and the hall-door was opened to admit the two gentlemen and ladies to their carriage, when, as they were about to step in, a Hansom cab drove up rapidly, in which was perceived Thomas Newcome's anxious face. He got out of the vehicle—his own carriage making way for him—the ladies still on the steps. "Oh, the play! I forgot," said the Colonel.

"Of course we are going to the play, papa," cries little Rosey, with a gay little tap of her hand.

"I think you had best not," Colonel Newcome said gravely.

"Indeed my darling child has set her heart upon it, and I would not have her disappointed for the world in her situation," cries the Campaigner, tossing up her head.

The Colonel for reply bade his coachman drive to the stables, and come for further orders; and, turning to his daughter's guest, expressed to Captain Goby his regret that the proposed party could not take place on that evening, as he had matter of very great importance to communicate to his family. On hearing these news, and understanding that his further company was not desirable, the Captain, a man of great presence of mind, arrested the Hansom

cabman, who was about to take his departure, and who blithely, knowing the Club and its inmates full well, carried off the jolly Captain to finish his evening at the "Flag."

"Has it come, father?" said Clive with a sure prescience, looking in his father's face.

The father took and grasped the hand which his son held out. "Let us go back into the dining-room," he said. They entered it, and he filled himself a glass of wine out of the bottle still standing amidst the dessert. He bade the butler retire, who was lingering about the room and sideboard, and only wanted to know whether his master would have dinner, that was all. And, this gentleman having withdrawn, Colonel Newcome finished his glass of sherry and broke a biscuit; the Campaigner assuming an attitude of surprise and indignation, whilst Rosey had leisure to remark that papa looked very ill, and that something must have happened.

The Colonel took both her hands and drew her towards him and kissed her, whilst Rosey's mamma, flouncing down on a chair, beat a tattoo upon the tablecloth with her fan. "Something has happened, my love," the Colonel said very sadly; "you must show all your strength of mind, for a great misfortune has befallen us."

"Good heavens, Colonel, what is it? don't frighten my beloved child," cries the Campaigner, rushing towards her darling, and enveloping her in her robust arms. "What can have happened? don't agitate this darling child, sir," and she looked indignantly towards the poor Colonel.

"We have received the very worst news from Calcutta—a confirmation of the news by the last mail, Clivy my boy."

"It is no news to me. I have always been expecting it, father," says Clive, holding down his head.

"Expecting what? What have you been keeping back from us? In what have you been deceiving us, Colonel Newcome?" shrieks the Campaigner; and Rosey, crying out, "Oh, mamma, mamma!" begins to whimper.

"The chief of the bank in India is dead," the Colonel went on. "He has left its affairs in worse than disorder. We are, I fear, ruined, Mrs. Mackenzie." And the Colonel went on to tell how the bank could not open on Monday morning, and its bills to a great amount had already been protested in the City that day.

Rosey did not understand half these news, or comprehend the

calamity which was to follow; but Mrs. Mackenzie, rustling in great wrath, made a speech, of which the anger gathered as she proceeded: in which she vowed and protested that her money which the Colonel, she did not know from *what motives*, had induced her to subscribe, should *not* be sacrificed, and that have it she would, the bank shut or not, the next Monday morning—that her daughter had a fortune of her own which her poor dear brother James should have divided, and would have divided much more fairly, had he not been wrongly influenced—she would not say by *whom*, and she commanded Colonel Newcome upon that *instant*, if he was as he always pretended to be, an *honourable* man, to give an account of her blessed darling's property, and to pay back her own, every sixpence of it: she would not lend it for an hour longer. And to see that that dear blessed child now sleeping unconsciously upstairs, and his dear brothers and sisters who might follow—for Rosey was a young woman, a poor innocent creature, too young to be married, and never would have been married had she listened to her mamma's advice—she demanded that baby, and all succeeding babies, should have their *rights*, and should be looked to by their grandmother, if their father's father was so *unkind*, and so *wicked*, and so *unnatural*, as to give their money to rogues and deprive them of their just bread.

Rosey began to cry more loudly than ever during the utterance of mamma's sermon, so loudly that Clive peevishly cried out, "Hold your tongue;" on which the Campaigner, clutching her daughter to her breast again, turned on her son-in-law, and abused him as she had abused his father before him, calling out that they were both in a conspiracy to defraud her child, and the little darling upstairs, of its bread, and she would speak, yes, she would, and no power should prevent her, and her money she would have on Monday, as sure as her poor dear husband, Captain Mackenzie, was dead, and she never would have been *cheated* so, yes, *cheated*, if he had been alive.

At the word "cheated" Clive broke out with an execration—the poor Colonel with a groan of despair—the widow's storm continued, and above that howling tempest of words rose Mrs. Clive's piping scream, who went off into downright hysterics at last, in which she was encouraged by her mother, and in which she gasped out frantic ejaculations regarding baby; dear, darling, ruined baby, and so forth.

The sorrow-stricken Colonel had to quell the women's tongues

and shrill anger, and his son's wrathful replies, who could not bear the weight of Mrs. Mackenzie upon him; and it was not until these three were allayed, that Thomas Newcome was able to continue his sad story, to explain what had happened, and what the actual state of the case was, and to oblige the terror-stricken women at length to hear something like reason.

He then had to tell them, to their dismay, that he would inevitably be declared a bankrupt in the ensuing week; that the whole of his property in that house, as elsewhere, would be seized and sold for the creditors' benefit; and that his daughter had best immediately leave a home where she would be certainly subject to humiliation and annoyance. "I would have Clive, my boy, take you out of the country, and—and return to me when I have need of him, and shall send for him," the father said fondly in reply to a rebellious look in his son's face. "I would have you quit this house as soon as possible. Why not to-night? The law bloodhounds may be upon us ere an hour is over—at this moment for what I know."

At that moment the door-bell was heard to ring, and the women gave a scream apiece, as if the bailiffs were actually coming to take possession. Rosey went off in quite a series of screams, peevishly repressed by her husband, and always encouraged by mamma, who called her son-in-law an unfeeling wretch. It must be confessed that Mrs. Clive Newcome did not exhibit much strength of mind, or comfort her husband much at a moment when he needed consolation.

From angry rebellion and fierce remonstrance, this pair of women now passed to an extreme terror and desire for instantaneous flight. They would go that moment—they would wrap that blessed child up in its shawls—and nurse should take it anywhere—anywhere, poor neglected thing. "My trunks," cries Mrs. Mackenzie, "you know are ready packed—I am sure it is not the treatment which I have received—it is nothing but my *duty* and my *religion*—and the protection which I owe to this blessed unprotected—yes, *unprotected*, and *robbed*, and *cheated*, darling child—which have made me stay a *single day* in this house. I never thought I should have been *robbed* in it, or my darlings with their fine fortunes flung naked on the world. If my Mac was here, you never had dared to have done this, Colonel Newcome—no, never. He had his faults—Mackenzie had—but he would never have robbed his own children! Come away, Rosey my blessed love, come let us pack your things, and let us

go and *hide* our *heads* in sorrow somewhere. Ah! didn't I tell you to beware of all *painters*, and that Clarence was a true gentleman, and loved you with all his heart, and would never have cheated you out of your money, for which I will have justice as sure as there is justice in England."

During this outburst the Colonel sat utterly scared and silent, supporting his poor head between his hands. When the harem had departed he turned sadly to his son. Clive did not believe that his father was a cheat and a rogue. No, thank God! The two men embraced with tender cordiality and almost happy emotion on the one side and the other. Never for one moment could Clive think his dear old father meant wrong, though the speculations were unfortunate in which he had engaged—though Clive had not liked them; it was a relief to his mind that they were now come to an end; they should all be happier now, thank God! those clouds of distrust being removed. Clive felt not one moment's doubt but that they should be able to meet fortune with a brave face; and that happier, much happier days were in store for him than ever they had known since the period of this confounded prosperity.

"Here's a good end to it," says Clive with flashing eyes and a flushed face, "and here's a good health till to-morrow, father!" and he filled into two glasses the wine still remaining in the flask. "Good-by to our fortune, and bad luck go with her—I puff the prostitute away—*Si celeres quatit pennas*, you remember what we used to say at Grey Friars—*resigno quæ dedit, et mea virtute me involvo, probamque pauperiem sine dote quæro.*" And he pledged his father, who drank his wine, his hand shaking as he raised the glass to his lips, and his kind voice trembling as he uttered the well-known old school words, with an emotion that was as sacred as a prayer. Once more, and with hearts full of love, the two men embraced. Clive's voice would tremble now if he told the story as it did when he spoke to me in happier times, one calm summer evening when we sat together and talked of dear old days.

Thomas Newcome explained to his son the plan which, to his mind, as he came away from the City after the day's misfortunes, he thought it was best to pursue. The women and the child were clearly best out of the way. "And you too, my boy, must be on duty with them until I send for you, which I will do if your presence can be of the least service to me, or is called for by—by—our

honour," said the old man with a drop in his voice. "You must obey me in this, dear Clive, as you have done in everything, and been a good and dear, and obedient son to me. God pardon me for having trusted to my own simple old brains too much, and not to you who know so much better. You will obey me this once more, my boy—you will promise me this?" and the old man as he spoke took Clive's hand in both his, and fondly caressed it.

Then with a shaking hand he took out of his pocket his old purse with the steel rings, which he had worn for many and many a long year. Clive remembered it, and his father's face how it would beam with delight, when he used to take that very purse out in Clive's boyish days and tip him just after he left school. "Here are some notes and some gold," he said. "It is Rosey's, honestly, Clive dear, her half-year's dividend for which you will give an order, please, to Sherrick. He has been very kind and good, Sherrick. All the servants were providentially paid last week—there are only the outstanding week's bills out—we shall manage to meet those I dare say. And you will see that Rosey only takes away such clothes for herself and her baby as are actually necessary, won't you, dear? the plain things you know—none of the fineries—they may be packed in a petara or two, and you will take them with you—but the pomps and vanities, you know, we will leave behind—the pearls and bracelets, and the plate, and all that rubbish—and I will make an inventory of them to-morrow when you are gone and give them up, every rupee's worth, sir, every anna, by Jove, to the creditors."

The darkness had fallen by this time, and the obsequious butler entered to light the dining-room lamps. "You have been a very good and kind servant to us, Martin," says the Colonel, making him a low bow. "I should like to shake you by the hand. We must part company now, and I have no doubt you and your fellow-servants will find good places, all of you, as you merit, Martin—as you merit. Great losses have fallen upon our family—we are ruined, sir—we are ruined! The great Bundlecund Banking Company has stopped payment in India, and our branch here must stop on Monday. Thank my friends downstairs for their kindness to me and my family." Martin bowed in silence with great respect. He and his comrades in the servants' hall had been expecting this catastrophe, quite as long as the Colonel himself, who thought he had kept his affairs so profoundly secret.

Clive went up into his women's apartments, looking with but little regret, I dare say, round those cheerless nuptial chambers with all their gaudy fittings; the fine looking-glasses, in which poor Rosey's little person had been reflected; the silken curtains under which he had lain by the poor child's side, wakeful and lonely. Here he found his child's nurse, and his wife, and his wife's mother, busily engaged with a multiplicity of boxes; with flounces, feathers, fal-lals, and finery which they were stowing away in this trunk and that; while the baby lay on its little pink pillow breathing softly, a little pearly fist placed close to its mouth. The aspect of the tawdry vanities scattered here and there chafed and annoyed the young man. He kicked the robes over with his foot. When Mrs. Mackenzie interposed with loud ejaculations, he sternly bade her to be silent, and not wake the child. His words were not to be questioned when he spoke in that manner. "You will take nothing with you, Rosey, but what is strictly necessary—only two or three of your plainest dresses, and what is required for the boy. What is in this trunk?" Mrs. Mackenzie stepped forward and declared, and the nurse vowed upon her honour, and the lady's-maid asserted really now upon her honour too, that there was nothing but what was most strictly necessary in that trunk, to which affidavits, when Clive applied to his wife, she gave a rather timid assent.

"Where are the keys of that trunk?" Upon Mrs. Mackenzie's exclamation of "What nonsense!" Clive, putting his foot upon the flimsy oil-covered box, vowed he would kick the lid off unless it was instantly opened. Obeying this grim summons, the fluttering women produced the keys, and the black box was opened before him.

The box was found to contain a number of objects which Clive pronounced to be by no means necessary to his wife's and child's existence. Trinket-boxes and favourite little gimcracks, chains, rings, and pearl necklaces, the tiara poor Rosey had worn at Court—the feathers and the gorgeous train which had decorated the little person—all these were found packed away in this one receptacle; and in another box, I am sorry to say, were silver forks and spoons, (the butler wisely judging that the rich and splendid electrotype ware might as well be left behind)—all the silver forks, spoons, and ladles, and our poor old friend the cocoa-nut tree, which these female robbers would have carried out of the premises.

Mr. Clive Newcome burst out into fierce laughter when he saw

the cocoa-nut tree; he laughed so loud that baby awoke, and his mother-in-law called him a brute, and the nurse ran to give its accustomed quietus to the little screaming infant. Rosey's eyes poured forth a torrent of little protests, and she would have cried yet more loudly than the other baby, had not her husband, again fiercely checking her, sworn with a dreadful oath, that unless she told him the whole truth, "By heavens she should leave the house with nothing but what covered her." Even the Campaigner could not make head against Clive's stern resolution; and the incipient insurrection of the maids and the mistresses was quelled by his spirit. The lady's-maid, a flighty creature, received her wages and took her leave: but the nurse could not find it in her heart to quit her little nursling so suddenly, and accompanied Clive's household in the journey upon which those poor folks were bound. What stolen goods were finally discovered when the family reached foreign parts were found in Mrs. Mackenzie's trunks, not in her daughter's: a silver filigree basket, a few teaspoons, baby's gold coral, and a costly crimson velvet-bound copy of the Hon. Miss Grimstone's Church Service, to which articles, having thus appropriated them, Mrs. Mackenzie henceforward laid claim as her own.

So when the packing was done a cab was called to receive the modest trunks of this fugitive family—the coachman was bidden to put his horses to again, and for the last time poor Rosey Newcome sate in her own carriage, to which the Colonel conducted her with his courtly old bow, kissing the baby as it slept once more unconscious in its nurse's embrace, and bestowing a very grave and polite parting salute upon the Campaigner.

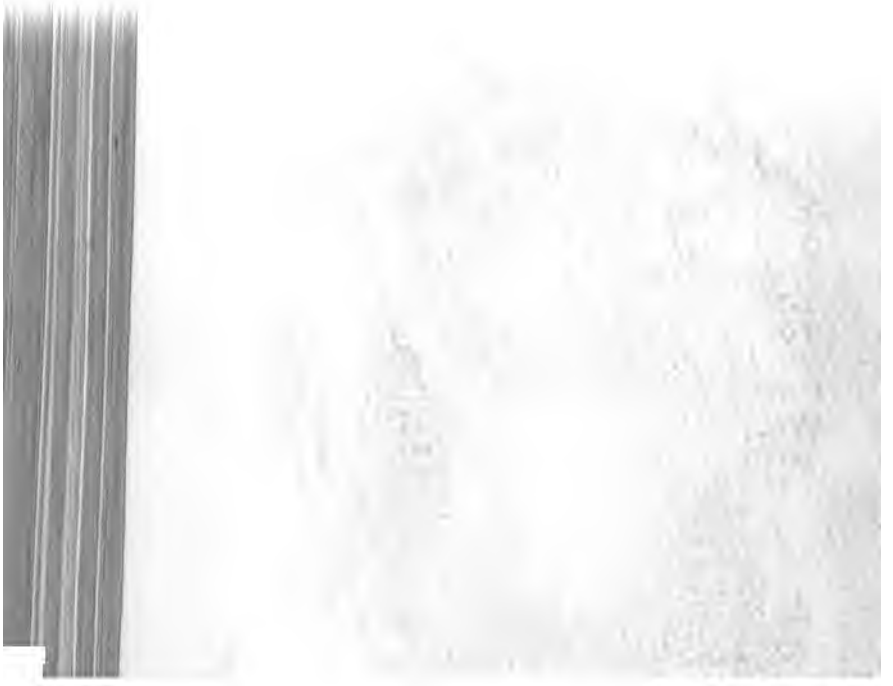
Then Clive and his father entered a cab on which the trunks were borne, and they drove to the Tower Stairs, where the ship lay which was to convey them out of England; and during that journey, no doubt, they talked over their altered prospects, and I am sure Clive's father blessed his son fondly, and committed him and his family to a good God's gracious keeping, and thought of him with sacred love when they had parted, and Thomas Newcome had returned to his lonely house to watch and to think of his ruined fortunes, and to pray that he might have courage under them; that he might bear his own fate honourably; and that a gentle one might be dealt to those beloved beings for whom his life had been sacrificed in vain.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BELISARIUS.

WHEN the sale of Colonel Newcome's effects took place, a friend of the family bought in for a few shillings those two swords which had hung, as we have said, in the good man's chamber, and for which no single broker present had the heart to bid. The head of Clive's father, painted by himself, which had always kept its place in the young man's studio, together with a lot of his oil-sketchings, easels, and painting-apparatus, were purchased by the faithful J. J., who kept them until his friend should return to London and reclaim them, and who showed the most generous solicitude in Clive's behalf. J. J. was elected of the Royal Academy this year, and Clive, it was evident, was working hard at the profession which he had always loved; for he sent over three pictures to the Academy, and I never knew man more mortified than the affectionate J. J., when two of these unlucky pieces were rejected by the committee for the year. One pretty little piece, called "The Stranded Boat," got a fair place on the Exhibition walls, and, you may be sure, was loudly praised by a certain critic in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The picture was sold on the first day of the exhibition at the price of twenty-five pounds, which the artist demanded; and when the kind J. J. wrote to inform his friend of this satisfactory circumstance, and to say that he held the money at Clive's disposal, the latter replied, with many expressions of sincere gratitude, at the

"To be sold."



same time begging him directly to forward the money, with our old friend Thomas Newcome's love, to Mrs. Sarah Mason, at Newcome. But J. J. never informed his friend that he himself was the purchaser of the picture; nor was Clive made acquainted with the fact until some time afterwards, when he found it hanging in Ridley's studio.

I have said that we none of us were aware at this time what was the real state of Colonel Newcome's finances, and hoped that, after giving up every shilling of his property which was confiscated to the creditors of the Bank, he had still, from his retiring pension and military allowances, at least enough reputably to maintain him. On one occasion, having business in the City, I there met Mr. Sherrick. Affairs had been going ill with that gentleman: he had been let in terribly, he informed me, by Lord Levant's insolvency, having had large money transactions with his lordship. "There's none of them so good as old Newcome," Mr. Sherrick said with a sigh. "That was a good one—that was an honest man if ever I saw one—with no more guile, and no more idea of business than a baby. Why didn't he take my advice, poor old cove?—he might be comfortable now. Why did he sell away that annuity, Mr. Pendennis? I got it done for him when nobody else perhaps could have got it done for him—for the security ain't worth twopence if Newcome wasn't an honest man;—but I know he is, and would rather starve and eat the nails off his fingers than not keep to his word, the old trump. And when he came to me, a good two months before the smash of the Bank, which I knew it, sir, and saw that it must come—when he came and raised three thousand pounds to meet them d—d electioneering bills, having to pay lawyers, commission, premium, life-insurance—*you* know the whole game, Mr. P.—I as good as went down on my knees to him—I did—at the North and South American Coffee-house, where he was to meet the party about the money, and said, 'Colonel, don't raise it—I tell you, let it stand over—let it go in along with the bankruptcy that's a-coming—but he wouldn't, sir—he went on like an old Bengal tiger, roaring about his honour; he paid the bills every shilling—infernal long bills they were—and it's my belief that, at this minute, he ain't got fifty pounds a year of his own to spend. I would send him back my commission—I would by Jove—only times is so bad, and that rascal Levant has let me in. It went to my heart to take the old cock's money—but it's gone—that and ever

so much more—and Lady Whittlesea's chapel too, Mr. P. Hang that young Levant."

Squeezing my hand after this speech, Sherrick ran across the street after some other capitalist who was entering the Diddlesex Insurance Office, and left me very much grieved and dismayed at finding that my worst fears in regard to Thomas Newcome were confirmed. Should we confer with his wealthy family respecting the Colonel's impoverished condition? Was his brother Hobson Newcome aware of it? As for Sir Barnes, the quarrel between him and his uncle had been too fierce to admit of hopes of relief from that quarter. Barnes had been put to very heavy expenses in the first contested election; had come forward again immediately on his uncle's resignation, but again had been beaten by a more liberal candidate, his quondam former friend, Mr. Higg—who formally declared against Sir Barnes—and who drove him finally out of the representation of Newcome. From this gentleman it was vain of course for Colonel Newcome's friends to expect relief.

How to aid him? He was proud—past work—nearly seventy years old. "Oh, why did those cruel academicians refuse Clive's pictures?" cries Laura. "I have no patience with them—had the pictures been exhibited I know who might have bought them—but that is vain now. He would suspect at once, and send her money away. Oh, Pen! why, why didn't he come when I wrote that letter to Brussels?"

From persons so poorly endowed with money as ourselves, any help, but of the merest temporary nature, was out of the question. We knew our friends too well not to know that they would disdain to receive it. It was agreed between me and Laura that at any rate I should go and see Clive. Our friends indeed were at a very short distance from us, and, having exiled themselves from England, could yet see its coasts from their windows upon any clear day. Boulogne was their present abiding place—refuge of how many thousands of other unfortunate Britons—and to this friendly port I betook myself speedily, having the address of Colonel Newcome. His quarters were in a quiet grass-grown old street of the Old Town. None of the family were at home when I called. There was indeed no servant to answer the bell, but the good-natured French domestic of a neighbouring lodger told me that the young Monsieur went out every day to make his designs, and that I should probably find the

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elder gentleman upon the rampart, where he was in the custom of going every day. I strolled along by those pretty old walks and bastions, under the pleasant trees which shadow them, and the gray old gabled houses from which you look down upon the gay new city, and the busy port, and the piers stretching into the shining sea, dotted with a hundred white sails or black smoking steamers, and bounded by the friendly lines of the bright English shore. There are few prospects more charming than the familiar view from those old French walls—few places where young children may play, and ruminating old age repose more pleasantly than on those peaceful rampart gardens.

I found our dear old friend seated on one of the benches, a newspaper on his knees, and by his side a red-cheeked little French lass, upon whose lap Thomas Newcome the younger lay sleeping. The Colonel's face flushed up when he saw me. As he advanced a step or two towards me I could see that he trembled in his walk. His hair had grown almost quite white. He looked now to be more than his age—he whose carriage last year had been so erect, whose figure had been so straight and manly. I was very much moved at meeting him, and at seeing the sad traces which pain and grief had left in the countenance of the dear old man.

"So you are come to see me, my good young friend," cried the Colonel with a trembling voice. "It is very, very kind of you. Is not this a pretty drawing-room to receive our friends in? We have not many of them now; Boy and I come and sit here for hours every day. Hasn't he grown a fine boy? He can say several words now, sir, and can walk surprisingly well. Soon he will be able to walk with his grandfather, and then Marie will not have the trouble to wait upon either of us." He repeated this sentiment in his pretty old French, and turning with a bow to Marie. The girl said Monsieur knew very well that she did not desire better than to come out with baby; that it was better than staying at home, pardieu; and, the clock striking at this moment, she rose up with her child, crying out that it was time to return, or Madame would scold.

"Mrs. Mackenzie has rather a short temper," the Colonel said with a gentle smile. "Poor thing, she has had a great deal to bear in consequence, Pen, of my imprudence. I am glad you never took shares in our bank. I should not be so glad to see you as I am now, if I had brought losses upon you as I have upon so many of

my friends." I, for my part, trembled to hear that the good old man was under the domination of the Campaigner.

"Bayham sends me the paper regularly; he is a very kind faithful creature. How glad I am that he has got a snug berth in the City! His company really prospers, I am happy to think, unlike some companies you know of, Pen. I have read your two speeches, sir, and Clive and I liked them very much. The poor boy works all day at his pictures. You know he has sold one at the exhibition, which has given us a great deal of heart—and he has completed two or three more—and I am sitting to him now for—what do you think, sir? for Belisarius. Will you give Belisarius and the Obolus a kind word?"

"My dear, dear old friend," I said in great emotion, "if you will do me the kindness to take my Obolus or to use my services in any way, you will give me more pleasure than ever I had from your generous bounties in old days. Look, sir, I wear the watch which you gave me when you went to India. Did you not tell me then to look over Clive and serve him if I could? Can't I serve him now?" and I went on further in this strain, asseverating with great warmth and truth that my wife's affection and my own were most sincere for both of them, and that our pride would be to be able to help such dear friends.

The Colonel said I had a good heart, and my wife had, though—though——he did not finish this sentence, but I could interpret it without need of its completion. My wife and the two ladies of Colonel Newcome's family never could be friends, however much my poor Laura tried to be intimate with these women. Her very efforts at intimacy caused a frigidity and hauteur which Laura could not overcome. Little Rosey and her mother set us down as two aristocratic personages; nor for our parts were we very much disturbed at this opinion of the Campaigner and little Rosey.

I talked with the Colonel for half an hour or more about his affairs, which indeed were very gloomy, and Clive's prospects, of which he strove to present as cheering a view as possible. He was obliged to confirm the news which Sherrick had given me, and to own, in fact, that all his pension was swallowed up by a payment of interest and life-insurance for sums which he had been compelled to borrow. How could he do otherwise than meet his engagements? Thank God, he had Clive's full approval for what he had done—

had communicated the circumstance to his son almost immediately after it took place, and that was a comfort to him—an immense comfort. "For the women are very angry," said the poor Colonel; "you see they do not understand the laws of honour, at least as we understand them: and perhaps I was wrong in hiding the truth as I certainly did from Mrs. Mackenzie, but I acted for the best—I hoped against hope that some chance might turn in our favour. God knows, I had a hard task enough in wearing a cheerful face for months, and in following my little Rosey about to her parties and balls; but poor Mrs. Mackenzie has a right to be angry, only I wish my little girl did not side with her mother so entirely, for the loss of her affection gives me pain."

So it was as I suspected. The Campaigner ruled over this family, and added to all their distresses by her intolerable presence and tyranny. "Why, sir," I ventured to ask, "if, as I gather from you—and I remember," I added with a laugh, "certain battles royal which Clive described to me in old days—if you and the Campai—Mrs. Mackenzie do not agree, why should she continue to live with you, when you would all be so much happier apart?"

"She has a right to live in the house," says the Colonel, "it is I who have no right in it. I am a poor old pensioner, don't you see, subsisting on Rosey's bounty. We live on the hundred a year secured to her at her marriage, and Mrs. Mackenzie has her forty pounds of pension which she adds to the common stock. It is I who have made away with every shilling of Rosey's 17,000*l.*, God help me, and with 1,500*l.* of her mother's. They put their little means together, and they keep us—me and Clive. What can we do for a living? Great God! What can we do? Why, I am so useless that even when my poor boy earned 25*l.* for his picture, I felt we were bound to send it to Sarah Mason, and you may fancy when this came to Mrs. Mackenzie's ears, what a life my boy and I led. I have never spoken of these things to any mortal soul—I even don't speak of them with Clive—but seeing your kind honest face has made me talk—you must pardon my garrulity—I am growing old, Arthur. This poverty and these quarrels have beaten my spirit down——there, I shall talk on this subject no more. I wish, sir, I could ask you to dine with us, but"—and here he smiled—"we must get the leave of the higher powers."

I was determined, in spite of prohibitions and Campaigners, to

see my old friend Clive, and insisted on walking back with the Colonel to his lodgings, at the door of which we met Mrs. Mackenzie and her daughter. Rosey blushed up a little—looked at her mamma—and then greeted me with a hand and a curtsey. The Campaigner also saluted me in a majestic but amicable manner, made no objection even to my entering her apartments and seeing *the condition, to which they were reduced:* this phrase was uttered with particular emphasis and a significant look towards the Colonel, who bowed his meek head, and preceded me into the lodgings, which were in truth very homely, pretty and comfortable. The Campaigner was an excellent manager—restless, bothering, brushing perpetually. Such fugitive gimcracks as they had brought away with them decorated the little salon. Mrs. Mackenzie, who took the entire command, even pressed me to dine and partake, if so fashionable a gentleman would *condescend* to partake of a humble exile's fare. No fare was perhaps very pleasant to me in company with that woman, but I wanted to see my dear old Clive, and gladly accepted his valuable mother-in-law's not disinterested hospitality. She beckoned the Colonel aside; whispered to him, putting something into his hand; on which he took his hat and went away. Then Rosey was dismissed upon some other pretext, and I had the felicity to be left alone with Mrs. Captain Mackenzie.

She instantly improved the occasion; and with great eagerness and volubility entered into her statement of the present affairs and position of this unfortunate family. She described darling Rosey's delicate state, poor thing—nursed with tenderness and in the lap of luxury—brought up with every delicacy and the fondest mother—never knowing in the least how to take care of herself, and likely to fall down and perish unless the kind Campaigner were by to prop and protect her. She was in delicate health—very delicate—ordered cod-liver oil by the doctor. Heaven knows how he could be paid for those expensive medicines out of the pittance to which the *imprudence*—the most culpable and designing *imprudence*, and *extravagance*, and *folly* of Colonel Newcome had reduced them! Looking out from the window as she spoke I saw—we both saw—the dear old gentleman sadly advancing towards the house, a parcel in his hand. Seeing his near approach, and that our interview was likely to come to an end, Mrs. Mackenzie rapidly whispered to me that she knew I had a good heart—that I had been blessed by Providence with a fine fortune,

which I knew how to keep better than *some* folks—and that if, as no doubt was my intention—for with what other but a charitable view could I have come to see them?—"and most generous and noble was it of you to come, and I always thought it of you, Mr. Pendennis, whatever *other* people said to the contrary"—if I proposed to give them relief, which was most needful—and for which a *mother's blessings* would follow me—let it be to her, the Campaigner, that my loan should be confided—for as for the Colonel, he is not fit to be trusted with a shilling, and has already flung away *immense sums* upon some old woman he keeps in the country, leaving his darling Rosey without the actual necessaries of life.

The woman's greed and rapacity—the flattery with which she chose to belabour me at dinner, so choked and disgusted me, that I could hardly swallow the meal, though my poor old friend had been sent out to purchase a pâté from the pastrycook's for my especial refection. Clive was not at the dinner. He seldom returned till late at night on sketching days. Neither his wife nor his mother-in-law seemed much to miss him; and seeing that the Campaigner engrossed the entire share of the conversation, and proposed not to leave me for five minutes alone with the Colonel, I took leave rather speedily of my entertainers, leaving a message for Clive, and a prayer that he would come and see me at my hotel.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH BELISARIUS RETURNS FROM EXILE.

I WAS sitting in the dusk in my room at the Hôtel des Bains, when the visitor for whom I hoped, made his appearance in the person of Clive, with his broad shoulders, and broad hat, and a shaggy beard, which he had thought fit in his quality of painter to assume. Our greeting it need not be said was warm; and our talk, which extended far into the night, very friendly and confidential. If I make my readers confidants in Mr. Clive's private affairs, I ask my friend's pardon for narrating his history in their behoof. The world had gone very ill with my poor Clive, and I do not think that the pecuniary losses which had visited him and his father afflicted him near so sorely as the state of his home. In a pique with the woman he loved, and from that generous weakness which formed part of his character, and which led him to acquiesce in most wishes of his good father, the young man had gratified the darling desire of the Colonel's heart, and taken the wife whom his two old friends brought to him. Rosey, who was also, as we have shown, of a very obedient and ductile nature, had acquiesced gladly enough in her mamma's opinion, that she was in love with the rich and handsome young Clive, and accepted him for better or worse. So undoubtedly would this good child have accepted Captain Hoby her previous adorer, have smilingly promised fidelity to the Captain at church, and have made a very good, happy, and sufficient little wife for that officer,—had not mamma commanded her to jilt him. What wonder that these elders should wish to see their two dear young ones united? They began with suitable age, money, good temper, and parents'

blessings. It is not the first time that with all these excellent helps to prosperity and happiness, a marriage has turned out unfortunately —a pretty, tight ship gone to wreck that set forth on its voyage with cheers from the shore, and every prospect of fair wind and fine weather.

If Clive was gloomy and discontented even when the honeymoon had scarce waned, and he and his family sat at home in state and splendour under the boughs of the famous silver cocoa-nut tree, what was the young man's condition now in poverty, when they had no love along with a scant dinner of herbs; when his mother-in-law grudged each morsel which his poor old father ate—when a vulgar, coarse-minded woman pursued with brutal sarcasm and deadly rancour one of the tenderest and noblest gentlemen in the world—when an ailing wife, always under some one's domination, received him with helpless hysterical cries and reproaches—when a coarse female tyrant, stupid, obstinate, utterly unable to comprehend the son's kindly genius, or the father's gentle spirit, bullied over both, using the intolerable undeniable advantage which her actual wrongs gave her to tyrannise over these two wretched men! He had never heard the last of that money which they had sent to Mrs. Mason, Clive said. When the knowledge of the fact came to the Campaigner's ears, she raised such a storm as almost killed the poor Colonel, and drove his son half mad. She seized the howling infant, vowing that its unnatural father and grandfather were bent upon starving it—she consoled and sent Rosey into hysterics—she took the outlawed parson to whose church they went, and the choice society of bankrupt captains, captains' ladies, fugitive stock-brokers' wives, and dingy frequenters of billiard-rooms, and refugees from the Bench, into her counsels; and in her daily visits amongst these personages, and her walks on the pier, whither she trudged with poor Rosey in her train, Mrs. Mackenzie made known her own wrongs and her daughter's—showed how the Colonel, having robbed and cheated them previously, was now living upon them, insomuch that Mrs. Bolter, the levanting auctioneer's wife, would not make the poor old man a bow when she met him—that Mrs. Captain Kitely, whose husband had lain for seven years past in Boulogne gaol, ordered her son to cut Clive; and when, the child being sick, the poor old Colonel went for arrowroot to the chemist's, young Snooks, the apothecary's assistant, refused to allow him to take the powder away without previously depositing the money.

He had no money, Thomas Newcome. He gave up every farthing. After having impoverished all around him, he had no right, he said, to touch a sixpence of the wretched pittance remaining to them—he had even given up his cigar, the poor old man, the companion and comforter of forty years. He was "not fit to be trusted with money," Mrs. Mackenzie said, and the good man owned, as he ate his scanty crust, and bowed his noble old head in silence under that cowardly persecution.

And this, at the end of threescore and seven or eight years, was to be the close of a life which had been spent in freedom and splendour, and kindness and honour; this the reward of a noble heart—the tomb and prison of a gallant warrior who had ridden in twenty battles—whose course through life had been a bounty wherever it had passed—whose name had been followed by blessings, and whose career was to end here—here—in a mean room, in a mean alley of a foreign town—a low furious woman standing over him and stabbing the kind defenceless breast with killing insult and daily outrage!

As we sat together in the dark, Clive told me this wretched story, which was wrung from him with a passionate emotion that I could not but keenly share. He wondered the old man lived, Clive said. Some of the women's taunts and jibes, as he could see, struck his father so that he gasped and started back as if some one had lashed him with a whip. "He would make away with himself," said poor Clive, "but he deems this is his punishment, and that he must bear it as long as it pleases God. He does not care for his own losses, as far as they concern himself; but these reproaches of Mrs. Mackenzie, and some things which were said to him in the Bankruptcy Court, by one or two widows of old friends, who were induced through his representations to take shares in that infernal bank, have affected him dreadfully. I hear him lying awake and groaning at night, God bless him. Great God! what can I do—what can I do?" burst out the young man in a dreadful paroxysm of grief. "I have tried to get lessons—I went to London on the deck of a steamer, and took a lot of drawings with me—tried picture-dealers—pawnbrokers—Jews—Moss, whom you may remember at Gandish's, and who gave me, for forty-two drawings, 18*l.* I brought the money back to Boulogne. It was enough to pay the doctor, and bury our last poor little dead baby. *Tenez*, Pen, you must give me some supper, I have had nothing all day but a *pain de deux sous*, I can't stand it at home.—My heart's almost broken—you

must give me some money, Pen, old boy. I know you will. I thought of writing to you, but I wanted to support myself, you see. When I went to London with the drawings I tried George's chambers, but he was in the country. I saw Crackthorpe on the street, in Oxford Street, but I could not face him, and bolted down Hanway Yard. I tried, and I could not ask him, and I got the 18*l.* from Moss that day, and came home with it."

Give him money? of course I will give him money—my dear old friend! And, as an alternative and a wholesome shock to check that burst of passion and grief in which the poor fellow indulged, I thought fit to break into a very fierce and angry invective on my own part, which served to disguise the extreme feeling of pain and pity that I did not somehow choose to exhibit. I rated Clive soundly, and taxed him with unfriendliness and ingratitude for not having sooner applied to friends who would think shame of themselves whilst he was in need. Whatever he wanted was his as much as mine. I could not understand how the necessity of the family should, in truth, be so extreme as he described it, for after all many a poor family lived upon very much less; but I uttered none of these objections, checking them with the thought that Clive, on his first arrival at Boulogne, entirely ignorant of the practice of economy, might have imprudently engaged in expenses which had reduced him to this present destitution.*

I took the liberty of asking about debts, and of these Clive gave me to understand there were none—at least none of his, or his father's, contracting. "If we were too proud to borrow, and I think we were wrong, Pen, my dear old boy—I think we were wrong now—at least, we were too proud to owe. My colourman takes his bill out in drawings, and I think owes me a trifle. He got me some lessons at fifty sous a ticket—a pound the ten—from an economical swell who has taken a château here, and has two flunkeys in livery. He has four daughters, who take advantage of the lessons, and screws ten per cent. upon the poor colourman's pencils and drawing-paper. It's pleasant work to give the lessons to the children; and to be patronized by the swell; and not expensive to him, is it, Pen? But I don't mind that, if I could but get lessons enough: for, you see,

* I did not know at the time that Mrs. Mackenzie had taken entire superintendence of the family treasury—and that this exemplary woman was putting away, as she had done previously, sundry little sums to meet rainy days.

besides our expenses here, we must have some more money, and the dear old governor would die outright if poor old Sarah Mason did not get her 50*l.* a year.

And now there arrived a plentiful supper, and a bottle of good wine, of which the giver was not sorry to partake after the meagre dinner at three o'clock, to which I had been invited by the Campaigner; and it was midnight when I walked back with my friend to his house in the upper town; and all the stars of heaven were shining cheerily; and my dear Clive's face wore an expression of happiness, such as I remembered in old days, as we shook hands and parted with a "God bless you."

To Clive's friend, revolving these things in his mind, as he lay in one of those most snug and comfortable beds at the excellent "Hôtel des Bains," it appeared that this town of Boulogne was a very bad market for the artist's talents; and that he had best bring them to London, where a score of old friends would assuredly be ready to help him. And if the Colonel, too, could be got away from the domination of the Campaigner, I felt certain that the dear old gentleman could but profit by his leave of absence. My wife and I at this time inhabited a spacious old house in Queen's Square, Westminster, where there was plenty of room for father and son. I knew that Laura would be delighted to welcome these guests—may the wife of every worthy gentleman who reads these pages be as ready to receive her husband's friends. It was the state of Rosey's health, and the Campaigner's authority and permission, about which I was in doubt, and whether this lady's two slaves would be allowed to go away.

These cogitations kept the present biographer long awake, and he did not breakfast next day until an hour before noon. I had the coffee-room to myself by chance, and my meal was not yet ended when the waiter announced a lady to visit Mr. Pendennis, and Mrs. Mackenzie made her appearance. No signs of care or poverty were visible in the attire or countenance of the buxom widow. A handsome bonnet decorated within with a profusion of poppies, blue-bells, and ears of corn; a jewel on her forehead, not costly, but splendid in appearance, and glittering artfully over that central spot from which her wavy chestnut hair parted to cluster in ringlets round her ample cheeks; a handsome India shawl, smart gloves, a rich silk dress, a neat parasol of blue with pale yellow lining, a multiplicity of glittering rings, and a very splendid gold watch and chain, which I

remembered in former days as hanging round poor Rosey's white neck;—all these adornments set off the widow's person, so that you might have thought her a wealthy capitalist's lady, and never could have supposed that she was a poor, cheated, ruined, robbed, unfortunate Campaigner.

Nothing could be more gracious than the *accueil* of this lady. She paid me many handsome compliments about my literary works —asked most affectionately for dear Mrs. Pendennis and the dear children—and then, as I expected, coming to business, contrasted the happiness and genteel position of my wife and family with the misery and wrongs of her own blessed child and grandson. She never could call that child by the odious name which he received at his baptism. *I* knew what bitter reasons she had to dislike the name of Thomas Newcome.

She again rapidly enumerated the wrongs she had received at the hands of that gentleman; mentioned the vast sums of money out of which she and her soul's darling had been tricked by that poor muddle-headed creature, to say no worse of him; and described finally their present pressing need. The doctors, the burial, Rosey's delicate condition, the cost of sweetbreads, calf's-foot jelly, and cod-liver oil, were again passed in a rapid calculation before me; and she ended her speech by expressing her gratification that I had attended to her advice of the previous day, and not given Clive Newcome a direct loan; that the family wanted it, the Campaigner called upon heaven to witness; that Clive and his absurd poor father would fling guineas out of the window was a fact equally certain; the rest of the argument was obvious, namely, that Mr. Pendennis should administer a donation to herself.

I had brought but a small sum of money in my pocket-book, though Mrs. Mackenzie, intimate with bankers, and having, thank heaven, in spite of all her misfortunes, the utmost confidence of *all* her tradesmen, hinted a perfect willingness on her part to accept an order upon her friends, Hobson Brothers of London.

This direct thrust I gently and smilingly parried by asking Mrs. Mackenzie whether she supposed a gentleman who had just paid an electioneering bill, and had, at the best of times, but a very small income, might sometimes not be in a condition to draw satisfactorily upon Messrs. Hobson or any other banker? Her countenance fell at this remark, nor was her cheerfulness much improved

by the tender of one of the two bank-notes which then happened to be in my possession. I said that I had a use for the remaining note, and that it would not be more than sufficient to pay my hotel bill, and the expenses of my party back to London.

My party? I had here to divulge, with some little trepidation, the plan which I had been making overnight; to explain how I thought that Clive's great talents were wasted at Boulogne, and could only find a proper market in London; how I was pretty certain, through my connection with booksellers, to find some advantageous employment for him, and would have done so months ago had I known the state of the case; but I had believed, until within a very few days since, that the Colonel, in spite of his bankruptcy, was still in the enjoyment of considerable military pensions.

This statement, of course, elicited from the widow a number of remarks not complimentary to my dear old Colonel. He might have kept his pensions had he not been a fool—he was a baby about money matters—misled himself and everybody—was a log in the house, &c. &c. &c.

I suggested that his annuities might possibly be put into some more satisfactory shape—that I had trustworthy lawyers with whom I would put him in communication—that he had best come to London to see to these matters—and that my wife had a large house where she would most gladly entertain the two gentlemen.

This I said with some reasonable dread—fearing, in the first place, her refusal; in the second, her acceptance of the invitation, with a proposal, as our house was large, to come herself and inhabit it for a while. Had I not seen that Campaigner arrive for a month at poor James Binnie's house in Fitzroy Square, and stay there for many years? Was I not aware that when she once set her foot in a gentleman's establishment, terrific battles must ensue before she could be dislodged? Had she not once been routed by Clive? and was she not now in command and possession? Do I not, finally, know something of the world; and have I not a weak, easy temper? I protest it was with terror that I awaited the widow's possible answer to my proposal.

To my great relief, she expressed the utmost approval of both my plans. I was uncommonly kind, she was sure, to interest myself about the two gentlemen, and for her blessed Rosey's sake, a fond mother thanked me. It was most advisable that Clive should earn

some money by that horrid profession which he had chosen to adopt —*trade, she* called it. She was clearly anxious to get rid both of father and son, and agreed that the sooner they went the better.

We walked back arm-in-arm to the Colonel's quarters in the Old Town, Mrs. Mackenzie, in the course of our walk, doing me the honour to introduce me by name to several dingy acquaintances whom we met sauntering up the street, and imparting to me, as each moved away, the pecuniary cause of his temporary residence in Boulogne. Spite of Rosey's delicate state of health, Mrs. Mackenzie did not hesitate to break the news to her of the gentlemen's probable departure, abruptly and eagerly, as if the intelligence was likely to please her:—and it did, rather than otherwise. The young woman, being in the habit of letting mamma judge for her, continued it in this instance; and whether her husband stayed or went, seemed to be equally content or apathetic. "And is it not most kind and generous of dear Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis to propose to receive Mr. Newcome and the Colonel?" This opportunity for gratitude being pointed out to Rosey, she acquiesced in it straightway—it was very kind of me, Rosey was sure. "And don't you ask after dear Mrs. Pendennis and the dear children—you poor dear suffering darling child?" Rosey, who had neglected this inquiry, immediately hoped Mrs. Pendennis and the children were well. The overpowering mother had taken utter possession of this poor little thing. Rosey's eyes followed the Campaigner about, and appealed to her at all moments. She sat under Mrs. Mackenzie as a bird before a boa-constrictor, doomed—fluttering—fascinated; scared and fawning as a whipt spaniel before a keeper.

The Colonel was on his accustomed bench on the rampart at this sunny hour. I repaired thither, and found the old gentleman seated by his grandson, who lay, as yesterday, on the little bonne's lap, one of his little purple hands closed round the grandfather's finger. "Hush!" says the good man, lifting up his other finger to his mustachio, as I approached, "Boy's asleep. Il est bien joli quand il dort—le Boy, n'est-ce pas, Marie?" The maid believed Monsieur well—the boy was a little angel. "This maid is a most trustworthy, valuable person, Pendennis," the Colonel said, with much gravity.

The boa-constrictor had fascinated him too—the lash of that woman at home had cowed that helpless, gentle, noble spirit. As

I looked at the head so upright and manly, now so beautiful and resigned—the year of his past life seemed to pass before me somehow in a flash of thought. I could fancy the accursed tyranny—the dumb acquiescence—the brutal jeer—the helpless remorse—the sleepless nights of pain and recollection—the gentle heart lacerated with deadly stabs—and the impotent hope. I own I burst into a sob at the sight, and thought of the noble suffering creature, and hid my face and turned away.

He sprang up, releasing his hand from the child's, and placing it, the kind shaking hand, on my shoulder. "What is it, Arthur—my dear boy?" he said, looking wistfully in my face. "No bad news from home, my dear? Laura and the children well?"

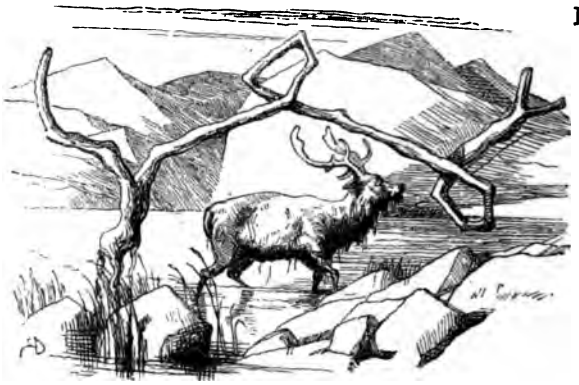
The emotion was mastered in a moment, I put his arm under mine, and as we slowly sauntered up and down the sunny walk of the old rampart, I told him how I had come with special commands from Laura to bring him for awhile to stay with us, and to settle his business, which I was sure had been wofully mismanaged, and to see whether we could not find the means of getting some little out of the wreck of the property for the boy yonder.

At first Colonel Newcome would not hear of quitting Boulogne, where Rosey would miss him—he was sure she would want him—but before the ladies of his family, to whom we presently returned, Thomas Newcome's resolution was quickly recalled. He agreed to go, and Clive coming in at this time was put in possession of our plan and gladly acquiesced in it. On that very evening I came with a carriage to conduct my two friends to the steamboat. Their little packets were made and ready. There was no pretence of grief at parting on the women's side, but Marie, the little maid, with Boy in her arms, cried sadly; and Clive heartily embraced the child; and the Colonel, going back to give it one more kiss, drew out of his neckcloth a little gold brooch which he wore, and which, trembling, he put into Marie's hand, bidding her take good care of Boy till his return.

"She is a good girl—a most faithful, attached girl, Arthur, do you see?" the kind old gentleman said; "and I had no money to give her—no, not one single rupee."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH CLIVE BEGINS THE WORLD.



WE are ending our history, and yet poor Clive is but beginning the world. He has to earn the bread which he eats henceforth; and, as I saw his labours, his trials, and his disappointments, I could not but compare his calling with my own.

The drawbacks and penalties attendant upon our profession are taken into full account, as we well know, by literary men, and their friends. Our poverty, hardships, and disappointments are set forth with great emphasis, and often with too great truth by those who speak of us; but there are advantages belonging to our trade which are passed over, I think, by some of those who exercise it and describe it, and for which, in striking the balance of our accounts, we are not always duly thankful. We have no patron, so to speak—we sit in antechambers no more, waiting the present of a few guineas from my lord, in return for a fulsome dedication. We sell our wares to the book-purveyor, between whom and us there is no greater obligation than between him and his paper-maker or printer. In the great towns in our country immense stores of books are provided for us, with librarians to class them, kind attendants to wait upon us, and comfortable appliances for study. We require scarce any capital wherewith to exercise our trade. What other so-called learned profession is equally fortunate? A doctor, for example, after carefully and

expensively educating himself, must invest in house and furniture, horses, carriage, and men-servants, before the public patient will think of calling him in. I am told that such gentlemen have to coax and wheedle dowagers, to humour hypochondriacs, to practise a score of little subsidiary arts in order to make that of healing profitable. How many many hundreds of pounds has a barrister to sink upon his stock in trade before his returns are available? There are the costly charges of university education—the costly chambers in the Inn of Court—the clerk and his maintenance—the inevitable travels on circuit—certain expenses, all to be defrayed before the possible client makes his appearance, and the chance of fame or competency arrives. The prizes are great, to be sure, in the law, but what a prodigious sum the lottery-ticket costs! If a man of letters cannot win, neither does he risk so much. Let us speak of our trade as we find it, and not be too eager in calling out for public compassion.

The artists, for the most part, do not cry out their woes as loudly as some gentlemen of the literary fraternity, and yet I think the life of many of them is harder; their chances even more precarious, and the conditions of their profession less independent and agreeable than ours. I have watched —— Smee, Esq., R.A., flattering and fawning, and at the same time boasting and swaggering, poor fellow, in order to secure a sitter. I have listened to a Manchester magnate talking about fine arts before one of J. J.'s pictures, assuming the airs of a painter, and laying down the most absurd laws respecting the art. I have seen poor Tomkins bowing a rich amateur through a private view, and noted the eager smiles on Tomkins' face at the amateur's slightest joke, the sickly twinkle of hope in his eyes as amateur stopped before his own picture. I have been ushered by Chipstone's black servant through hall after hall peopled with plaster gods and heroes, into Chipstone's own magnificent studio, where he sat longing vainly for an order, and justly dreading his landlord's call for the rent. And, seeing how severely these gentlemen were taxed in their profession, I have been grateful for my own more fortunate one, which necessitates cringeing to no patron; which calls for no keeping up of appearances; and which requires no stock in trade save the workman's industry, his best ability, and a dozen sheets of paper.

Having to turn with all his might to his new profession, Clive Newcome, one of the proudest men alive, chose to revolt and to be restive at almost every stage of his training. He had a natural genius

for his art, and had acquired in his desultory way a very considerable skill. His drawing was better than his painting (an opinion which, were my friend present, he of course would utterly contradict); his designs and sketches were far superior to his finished compositions. His friends, presuming to judge of this artist's qualifications, ventured to counsel him accordingly, and were thanked for their pains in the usual manner. We had in the first place to bully and browbeat Clive most fiercely, before he would take fitting lodgings for the execution of those designs which we had in view for him. "Why should I take expensive lodgings?" says Clive, slapping his fist on the table. "I am a pauper, and can scarcely afford to live in a garret. Why should you pay me for drawing your portrait and Laura's and the children? What the deuce does Warrington want with the effigy of his grim old mug? You don't want them a bit—you only want to give me money. It would be much more honest of me to take the money at once and own that I am a beggar; and I tell you what, Pen, the only money which I feel I come honestly by, is that which is paid me by a little printseller in Long Acre who buys my drawings, one with another, at fourteen shillings apiece, and out of whom I can earn pretty nearly two hundred a year. I am doing Mail Coaches for him, sir, and Charges of Cavalry; the public like the Mail Coaches best—on a dark paper—the horses and milestones picked out white—yellow dust—cobalt distance, and the guard and coachman of course in vermilion. That's what a gentleman can get his bread by—Portraits, pooh! it's disguised beggary. Crackthorpe, and a half dozen men of his regiment, came, like good fellows as they are, and sent me five pounds apiece for their heads, but I tell you I am ashamed to take their money." Such used to be the tenor of Clive Newcome's conversation as he strode up and down our room after dinner, pulling his mustachio, and dashing his long yellow hair off his gaunt face.

When Clive was inducted into the new lodgings at which his friends counselled him to hang up his ensign, the dear old Colonel accompanied his son, parting with a sincere regret from our little ones at home, to whom he became greatly endeared during his visit to us, and who always hailed him when he came to see us with smiles and caresses and sweet infantile welcome. On that day when he went away, Laura went up and kissed him with tears in her eyes. "You know how long I have been wanting to do it," this lady said to her husband. Indeed I cannot describe the

behaviour of the old man during his stay with us, his gentle gratitude, his sweet simplicity and kindness, his thoughtful courtesy. There was not a servant in our little household but was eager to wait upon him. Laura's maid was as tender-hearted at his departure as her mistress. He was ailing for a short time, when our cook performed prodigies of puddings and jellies to suit his palate. The youth who held the offices of butler and valet in our establishment—a lazy and greedy youth whom Martha scolded in vain—would jump up and leave his supper to carry a message to our Colonel. My heart is full as I remember the kind words which he said to me at parting, and as I think that we were the means of giving a little comfort to that stricken and gentle soul.

Whilst the Colonel and his son stayed with us, letters of course passed between Clive and his family at Boulogne, but my wife remarked that the receipt of those letters appeared to give our friend but little pleasure. They were read in a minute, and he would toss them over to his father, or thrust them into his pocket with a gloomy face. "Don't you see," groans out Clive to me one evening, "that Rosey scarcely writes the letters, or if she does, that her mother is standing over her? That woman is the Nemesis of our life, Pen. How can I pay her off? Great God! how can I pay her off?" And so having spoken, his head fell between his hands, and as I watched him I saw a ghastly domestic picture before me of helpless pain, humiliating discord, stupid tyranny.

What, I say again, are the so-called great ills of life compared to these small ones?

The Colonel accompanied Clive to the lodgings which we had found for the young artist, in a quarter not far removed from the old house in Fitzroy Square, where some happy years of his youth had been spent. When sitters came to Clive—as at first they did in some numbers, many of his early friends being anxious to do him a service—the old gentleman was extraordinarily cheered and comforted. We could see by his face that affairs were going on well at the studio. He showed us the rooms which Rosey and the boy were to occupy. He prattled to our children and their mother, who was never tired of hearing him, about his grandson. He filled up the future nursery with a hundred little knickknacks of his own contriving; and with wonderful cheap bargains, which he bought in his walks about Tottenham-court Road. He pasted a most elaborate book

of prints and sketches for Boy. It was astonishing what notice Boy already took of pictures. He would have all the genius of his father. Would he had had a better grandfather than the foolish old man who had ruined all belonging to him!

However much they like each other, men in the London world see their friends but seldom. The place is so vast that even next door is distant; the calls of business, society, pleasure, so multifarious that mere friendship can get or give but an occasional shake of the hand in the hurried moments of passage. Men must live their lives; and are per force selfish, but not unfriendly. At a great need you know where to look for your friend, and he that he is secure of you. So I went very little to Howland Street, where Clive now lived: very seldom to Lamb Court, where my dear old friend Warrington still sat in his old chambers, though our meetings were none the less cordial when they occurred, and our trust in one another always the same. Some folks say the world is heartless: he who says so either prates commonplaces (the most likely and charitable suggestion), or is heartless himself, or is most singular and unfortunate in having made no friends. Many such a reasonable mortal cannot have: our nature, I think, not sufficing for that sort of polygamy. How many persons would you have to deplore your death; or whose death would you wish to deplore? Could our hearts let in such a harem of dear friendships, the mere changes and recurrences of grief and mourning would be intolerable, and tax our lives beyond their value. In a word, we carry our own burden in the world; push and struggle along on our own affairs; are pinched by our own shoes—though heaven forbid we should not stop and forget ourselves sometimes when a friend cries out in his distress, or we can help a poor stricken wanderer in his way. As for good women —these, my worthy reader, are different from us—the nature of these is to love, and to do kind offices and devise untiring charities: —so, I would have you to know, that though Mr. Pendennis was *parcus suorum cultor et infrequens*, Mrs. Laura found plenty of time to go from Westminster to Bloomsbury; and to pay visits to her Colonel and her Clive, both of whom she had got to love with all her heart again, now misfortune was on them; and both of whom returned her kindness with an affection blessing the bestower and the receiver; and making the husband proud and thankful whose wife had earned such a noble regard. What is the dearest praise of all

to a man? his own—or that you should love those whom he loves? I see Laura Pendennis ever constant and tender and pure; ever ministering in her sacred office of kindness—bestowing love and followed by blessings. Which would I have, think you: that priceless crown hymeneal, or the glory of a Tenth Edition?

Clive and his father had found not only a model friend in the lady above mentioned, but a perfect prize landlady in their happy lodgings. In her house, besides those apartments which Mr. Newcome had originally engaged, were rooms just sufficient to accommodate his wife, child, and servant, when they should come to him, with a very snug little upper chamber for the Colonel, close by Boy's nursery, where he liked best to be. "And if there is not room for the Campaigner, as you call her," says Mrs. Laura, with a shrug of her shoulders, "why, I am very sorry, but Clive must try and bear her absence as well as possible. After all, my dear Pen, you know he is married to Rosey and not to her mamma; and so, and so I think it will be quite best that they shall have their *ménage* as before."

The cheapness of the lodgings which the prize landlady let, the quantity of neat new furniture which she put in, the consultations which she had with my wife regarding these supplies, were quite singular to me. "Have you pawned your diamonds, you reckless little person, in order to supply all this upholstery?" "No, sir, I have not pawned my diamonds," Mrs. Laura answers; and I was left to think (if I thought on the matter at all) that the landlady's own benevolence had provided these good things for Clive. For the wife of Laura's husband was per force poor; and she asked me for no more money at this time than at any other.

At first, in spite of his grumbling, Clive's affairs looked so prosperous, and so many sitters came to him from amongst his old friends, that I was half inclined to believe, with the Colonel and my wife, that he was a prodigious genius, and that his good fortune would go on increasing. Laura was for having Rosey return to her husband. Every wife ought to be with her husband. J. J. shook his head about the prosperity. "Let us see whether the Academy will have his pictures this year, and what a place they will give him," said Ridley. To do him justice, Clive thought far more humbly of his compositions than Ridley did. Not a little touching was it to us, who had known the young men in former days, to see them in their changed positions.

It was Ridley, whose genius and industry had put him in the rank of a patron—Ridley, the good industrious apprentice, who had won the prize of his art—and not one of his many admirers saluted his talent and success with such a hearty recognition as Clive, whose generous soul knew no envy, and who always fired and kindled at the success of his friends.

When Mr. Clive used to go over to Boulogne from time to time to pay his dutiful visits to his wife, the Colonel did not accompany his son, but, during the latter's absence, would dine with Mrs. Pendennis.

Though the preparations were complete in Howland Street, and Clive dutifully went over to Boulogne, Mrs. Pendennis remarked that he seemed still to hesitate about bringing his wife to London.

Upon this Mr. Pendennis observed that some gentlemen were not particularly anxious about the society of their wives, and that this pair were perhaps better apart. Upon which Mrs. Pendennis, drubbing on the ground with a little foot, said, "Nonsense, for shame, Arthur! How can you speak so flippantly? Did he not swear before Heaven to love and cherish her, never to leave her, sir? Is not his *duty* his *duty*, sir?" (a most emphatic stamp of the foot.) "Is she not his for better or for worse?"

"Including the Campaigner, my dear?" says Mr. P.

"Don't laugh, sir! She *must* come to him. There is no room in Howland Street for Mrs. Mackenzie."

"You artful scheming creature! We have some spare rooms. Suppose we ask Mrs. Mackenzie to come and live with us, my dear; and we could then have the benefit of the garrison anecdotes and mess jocularities of your favourite, Captain Goby?"

"I could never bear the horrid man!" cried Mrs. Pendennis. And how can I tell why she disliked him?

Everything being now ready for the reception of Clive's little family, we counselled our friend to go over to Boulogne, and bring back his wife and child, and then to make some final stipulation with the Campaigner. He saw, as well as we, that the presence and tyranny of that fatal woman destroyed his father's health and spirits —that the old man knew no peace or comfort in her neighbourhood, and was actually hastening to his grave under that dreadful and unremitting persecution. Mrs. Mackenzie made Clive scarcely less wretched than his father—she governed his household—took away

his weak wife's allegiance and affection from him—and caused the wretchedness of every single person round about her. They ought to live apart. If she was too poor to subsist upon her widow's pension, which, in truth, was but a very small pittance, let Clive give up to her, say, the half of his wife's income of 100*l.* a year. His prospects and present means of earning money were such that he might afford to do without that portion of his income: at any rate, he and his father would be cheaply ransomed at that price, from their imprisonment to this intolerable person. "Go, Clive," said his counsellors, "and bring back your wife and child, and let us all be happy together." For, you see, those advisers opined that if we had written over to Mrs. Clive Newcome—"Come"—she would have come with the Campaigner in her suite.

Vowing that he would behave like a man of courage—and we know that Clive had shown himself to be such in two or three previous battles—Clive crossed the water to bring back his little Rosey. Our good Colonel agreed to dine at our house during the days of his son's absence. I have said how beloved he was by young and old there—and he was kind enough to say afterwards, that no woman had made him so happy as Laura. We did not tell him—I know not from what reticence—that we had advised Clive to offer a bribe of 50*l.* a year to Mrs. Mackenzie; until about a fortnight after Clive's absence, and a week after his return, when news came that poor old Mrs. Mason was dead at Newcome, whereupon we informed the Colonel that he had another pensioner now in the Campaigner.

Colonel Newcome was thankful that his dear old friend had gone out of the world in comfort and without pain. She had made a will long since, leaving all her goods and chattels to Thomas Newcome—but having no money to give, the Colonel handed over these to the old lady's faithful attendant, Keziah.

Although many of the Colonel's old friends had parted from him or quarrelled with him in consequence of the ill success of the B. B. C., there were two old ladies who yet remained faithful to him—Miss Cann, namely, and honest little Miss Honeyman of Brighton, who, when she heard of the return to London of her nephew and brother-in-law, made a railway journey to the metropolis (being the first time she ever engaged in that kind of travelling), rustled into Clive's apartments in Howland Street in her neatest silks, and

looking not a day older than on that when we last beheld her; and after briskly scolding the young man for permitting his father to enter into money affairs—of which the poor dear Colonel was as ignorant as a baby—she gave them both to understand that she had a little sum at her bankers at their disposal—and besought the Colonel to remember that her house was his, and that she should be proud and happy to receive him as soon and as often and for as long a time as he would honour her with his company. "Is not my house full of your presents"—cried the stout little old lady—"have I not reason to be grateful to all the Newcomes—yes, to all the Newcomes;—for Miss Ethel and her family have come to me every year for months, and I don't quarrel with them, and I won't, although you do, sir? Is not this shawl—are not these jewels that I wear," she continued, pointing to those well-known ornaments, "my dear Colonel's gift? Did you not relieve my brother Charles in this country and procure for him his place in India? Yes, my dear friend—and though you have been imprudent in money matters, my obligations towards you, and my gratitude, and my affection are always the same." Thus Miss Honeyman spoke, with somewhat of a quivering voice at the end of her little oration, but with exceeding state and dignity—for she believed that her investment of two hundred pounds in that unlucky B. B. C., which failed for half a million, was a sum of considerable importance, and gave her a right to express her opinion to the Managers.

Clive came back from Boulogne in a week, as we have said—but he came back without his wife, much to our alarm, and looked so exceedingly fierce and glum when we demanded the reason of his return without his family, that we saw wars and battles had taken place, and thought that in this last continental campaign, the Campaigner had been too much for her friend.

The Colonel, to whom Clive communicated, though with us the poor lad held his tongue, told my wife what had happened:—not all the battles which no doubt raged at breakfast, dinner, supper, during the week of Clive's visit to Boulogne,—but the upshot of these engagements. Rosey, not unwilling in her first private talk with her husband to come to England with him and the boy, showed herself irresolute on the second day at breakfast when the fire was opened on both sides; cried at dinner when fierce assaults took place, in which Clive had the advantage; slept soundly, but besought him to

be very firm, and met the enemy at breakfast with a quaking heart; cried all that day, during which, pretty well without cease, the engagement lasted; and when Clive might have conquered and brought her off, the weather was windy and the sea was rough, and he was pronounced a brute to venture on it with a wife in Rosey's situation.

Behind that "situation" the widow shielded herself. She clung to her adored child, and from that bulwark discharged abuse and satire at Clive and his father. He could not rout her out of her position. Having had the advantage on the first two or three days, on the four last he was beaten, and lost ground in each action. Rosey found that in her situation she could not part from her darling mamma. The Campaigner for her part averred that she might be reduced to beggary; that she might be robbed of her last farthing and swindled and cheated; that she might see her daughter's fortune flung away by unprincipled adventurers, and her blessed child left without even the comforts of life; but desert her in such a situation, she never would—no, never! Was not dear Rosey's health already impaired by the various shocks which she had undergone? Did she not require every comfort, every attendance? Monster! ask the doctor! She would stay with her darling child in spite of insult and rudeness and vulgarity. (Rosey's father was a King's officer, not a Company's officer, thank God!) She would stay as long at least as Rosey's situation continued, at Boulogne, if not in London, but with her child. They might refuse to send her money, having robbed her of all her own, but she would pawn her gown off her back for her child. Whimpers from Rosey—cries of "Mamma, mamma, compose yourself,"—convulsive sobs—clenched knuckles—flashing eyes—embraces rapidly clutched—laughs—stamps—snorts—from the dishevelled Campaigner; grinding teeth—livid fury and repeated breakages of the third commandment by Clive—I can fancy the whole scene. He returned to London without his wife, and when she came she brought Mrs. Mackenzie with her.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FOUNDER'S DAY AT GREY FRIARS.

ROSEY came, bringing discord and wretchedness with her, to her husband, and the sentence of death or exile to his dear old father, all of which we foresaw—all of which Clive's friends would have longed to prevent—all of which were inevitable under the circumstances. Clive's domestic affairs were often talked over by our little set. Warrington and F. B. knew of his unhappiness. We three had strongly opined that the women being together at Boulogne, should stay there and live there, Clive sending them over pecuniary aid as his means permitted. "They must hate each other pretty well by this time," growls George Warrington. "Why on earth should they not part?" "What a woman that Mrs. Mackenzie is," cries F. B. "What an infernal tartar and catamaran! She who was so uncommonly smiling and soft-spoken, and such a fine woman, by jingo! What puzzles all women are." F. B. sighed and drowned further reflection in beer.

On the other side, and most strongly advocating Rosey's return to Clive, was Mrs. Laura Pendennis; with certain arguments for which she had chapter and verse, and against which we of the separatist party had no appeal. "Did he marry her only for the days of her prosperity?" asked Laura. "Is it right, is it manly, that he should leave her now she is unhappy—poor little creature—no woman had ever more need of protection; and who should be her natural guardian save her husband? Surely, Arthur, you forget—have you forgotten them yourself, sir?—the solemn vows which Clive made at

the altar. Is he not bound to his wife to keep only unto her so long as they both shall live, to love her, comfort her, honour her, and keep her in sickness and health?"

"To keep her, yes—but not to keep the Campaigner," cries Mr. Pendennis. "It is a moral bigamy, Laura, which you advocate, you wicked, immoral young woman!"

But Laura, though she smiled at this notion, would not be put off from her first proposition. Turning to Clive, who was with us, talking over his doleful family circumstances, she took his hand and pleaded the cause of right and religion with sweet artless fervour. She agreed with us that it was a hard lot for Clive to bear. So much the nobler the task, and the fulfilment of duty in enduring it. A few months too would put an end to his trials. When his child was born Mrs. Mackenzie would take her departure. It would even be Clive's duty to separate from her then, as it now was to humour his wife in her delicate condition, and to soothe the poor soul who had had a great deal of ill-health, of misfortune, and of domestic calamity to wear and shatter her. Clive acquiesced with a groan, but with a touching and generous resignation as we both thought. "She is right, Pen," he said. "I think your wife is always right. I will try, Laura, and bear my part, God help me! I will do my duty and strive my best to soothe and gratify my poor dear little woman. They will be making caps and things, and will not interrupt me in my studio. Of nights I can go to Clipstone Street and work at the Life. There's nothing like the Life, Pen. So you see I shan't be much at home except at meal-times, when by nature I shall have my mouth full, and no opportunity of quarrelling with poor Mrs. Mack. So he went home, followed and cheered by the love and pity of my dear wife, and determined stoutly to bear this heavy yoke which fate had put on him.

To do Mrs. Mackenzie justice, that lady backed up with all her might the statement which my wife had put forward, with a view of soothing poor Clive, viz., that the residence of his mother-in-law in his house was only to be temporary. "Temporary!" cries Mrs. Mack (who was kind enough to make a call on Mrs. Pendennis, and treat that lady to a piece of her mind). "Do you suppose, madam, that it could be otherwise? Do you suppose that worlds would induce me to stay in a house where I have received such *treatment*—where, after I and my daughter had been robbed of every shilling of our

fortune, we are daily insulted by Colonel Newcome and his son? Do you suppose, ma'am, that I do not know that Clive's friends hate me, and give themselves airs and look down upon my darling child, and try and make differences between my sweet Rosey and me—Rosey who might have been dead, or might have been starving, but that her dear mother came to her rescue? No, I would never stay. I loathe every day that I remain in the house—I would rather beg my bread—I would rather sweep the streets and starve—though, thank God, I have my pension as the widow of an officer in her Majesty's Service, and I can live upon that—and of *that* Colonel Newcome *cannot* rob me; and when my darling love needs a mother's care no longer, I will leave her. I will shake the dust off my feet and leave that house, I will—And Mr. Newcome's friends may then sneer at me and abuse me, and blacken my darling child's heart towards me if they choose. And I thank you, Mrs. Pendennis, for all your *kindness* towards my daughter's family, and for the furniture which you have sent into the house, and for the *trouble* you have taken about our family arrangements. It was for this I took the liberty of calling upon you, and I wish you a very good morning." So speaking, the Campaigner left my wife; and Mrs. Pendennis enacted the pleasing scene with great spirit to her husband afterwards, concluding the whole with a splendid curtsey and toss of the head, such as Mrs. Mackenzie performed as her parting salute.

Our dear Colonel had fled before her. He had acquiesced humbly with the decree of fate; and, lonely, old and beaten, marched honestly on the path of duty. It was a great blessing, he wrote to us, to him to think that in happier days and during many years he had been enabled to benefit his kind and excellent relative, Miss Honeyman. He could thankfully receive her hospitality now, and claim the kindness and shelter which this old friend gave him. No one could be more anxious to make him comfortable. The air of Brighton did him the greatest good; he had found some old friends, some old Bengalees there, with whom he enjoyed himself greatly, &c. How much did we, who knew his noble spirit, believe of this story? To us heaven had awarded health, happiness, competence, loving children, united hearts, and modest prosperity. To yonder good man, whose long life shone with benefactions, and whose career was but kindness and honour, fate decreed poverty, disappointment, separation, a lonely old age. We bowed our heads, humiliated at

the contrast of his lot and ours; and prayed heaven to enable us to bear our present good fortune meekly, and our evil days, if they should come, with such a resignation as this good Christian showed.

I forgot to say that our attempts to better Thomas Newcome's money affairs were quite in vain, the Colonel insisting upon paying over every shilling of his military allowances and retiring pension to the parties from whom he had borrowed money previous to his bankruptcy. "Ah! what a good man that is," says Mr. Sherrick with tears in his eyes, "what a noble fellow, sir. He would die rather than not pay every farthing over. He'd starve, sir, that he would. The money ain't mine, sir, or, if it was, do you think I'd take it from the poor old boy? No, sir; by Jove I honour and reverence him more now he ain't got a shilling in his pocket, than ever I did when we thought he was a rolling in money."

My wife made one or two efforts at Samaritan visits in Howland Street, but was received by Mrs. Clive with such a faint welcome, and by the Campaigner with so grim a countenance, so many sneers, inuendoes, insults almost, that Laura's charity was beaten back, and she ceased to press good offices thus thanklessly received. If Clive came to visit us, as he very rarely did, after an official question or two regarding the health of his wife and child, no farther mention was made of his family affairs. His painting, he said, was getting on tolerably well; he had work, scantily paid it is true, but work sufficient. He was reserved, uncommunicative, unlike the frank Clive of former times, and oppressed by his circumstances, as it was easy to see. I did not press the confidence which he was unwilling to offer, and thought best to respect his silence. I had a thousand affairs of my own; who has not in London? If you die to-morrow, your dearest friend will feel for you a hearty pang of sorrow, and go to his business as usual. I could divine, but would not care to describe, the life which my poor Clive was now leading; the vulgar misery, the sordid home, the cheerless toil, and lack of friendly companionship which darkened his kind soul. I was glad Clive's father was away. The Colonel wrote to us twice or thrice; could it be three months ago? bless me, how time flies! He was happy, he wrote, with Miss Honeyman, who took the best care of him.

Mention has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Grey Friars school,—where the Colonel and Clive and I had

been brought up,—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the Hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations and clumsy, carved allegories. There is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time; an old Hall? many old halls; old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which, we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration: after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time —used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital, listening

to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight,—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder?—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codds, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive I wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen! under those arches! The service for Founder's Day is a special one; one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—

23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.

24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

25. I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners: and amongst them —amongst them—sate Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree: to this alms-house! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour, should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I to be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor? Oh, pardon, you noble soul! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you my better, you the honest, and gentle, and good! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear old friend! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of

recognition which no doubt showed themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. "I have found a home, Arthur," said he. "Don't you remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Grey Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room?—a poor brother like me—an old Peninsular man. Scarsdale is gone now, sir, and is where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;' and I thought then, when we saw him,—here would be a place for an old fellow when his career was over, to hang his sword up; to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur. My good friend, Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends; blessed be God! my dear kind young friend—my boy's friend; you have always been so, sir; and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, sir. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long." He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the courts of the building towards his room, which in truth I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire crackling on the hearth; a little tea-table laid out, a Bible and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantel-piece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.

"You may come and see me here, sir, whenever you like, and so may your dear wife and little ones, tell Laura, with my love;—but you must not stay now. You must go back to your dinner." In vain I pleaded that I had no stomach for it. He gave me a look, which seemed to say he desired to be alone, and I had to respect that order and leave him.

Of course I came to him on the very next day; though not with my wife and children, who were in truth absent in the country at Rosebury, where they were to pass the Christmas holidays; and where, this school-dinner over, I was to join them. On my second visit to Grey Friars my good friend entered more at length into the reasons why he had assumed the Poor Brother's gown; and I cannot say but that I acquiesced in his reasons, and admired that noble humility and contentedness of which he gave me an example.

"That which had caused him most grief and pain," he said, "in the issue of that unfortunate bank, was the thought that poor friends

of his had been induced by his representations to invest their little capital in that speculation. Good Miss Honeyman, for instance, meaning no harm, and in all respects a most honest and kindly-disposed old lady, had nevertheless alluded more than once to the fact that her money had been thrown away; and these allusions, sir, made her hospitality somewhat hard to bear," said the Colonel. "At home—at poor Clivy's, I mean—it was even worse," he continued. "Mrs. Mackenzie for months past, by her complaints, and—and her conduct, has made my son and me so miserable—that flight before her, and into any refuge, was the best course. She too does not mean ill, Pen. Do not waste any of your oaths upon that poor woman," he added, holding up his finger, and smiling sadly. "She thinks I deceived her, though heaven knows it was myself I deceived. She has great influence over Rosey. Very few persons can resist that violent and headstrong woman, sir. I could not bear her reproaches, or my poor sick daughter, whom her mother leads almost entirely now, and, it was with all this grief on my mind, that, as I was walking one day upon Brighton cliff, I met my schoolfellow, my Lord H.—who has ever been a good friend of mine—and who told me how he had just been appointed a governor of Grey Friars. He asked me to dine with him on the next day, and would take no refusal. He knew of my pecuniary misfortunes, of course—and showed himself most noble and liberal in his offers of help. I was very much touched by his goodness, Pen,—and made a clean breast of it to his lordship; who at first would not hear of my coming to this place—and offered me out of the purse of an old brother schoolfellow and an old brother soldier as much—as much as should last me my time. Wasn't it noble of him, Arthur? God bless him! There are good men in the world, sir, there are true friends, as I have found in these later days. Do you know, sir,"—here the old man's eyes twinkled,—"that Fred Bayham fixed up that bookcase yonder—and brought me my little boy's picture to hang up? Boy and Clive will come and see me soon."

"Do you mean they do not come?" I cried.

"They don't know I am here, sir," said the Colonel, with a sweet, kind smile. "They think I am visiting his lordship in Scotland. Ah! they are good people! When we had had our talk downstairs over our bottle of claret—where my old commander-in-chief would not hear of my plan—we went upstairs to her ladyship, who

saw that her husband was disturbed, and asked the reason. I dare say it was the good claret that made me speak, sir; for I told her that I and her husband had had a dispute, and that I would take her ladyship for umpire. And then I told her the story over, that I had paid away every rupee to the creditors, and mortgaged my pensions and retiring allowances for the same end, that I was a burden upon Clivy, who had work enough, poor boy, to keep his own family and his wife's mother, whom my imprudence had impoverished,—that here was an honourable asylum which my friend could procure for me, and was not that better than to drain his purse? She was very much moved, sir—she is a very kind lady, though she passed for being very proud and haughty in India—so wrongly are people judged. And Lord H. said, in his rough way, 'that, by Jove, if Tom Newcome took a thing into his obstinate old head no one could drive it out.' And so," said the Colonel, with his sad smile, "I *had* my own way. Lady H. was good enough to come and see me the very next day—and do you know, Pen, she invited me to go and live with them for the rest of my life—made me the most generous, the most delicate offers? But I knew I was right, and held my own. I am too old to work, Arthur: and better here, whilst I am to stay, than elsewhere. Look! all this furniture came from H. House—and that wardrobe is full of linen, which she sent me. She has been twice to see me, and every officer in this hospital is as courteous to me as if I had my fine house."

I thought of the psalm we had heard on the previous evening, and turned to it in the opened Bible, and pointed to the verse, "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him." Thomas Newcome seeing my occupation, laid a kind, trembling hand on my shoulder; and then, putting on his glasses, with a smile bent over the volume. And who that saw him then, and knew him and loved him as I did—who would not have humbled his own heart, and breathed his inward prayer, confessing and adoring the Divine Will, which ordains these trials, these triumphs, these humiliations, these blessed griefs, this crowning Love?

I had the happiness of bringing Clive and his little boy to Thomas Newcome that evening; and heard the child's cry of recognition and surprise, and the old man calling the boy's name, as I closed the door upon that meeting; and by the night's mail I

went down to Newcome, to the friends with whom my own family was already staying.

Of course, my conscience-keeper at Rosebury was anxious to know about the school-dinner, and all the speeches made, and the guests assembled there; but she soon ceased to inquire about these when I came to give her the news of the discovery of our dear old friend in the habit of a Poor Brother of Grey Friars. She was very glad to hear that Clive and his little son had been reunited to the Colonel; and appeared to imagine at first, that there was some wonderful merit upon my part in bringing the three together.

"Well—no great merit, Pen, as you *will* put it," says the Confessor; "but it was kindly thought, sir—and I like my husband when he is kind best; and don't wonder at your having made a stupid speech at the dinner, as you say you did, when you had this other subject to think of. That is a beautiful psalm, Pen, and those verses which you were reading when you saw him, especially beautiful."

"But in the presence of eighty old gentlemen, who have all come to decay, and have all had to beg their bread in a manner, don't you think the clergyman might choose some other psalm?" asks Mr. Pendennis.

"They were not forsaken *utterly*, Arthur," says Mrs. Laura, gravely: but rather declines to argue the point raised by me; namely, that the selection of that especial thirty-seventh psalm was not complimentary to those decayed old gentlemen.

"*All* the psalms are good, sir," she says, "and this one, of course, is included," and thus the discussion closed.

I then fell to a description of Howland Street, and poor Clive, whom I had found there over his work. A dubious maid scanned my appearance rather eagerly when I asked to see him. I found a picture-dealer chaffering with him over a bundle of sketches, and his little boy, already pencil in hand, lying in one corner of the room, the sun playing about his yellow hair. The child looked languid and pale, the father worn and ill. When the dealer at length took his bargains away, I gradually broke my errand to Clive, and told him from whence I had just come.

He had thought his father in Scotland with Lord H.; and was immensely moved with the news which I brought.

"I haven't written to him for a month. It's not pleasant letters I have to write, Pen, and I can't make them pleasant. Up, Tommykin, and put on your cap." Tommykin jumps up. "Put on your cap, and tell them to take off your pinafore, and tell grandmamma——"

At that name Tommykin begins to cry.

"Look at that!" says Clive, commencing to speak in the French language, which the child interrupts by calling out in that tongue, "I speak also French, papa."

"Well, my child! You will like to come out with papa, and Betsy can dress you." He flings off his own paint-stained shooting-jacket as he talks, takes a frock-coat out of a carved wardrobe, and a hat from a helmet on the shelf. He is no longer the handsome splendid boy of old times. Can that be Clive, with that haggard face and slouched handkerchief? "I am not the dandy I was, Pen," he says bitterly.

A little voice is heard crying overhead—and giving a kind of gasp, the wretched father stops in some indifferent speech he was trying to make. "I can't help myself," he groans out; "my poor wife is so ill, she can't attend to the child. Mrs. Mackenzie manages the house for me—and—here! Tommy, Tommy! papa's coming!" Tommy has been crying again, and flinging open the studio door, Clive calls out, and dashes upstairs.

I hear scuffling, stamping, loud voices, poor Tommy's scared little pipe—Clive's fierce objurgations, and the Campaigner's voice barking out—"Do, sir, do! with my child suffering in the next room. Behave like a brute to me, do. He shall not go out. He shall not have the hat"—"He shall"—"Ah—ah!" A scream is heard. It is Clive tearing a child's hat out of the Campaigner's hands, with which, and a flushed face, he presently rushes downstairs, bearing little Tommy on his shoulder.

"You see what I am come to, Pen," he says with a heart-broken voice, trying, with hands all of a tremble, to tie the hat on the boy's head. He laughs bitterly at the ill success of his endeavours. "Oh, you silly papa!" laughs Tommy, too.

The door is flung open, and the red-faced Campaigner appears. Her face is mottled with wrath, her bandeaux of hair are disarranged upon her forehead, the ornaments of her cap, cheap, and dirty, and numerous, only give her a wilder appearance. She is in a large and

dingy wrapper, very different from the lady who had presented herself a few months back to my wife—how different from the smiling Mrs. Mackenzie of old days!

"He shall *not* go out of a winter day, sir," she breaks out. "I have his mother's orders, whom you are *killing*. Mr. Pendennis!" She starts, perceiving me for the first time, and her breast heaves, and she prepares for combat, and looks at me over her shoulder.

"You and his father are the best judges upon this point, ma'am," says Mr. Pendennis, with a bow.

"The child is delicate, sir," cries Mrs. Mackenzie; "and this winter——"

"Enough of this," says Clive with a stamp, and passes through her guard with Tommy, and we descend the stairs, and at length are in the free street. Was it not best not to describe at full length this portion of poor Clive's history?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CHRISTMAS AT ROSEBURY.

E have known our friend Florac under two aristocratic names, and might now salute him by a third, to which he was entitled, although neither he nor his wife ever chose to assume it. His father was lately dead, and M. Paul de Florac might sign himself Duc d'Ivry if he chose, but he was indifferent as to the matter, and his wife's friends indignant at the idea that their kinswoman, after having been a Princess, should descend to the rank of a mere Duchess. So Prince and Princess these good folks remained, being exceptions to that order, inasmuch as their friends could certainly put their trust in them.

On his father's death Florac went to Paris, to settle the affairs of the paternal succession; and, having been for some time absent in his native country, returned to Rosebury for the winter, to resume that sport of which he was a distinguished amateur. He hunted in black during the ensuing season; and, indeed, henceforth laid aside his splendid attire and his *allures* as a young man. His waist expanded, or was no longer confined by the cestus which had given it a shape. When he laid aside his black, his whiskers, too, went into a sort of half-mourning, and appeared in grey. "I make myself old, my friend," he said, pathetically; "I have no more neither twenty years nor forty." He went to Rosebury Church no more; but, with great order and sobriety, drove every Sunday to the neighbouring Catholic chapel at C—— Castle. We had an ecclesiastic or two to dine with us at Rosebury, one of whom I am inclined to think was Florac's director.

A reason, perhaps, for Paul's altered demeanour was the presence of his mother at Rosebury. No politeness or respect could be greater than Paul's towards the Countess. Had she been a sovereign princess, Madame de Florac could not have been treated with more

profound courtesy than she now received from her son. I think the humble-minded lady could have dispensed with some of his attentions; but Paul was a personage who demonstrated all his sentiments, and performed his various parts in life with the greatest vigour. As a man of pleasure, for instance, what more active roué than he? As a *jeune homme*, who could be younger, and for a longer time? As a country gentleman, or an *homme d'affaires*, he insisted upon dressing each character with the most rigid accuracy, and an exactitude that reminded one somewhat of Bouffé, or Ferville, at the play. I wonder whether, when he is quite old, he will think proper to wear a pigtail, like his old father? At any rate, that was a good part which the kind fellow was now acting, of reverence towards his widowed mother, and affectionate respect for her declining days. He not only felt these amiable sentiments, but he imparted them to his friends freely, as his wont was. He used to weep freely,—quite unrestrained by the presence of the domestics, as English sentiment would be;—and when Madame de Florac quitted the room after dinner, would squeeze my hand and tell me, with streaming eyes, that his mother was an angel. "Her life has been but a long trial, my friend," he would say. "Shall not I, who have caused her to shed so many tears, endeavour to dry some?" Of course, all the friends who liked him best encouraged him in an intention so pious.

The reader has already been made acquainted with this lady by letters of hers, which came into my possession some time after the events which I am at present narrating: my wife, through our kind friend, Colonel Newcome, had also had the honour of an introduction to Madame de Florac at Paris; and, on coming to Rosebury for the Christmas holidays, I found Laura and the children greatly in favour with the good Countess. She treated her son's wife with a perfect though distant courtesy. She was thankful to Madame de Montcontour for the latter's great goodness to her son. Familiar with but very few persons, she could scarcely be intimate with her homely daughter-in-law. Madame de Montcontour stood in the greatest awe of her; and, to do that good lady justice, admired and reverenced Paul's mother with all her simple heart. In truth, I think almost every one had a certain awe of Madame de Florac, except children, who came to her trustingly, and, as it were, by instinct. The habitual melancholy of her eyes vanished as they lighted upon young faces and infantile smiles. A sweet love beamed out of her countenance: an angelic

smile shone over her face, as she bent towards them and caressed them. Her demeanour then, nay, her looks and ways at other times; —a certain gracious sadness, a sympathy with all grief, and pity for all pain; a gentle heart, yearning towards all children; and, for her own especially, feeling a love that was almost an anguish; in the affairs of the common world only a dignified acquiescence, as if her place was not in it, and her thoughts were in her Home elsewhere;—these qualities, which we had seen exemplified in another life, Laura and her husband watched in Madame de Florac, and we loved her because she was like our mother. I see in such women —the good and pure, the patient and faithful, the tried and meek —the followers of Him whose earthly life was divinely sad and tender.

But, good as she was to us and to all, Ethel Newcome was the French lady's greatest favourite. A bond of extreme tenderness and affection united these two. The elder friend made constant visits to the younger at Newcome; and when Miss Newcome, as she frequently did, came to Rosebury, we used to see that they preferred to be alone, divining and respecting the sympathy which brought those two faithful hearts together. I can imagine now the two tall forms slowly pacing the garden walks, or turning, as they lighted on the young ones in their play. What was their talk? I never asked it. Perhaps Ethel never said what was in her heart, though, be sure, the other knew it. Though the grief of those they love is untold, women hear it; as they soothe it with unspoken consolations. To see the elder lady embrace her friend as they parted was something holy—a sort of saint-like salutation.

Consulting the person from whom I had no secrets, we had thought best at first not to mention to our friends the place and position in which we had found our dear Colonel; at least to wait for a fitting opportunity on which we might break the news to those who held him in such affection. I told how Clive was hard at work, and hoped the best for him. Good-natured Madame de Montcontour was easily satisfied with my replies to her questions concerning our friend. Ethel only asked if he and her uncle were well, and once or twice made inquiries respecting Rosey and her child. And now it was that my wife told me, what I need no longer keep secret, of Ethel's extreme anxiety to serve her distressed relatives, and how

she, Laura, had already acted as Miss Newcome's almoner in furnishing and hiring those apartments which Ethel believed were occupied by Clive and his father, and wife and child. And my wife farther informed me with what deep grief Ethel had heard of her uncle's misfortune and how, but that she feared to offend his pride, she longed to give him assistance. She had even ventured to offer to send him pecuniary help; but the Colonel (who never mentioned the circumstance to me or any other of his friends), in a kind but very cold letter, had declined to be beholden to his niece for help.

So I may have remained some days at Rosebury, and the real position of the two Newcomes was unknown to our friends there. Christmas Eve was come, and, according to a long-standing promise, Ethel Newcome and her two children had arrived from the Park, which dreary mansion, since his double defeat, Sir Barnes scarcely ever visited. Christmas was come, and Rosebury hall was decorated with holly. Florac did his best to welcome his friends, and strove to make the meeting gay, though in truth it was rather melancholy. The children, however, were happy: they had pleasure enough, in the school festival, in the distribution of cloaks and blankets to the poor, and in Madame de Montcontour's gardens, delightful and beautiful though winter was there.

It was only a family meeting, Madame de Florac's widowhood not permitting her presence in large companies. Paul sate at his table between his mother and Mrs. Pendennis; Mr. Pendennis opposite to him with Ethel and Madame de Montcontour on each side. The four children were placed between these personages, on whom Madame de Florac looked with her tender glances, and to whose little wants the kindest of hosts ministered with uncommon good-nature and affection. He was very soft-hearted about children. "Pourquoi n'en avons-nous pas, Jeanne? He! pourquoi n'en avons-nous pas?" he said, addressing his wife by her Christian-name. The poor little lady looked kindly at her husband, and then gave a sigh, and turned and heaped cake upon the plate of the child next to her. No mamma or aunt Ethel could interpose. It was a very light wholesome cake. Brown made it on purpose for the children, "the little darlings!" cries the Princess.

The children were very happy at being allowed to sit up so late to dinner, at all the kindly amusements of the day, at the holly and mistletoe clustering round the lamps—the mistletoe, under which the

gallant Florac, skilled in all British usages, vowed he would have his privilege. But the mistletoe was clustered round the lamp, the lamp was over the centre of the great round table—the innocent gratification which he proposed to himself was denied to M. Paul.

In the greatest excitement and good-humour, our host at the dessert made us *des speech*. He carried a toast to the charming Ethel, another to the charming Mistriss Laura, another to his good fren', his brave frren', his 'appy fren', Pendennis—'appy as possessor of such a wife, 'appy as writer of works destined to the immortality, &c. &c. The little children round about clapped their happy little hands, and laughed and crowed in chorus. And now the nursery and its guardians were about to retreat, when Florac said he had yet a speech, yet a toast—and he bade the butler pour wine into every one's glass—yet a toast—and he carried it to the health of our dear friends, of Clive and his father,—the good, the brave Colonel! "We who are happy," says he, "shall we not think of those who are good? We who love each other, shall we not remember those whom we all love?" He spoke with very great tenderness and feeling. "Ma bonne mère, thou too shalt drink this toast!" he said, taking his mother's hand, and kissing it. She returned his caress gently, and tasted the wine with her pale lips. Ethel's head bent in silence over her glass; and, as for Laura, need I say what happened to her? When the ladies went away my heart was opened to my friend Florac, and I told him where and how I had left my dear Clive's father.

The Frenchman's emotion on hearing this tale was such that I have loved him ever since. Clive in want! Why had he not sent to his friend? Grands Dieux! Clive who had helped him in his greatest distress. Clive's father, *ce preux chevalier, ce parfait gentilhomme!* In a hundred rapid exclamations Florac exhibited his sympathy, asking of Fate, why such men as he and I were sitting surrounded by splendours—before golden vases—crowned with flowers—with valets to kiss our feet—(these were merely figures of speech in which Paul expressed his prosperity)—whilst our friend the Colonel, so much better than we, spent his last days in poverty, and alone.

I liked my host none the less, I own, because that one of the conditions of the Colonel's present life, which appeared the hardest to most people, affected Florac but little. To be a Pensioner of an

Ancient Institution? Why not? Might not any officer retire without shame to the Invalides at the close of his campaigns, and had not Fortune conquered our old friend, and age and disaster overcome him? It never once entered Thomas Newcome's head, nor Clive's, nor Florac's, nor his mother's, that the Colonel demeaned himself at all by accepting that bounty; and I recollect Warrington sharing our sentiment and trowling out those noble lines of the old poet:—

"His golden locks Time hath to silver turned;
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen.
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lovers' songs be turned to holy psalms;
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms."

* * * * *

These, I say, respected our friend, whatever was the coat he wore; whereas, among the Colonel's own kinsfolk, dire was the dismay, and indignation even, which they expressed when they came to hear of this what they were pleased to call degradation to their family. Mrs. Hobson Newcome, in subsequent confidential communication with the writer of these memoirs, improved the occasion religiously as her wont was; referred the matter to heaven too, and thought fit to assume that the celestial powers had decreed this *humiliation*, this *dreadful trial* for the Newcome family, as a warning to them all that they should not be too much puffed up with prosperity, nor set their affections too much upon things of this earth. Had they not already received *one* chastisement in Barnes's punishment, and Lady Clara's awful falling away? They had taught *her* a lesson, which the Colonel's *lamentable errors* had *confirmed*,—the vanity of trusting in all earthly grandeurs! Thus it was this worthy woman plumed herself, as it were, on her relatives' misfortunes; and was pleased to think the latter were designed for the special warning and advantage of her private family. But Mrs. Hobson's philosophy is only mentioned by the way. Our story, which is drawing to

its close, has to busy itself with other members of the house of The Newcomes.

My talk with Florac lasted for some time; at its close, when we went to join the ladies in the drawing-room, we found Ethel cloaked and shawled, and prepared for her departure with her young ones, who were already asleep. The little festival was over, and had ended in melancholy—even in weeping. Our hostess sat in her accustomed seat by her lamp and her work-table; but neglecting her needle, she was having perpetual recourse to her pocket-handkerchief, and uttering ejaculations of pity between the intervals of her gushes of tears. Madame de Florac was in her usual place, her head cast downwards, and her hands folded. My wife was at her side, a grave commiseration showing itself in Laura's countenance, whilst I read a yet deeper sadness in Ethel's pale face. Miss Newcome's carriage had been announced; the attendants had already carried the young ones asleep to the vehicle; and she was in the act of taking leave. We looked round at this disturbed party, guessing very likely what the subject of their talk had been, to which, however, Miss Ethel did not allude; but, announcing that she had intended to depart without disturbing the two gentlemen, she bade us farewell and good night. "I wish I could say merry Christmas," she added gravely, "but none of us, I fear, can hope for that." It was evident that Laura had told the last chapter of the Colonel's story.

Madame de Florac rose up and embraced Miss Newcome: and, that farewell over, she sank back on the sofa exhausted, and with such an expression of affliction in her countenance that my wife ran eagerly towards her. "It is nothing, my dear," she said, giving a cold hand to the younger lady, and sat silent for a few moments, during which we heard Florac's voice without, crying "Adieu!" and the wheels of Miss Newcome's carriage as it drove away.

Our host entered a moment afterwards; and remarking, as Laura had done, his mother's pallor and look of anguish, went up and spoke to her with the utmost tenderness and anxiety.

She gave her hand to her son, and a faint blush rose up out of the past as it were, and trembled upon her wan cheek. "He was the first friend I ever had in the world, Paul," she said; "the first and the best. He shall not want, shall he, my son?"

No signs of that emotion in which her daughter-in-law had been

indulging were as yet visible in Madame de Florac's eyes; but, as she spoke, holding her son's hand in hers, the tears at length overflowed; and, with a sob, her head fell forwards. The impetuous Frenchman flung himself on his knees before his mother, uttered a hundred words of love and respect for her, and with tears and sobs of his own called God to witness that their friend should never want. And so this mother and son embraced each other, and clung together in a sacred union of love; before which we who had been admitted as spectators of that scene, stood hushed and respectful.

That night Laura told me how, when the ladies left us, their talk had been entirely about the Colonel and Clive. Madame de Florac had spoken especially, and much more freely than was her wont. She had told many reminiscences of Thomas Newcome and his early days; how her father taught him mathematics when they were quite poor, and living in their dear little cottage at Blackheath; how handsome he was then, with bright eyes, and long black hair flowing over his shoulders; how military glory was his boyish passion, and he was for ever talking of India, and the famous deeds of Clive and Lawrence. His favourite book was a history of India—the "History" of Orme. "He read it, and I read it also, my daughter," the French lady said, turning to Ethel; "ah! I may say so after so many years."

Ethel remembered the book as belonging to her grandmother, and now in the library at Newcome. Doubtless the same sympathy which caused me to speak about Thomas Newcome that evening, impelled my wife likewise. She told her friends, as I had told Florac, all the Colonel's story; and it was while these good women were under the impression of the melancholy history, that Florac and his guest found them.

Retired to our rooms, Laura and I talked on the same subject until the clock tolled Christmas, and the neighbouring church bells rang out a jubilation. And, looking out into the quiet night, where the stars were keenly shining, we committed ourselves to rest with humbled hearts; praying, for all those we loved, a blessing of peace and good-will.

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

E SHORTEST AND HAPPIEST IN THE WHOLE HISTORY.

N the ensuing Christmas morning I chanced to rise betimes, and entering my dressing-room, opened the windows, and looked out on the soft landscape, over which mists were still lying; whilst the serene sky above, and the lawns and leafless woods in the foreground near, were still pink with sunrise. The grey had not even left the west yet, and I could r or two twinkling there, to vanish with that twilight. looked out, I saw the not very distant lodge-gate open after arley, and a lady on horseback, followed by a servant, rode p to the house.

early visitor was no other than Miss Ethel Newcome. The dy espied me immediately. "Come down; come down to moment, Mr. Pendennis," she cried out. I hastened down upposing rightly that news of importance had brought her ury so early.

news were of importance indeed. "Look here!" she said, is;" and she took a paper from the pocket of her habit. I went home last night, after Madame de Florac had been o us about Orme's 'India,' I took the volumes from the e, and found this paper. It is in my grandmother's— wcome's—handwriting; I know it quite well; it is dated on day of her death. She had been writing and reading in her that very night; I have often heard papa speak of the nce. Look and read. You are a lawyer, Mr. Pendennis; bout this paper."

I seized it eagerly, and cast my eyes over it; but having read it, my countenance fell.

"My dear Miss Newcome, it is not worth a penny," I was obliged to own.

"Yes, it is, sir, to honest people!" she cried out. "My brother and uncle will respect it as Mrs. Newcome's dying wish. They *must* respect it."

The paper in question was a letter in ink that had grown yellow from time, and was addressed by the late Mrs. Newcome to "my dear Mr. Luce."

"That was her solicitor, my solicitor still," interposes Miss Ethel.

"The Hermitage, *March* 14, 182—.

"MY DEAR MR. LUCE" (the defunct lady wrote)—"My late husband's grandson has been staying with me lately, and is a most pleasing, handsome, and engaging little boy. He bears a strong likeness to his grandfather, I think; and though he has no claims upon *me*, and I know is sufficiently provided for by his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, C.B., of the East India Company's Service, I am sure my late dear husband will be pleased that I should leave his grandson, Clive Newcome, a token of *peace and good-will;* and I can do so with the more readiness, as it has pleased heaven greatly to increase my means since my husband was called away hence.

"I desire to bequeath a sum equal to that which Mr. Newcome willed to my eldest son, Brian Newcome, Esq., to Mr. Newcome's grandson, Clive Newcome; and furthermore, that a token of my esteem and affection, a ring, or a piece of plate, of the value of £100, be given to Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Newcome, my stepson, whose excellent conduct *for many years*, and whose repeated acts of gallantry in the *service of his sovereign*, have long obliterated the just feelings of displeasure with which I could not but view his early *disobedience and misbehaviour*, before he quitted England against my will, and entered the military service.

"I beg you to prepare immediately a codicil to my will, providing for the above bequests; and desire that the amount of these legacies should be taken from the property bequeathed to my eldest son. You will be so good as to prepare the necessary document, and bring it with you when you come, on Saturday, to Yours very truly,

"*Tuesday night.* "SOPHIA ALETHEA NEWCOME."

I gave back the paper with a sigh to the finder. "It is but a wish of Mrs. Newcome, my dear Miss Ethel," I said. "Pardon me, if I say, I think I know your elder brother too well to suppose that he will fulfil it."

"He *will* fulfil it, sir, I am sure he will," Miss Newcome said, in a haughty manner. "He would do as much without being asked, I am certain he would, did he know the depth of my dear uncle's misfortune. Barnes is in London now, and——"

"And you will write to him? I know what the answer will be."

"I will go to him this very day, Mr. Pendennis! I will go to my dear, dear uncle. I cannot bear to think of him in that place," cried the young lady, the tears starting into her eyes. "It was the will of heaven. Oh, God be thanked for it! Had we found my grandmamma's letter earlier, Barnes would have paid the legacy immediately, and the money would have gone in that dreadful bankruptcy. I will go to Barnes to-day. Will you come with me? Won't you come to your old friends? We may be at his,—at Clive's house this evening; and oh, praise be to God! there need be no more want in his family."

"My dear friend, I will go with you round the world on such an errand," I said, kissing her hand. How beautiful she looked! the generous colour rose in her face, her voice thrilled with happiness. The music of Christmas church bells leaped up at this moment with joyful gratulations; the face of the old house, before which we stood talking, shone out in the morning sun.

"You will come? thank you! I must run and tell Madame de Florac," cried the happy young lady, and we entered the house together. "How came you to be kissing Ethel's hand, sir; and what is the meaning of this early visit?" asks Mrs. Laura, as soon as I had returned to my own apartments.

"Martha, get me a carpet-bag! I am going to London in an hour," cries Mr. Pendennis. If I had kissed Ethel's hand just now, delighted at the news which she brought to me, was not one a thousand times dearer to me, as happy as her friend? I know who prayed with a thankful heart that day as we sped, in the almost solitary train, towards London.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR GOES ON A PLEASANT ERRAND.

BEFORE I parted with Miss Newcome at the station, she made me promise to see her on the morrow at an early hour at her brother's house; and having bidden her farewell and repaired to my own solitary residence, which presented but a dreary aspect on that festive day, I thought I would pay Howland Street a visit; and, if invited, eat my Christmas dinner with Clive.

I found my friend at home, and at work still, in spite of the day. He had promised a pair of pictures to a dealer for the morrow. "He pays me pretty well, and I want all the money he will give me, Pen," the painter said, rubbing on at his canvas. "I am pretty easy in my mind since I have become acquainted with a virtuous dealer. I sell myself to him, body and soul, for some half-dozen pounds a week. I know I can get my money, and he is regularly supplied with his pictures. But for Rosey's illness we might carry on well enough."

Rosey's illness? I was sorry to hear of that: and poor Clive, entering into particulars, told me how he had spent upon doctors rather more than a fourth of his year's earnings. "There is a solemn

fellow, to whom the women have taken a fancy, who lives but a few doors off in Gower Street; and who, for his last sixteen visits, has taken sixteen pounds sixteen shillings out of my pocket with the most admirable gravity, and as if guineas grew there. He talks the fashions to my mother-in-law. My poor wife hangs on every word he says—Look! There is his carriage coming up now! and there is his fee, confound him!" says Clive, casting a rueful look towards a little packet lying upon the mantel-piece, by the side of that skinned figure in plaster of Paris which we have seen in most studios.

I looked out of window and saw a certain Fashionable Doctor tripping out of his chariot; that Ladies' Delight, who has subsequently migrated from Bloomsbury to Belgravia; and who has his polite foot now in a thousand nurseries and boudoirs. What Confessors were in old times, Quackenboss and his like are in our Protestant country. What secrets they know! into what mystic chambers do they not enter! I suppose the Campaigner made a special toilette to receive her fashionable friend, for that lady, attired in considerable splendour, and with the precious jewel on her head, which I remembered at Boulogne, came into the studio two minutes after the Doctor's visit was announced; and made him a low curtsey. I cannot describe the overpowering civilities of that woman.

Clive was very gracious and humble to her. He adopted a lively air in addressing her. "Must work, you know, Christmas Day and all—for the owner of the pictures will call for them in the morning. Bring me a good report about Rosey, Mrs. Mackenzie, please—and if you will have the kindness to look by the *écorché* there, you will see that little packet which I have left for you." Mrs. Mack, advancing, took the money. I thought that plaster of Paris figure was not the only *écorché* in the room.

"I want you to stay to dinner. You must stay, Pen, please," cried Clive; "and be civil to her, will you? My dear old father is coming to dine here. They fancy that he has lodgings at the other end of the town, and that his brothers do something for him. Not a word about Grey Friars. It might agitate Rosey, you know. Ah! isn't he noble, the dear old boy! and isn't it fine to see him in that place?" Clive worked on as he talked, using up the last remnant of the light of Christmas Day, and was cleaning his palette and brushes, when Mrs. Mackenzie returned to us.

Darling Rosey was very delicate, but Doctor Quackenboss was

going to give her the very same medicine which had done the charming young Duchess of Clackmannanshire so much good, and he was not in the least disquiet.

On this I cut into the conversation with anecdotes concerning the family of the Duchess of Clackmannanshire, remembering early days, when it used to be my sport to entertain the Campaigner with anecdotes of the aristocracy, about whose proceedings she still maintained a laudable curiosity. Indeed, one of the few books escaped out of the wreck of Tyburn Gardens was a "Peerage," now a well-worn volume, much read by Rosey and her mother.

The anecdotes were very politely received—perhaps it was the season which made Mrs. Mack and her son-in-law on more than ordinarily good terms. When, turning to the Campaigner, Clive said he wished that she could persuade me to stay to dinner, she acquiesced graciously and at once in that proposal, and vowed that her daughter would be delighted if I could condescend to eat their *humble* fare. "It is not such a dinner as you *have* seen at her house, with six-side dishes, two flanks, that splendid épergne, and the silver dishes top and bottom; but such as my Rosey *has* she offers with a willing *heart*," cries the Campaigner.

"And Tom may sit to dinner, mayn't he, grandmamma?" asks Clive, in a humble voice.

"Oh, if you wish it, sir."

"His grandfather will like to sit by him," said Clive. "I will go out and meet him; he comes through Guilford Street and Russell Square," says Clive. "Will you walk, Pen?"

"Oh, pray don't let *us* detain you," says Mrs. Mackenzie, with a toss of her head: and when she retreated Clive whispered that she would not want me; for she looked to the roasting of the beef and the making of the pudding and the mince-pie.

"I thought she might have a finger in it," I said; and we set forth to meet the dear old father, who presently came, walking very slowly, along the line by which we expected him. His stick trembled as it fell on the pavement; so did his voice, as he called out Clive's name: so did his hand, as he stretched it to me. His body was bent, and feeble. Twenty years had not weakened him so much as the last score of months. I walked by the side of my two friends as they went onwards, linked lovingly together. How I longed for the morrow, and hoped they might be united once more! Thomas

Newcome's voice, once so grave, went up to a treble, and became almost childish, as he asked after Boy. His white hair hung over his collar. I could see it by the gas under which we walked—and Clive's great back and arm, as his father leaned on it, and his brave face turned towards the old man. O Barnes Newcome, Barnes Newcome! Be an honest man for once, and help your kinsfolk! thought I.

The Christmas meal went off in a friendly manner enough. The Campaigner's eyes were everywhere: it was evident that the little maid who served the dinner, and had cooked a portion of it under their keen supervision, cowered under them, as well as other folks. Mrs. Mack did not make more than ten allusions to former splendours during the entertainment, or half as many apologies to me for sitting down to a table very different from that to which I was *accustomed*. Good, faithful F. Bayham was the only other guest. He complimented the mince-pies, so that Mrs. Mackenzie owned she had made them. The Colonel was very silent, but he tried to feed Boy, and was only once or twice sternly corrected by the Campaigner. Boy, in the best little words he could muster, asked why grandpapa wore a black cloak? Clive nudged my foot under the table. The secret of the Poor Brothership was very nearly out. The Colonel blushed, and with great presence of mind said he wore a cloak to keep him warm in winter.

Rosey did not say much. She had grown lean and languid: the light of her eyes had gone out: all her pretty freshness had faded. She ate scarce anything, though her mother pressed her eagerly, and whispered loudly that a woman in her situation ought to strengthen herself. Poor Rosey was always in a situation.

When the cloth was withdrawn, the Colonel bending his head said, "Thank God for what we have received," so reverently, and with an accent so touching, that Fred. Bayham's big eyes as he turned towards the old man filled up with tears. When his mother and grandmother rose to go away, poor little Boy cried to stay longer, and the Colonel would have meekly interposed, but the domineering Campaigner cried, "Nonsense, let him go to bed!" and flounced him out of the room: and nobody appealed against that sentence. Then we four remained, and strove to talk as cheerfully as we might, speaking now of old times, and presently of new. Without the slightest affectation, Thomas Newcome told us that his

life was comfortable, and that he was happy in it. He wished that many others of the old gentlemen, he said, were as contented as himself, but some of them grumbled sadly, he owned, and quarrelled with their bread and butter. He, for his part, had everything he could desire: all the officers of the establishment were most kind to him; an excellent physician came to him when wanted; a most attentive woman waited on him. "And if I wear a black gown," said he, "is not that uniform as good as another? and if we have to go to church every day, at which some of the Poor Brothers grumble, I think an old fellow can't do better; and I can say my prayers with a thankful heart, Clivy my boy, and should be quite happy but for my—for my past imprudence, God forgive me. Think of Bayham here coming to our chapel to-day!—he often comes—that was very right, sir—very right."

Clive, filling a glass of wine, looked at F. B. with eyes that said God bless you. F. B. gulped down another bumper. "It is almost a merry Christmas," said I; "and oh, I hope it will be a happy New Year!"

Shortly after nine o'clock the Colonel rose to depart, saying he must be "in barracks" by ten; and Clive and F. B. went a part of the way with him. I would have followed them, but Clive whispered me to stay, and talk to Mrs. Mack, for heaven's sake, and that he would be back ere long. So I went and took tea with the two ladies; and as we drank it, Mrs. Mackenzie took occasion to tell me she did not know what amount of income the Colonel had from his *wealthy brother*, but that *they* never received any benefit from it; and again she computed to me all the sums, principal and interest, which ought at that moment to belong to her darling Rosey. Rosey now and again made a feeble remark. She did not seem pleased or sorry when her husband came in; and presently, dropping me a little curtsey, went to bed under charge of the Campaigner. So Bayham and I and Clive retired to the studio, where smoking was allowed, and where we brought that Christmas day to an end.

At the appointed time on the next forenoon I called upon Miss Newcome at her brother's house. Sir Barnes Newcome was quitting his own door as I entered it, and he eyed me with such a severe countenance, as made me augur but ill of the business upon which I came. The expression of Ethel's face was scarcely more cheering: she was standing at the window, sternly looking at Sir Barnes, who

yet lingered at his own threshold, having some altercation with his cab-boy ere he mounted his vehicle to drive into the City.

Miss Newcome was very pale when she advanced and gave me her hand. I looked with some alarm into her face, and inquired what news?

"It is as you expected, Mr. Pendennis," she said—"not as I did. My brother is averse to making restitution. He just now parted from me in some anger. But it does not matter; the restitution must be made, if not by Barnes, by one of our family—must it not?"

"God bless you for a noble creature, my dear, dear Miss Newcome!" was all I could say.

"For doing what is right? Ought I not to do it? I am the eldest of our family after Barnes: I am the richest after him. Our father left all his younger children the very sum of money which Mrs. Newcome here devises to Clive; and you know, besides, I have all my grandmother's, Lady Kew's, property. Why, I don't think I could sleep if this act of justice were not done. Will you come with me to my lawyer's? He and my brother Barnes are trustees of my property; and I have been thinking, dear Mr. Pendennis—and you are very good to be so kind, and to express so kind an opinion of me, and you and Laura have always, always been the best friends to me"—(she says this, taking one of my hands and placing her other hand over it)—"I have been thinking, you know, that this transfer had better be made through Mr. Luce, you understand, and as coming from the *family*, and then I need not appear in it at all, you see; and—and my dear good uncle's pride need not be wounded." She fairly gave way to tears as she spoke—and for me, I longed to kiss the hem of her robe, or anything else she would let me embrace, I was so happy, and so touched by the simple demeanour and affection of the noble young lady.

"Dear Ethel," I said, "did I not say I would go to the end of the world with you—and won't I go to Lincoln's Inn?"

A cab was straightway sent for, and in another half-hour we were in the presence of the courtly little old Mr. Luce, in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

He knew the late Mrs. Newcome's handwriting at once. He remembered having seen the little boy at the Hermitage, had talked with Mr. Newcome regarding his son in India, and had even encouraged Mrs. Newcome in her idea of leaving some token of

good-will to the latter. "I was to have dined with your grandmamma on the Saturday, with my poor wife. Why, bless my soul! I remember the circumstance perfectly well, my dear young lady. There can't be a doubt about the letter, but of course the bequest is no bequest at all, and Colonel Newcome has behaved so ill to your brother that I suppose Sir Barnes will not go out of his way to benefit the Colonel."

"What would you do, Mr. Luce?" asks the young lady.

"Hm! And pray why should I tell you what I should do under the circumstances?" replied the little lawyer. "Upon my word, Miss Newcome, I think I should leave matters as they stand. Sir Barnes and I, you are aware, are not the very best of friends—as your father's, your grandmother's old friend and adviser, and your own too, my dear young lady, I and Sir Barnes Newcome remain on civil terms. But neither is overmuch pleased with the other, to say the truth; and, at any rate, I cannot be accused—nor can any one else that I know of—of being a very warm partisan of your brother's. But candidly, were his case mine—had I a relation who had called me unpleasant names, and threatened me I don't know with what, with sword and pistol—who had put me to five or six thousand pounds' expense in contesting an election which I had lost,—I should give him, I think, no more than the law obliged me to give him; and that, my dear Miss Newcome, is not one farthing."

"I am very glad you say so," said Miss Newcome, rather to my astonishment.

"Of course, my dear young lady; and so you need not be alarmed at showing your brother this document. Is not that the point about which you came to consult me? You wished that I should prepare him for the awful disclosure, did you not? You know, perhaps, that he does not like to part with his money, and thought the appearance of this note might agitate him? It has been a long time coming to its address, but nothing can be done, don't you see? and be sure Sir Barnes Newcome will not be the least agitated when I tell him its contents."

"I mean I am very glad you think my brother is not called upon to obey Mrs. Newcome's wishes, because I need not think so hardly of him as I was disposed to do," Miss Newcome said. "I showed him the paper this morning, and he repelled it with scorn; and not kind words passed between us, Mr. Luce, and unkind thoughts

remained in my mind. But if he, you think, is justified, it is I who have been in the wrong for saying that he was self—for upbraiding him as I own I did."

"You called him selfish!—You had words with him! Such things have happened before, my dear Miss Newcome, in the best-regulated families."

"But if he is not wrong, sir, holding his opinions, surely I should be wrong, sir, with mine, not to do as my conscience tells me; and having found this paper only yesterday at Newcome, in the library there, in one of my grandmother's books, I consulted with this gentleman, the husband of my dearest friend, Mrs. Pendennis—the most intimate friend of my uncle and cousin Clive; and I wish, and I desire and insist, that my share of what my poor father left us girls should be given to my cousin, Mr. Clive Newcome, in accordance with my grandmother's dying wishes."

"My dear, you gave away your portion to your brothers and sisters ever so long ago!" cried the lawyer.

"I desire, sir, that six thousand pounds may be given to my cousin," Miss Newcome said, blushing deeply. "My dear uncle, the best man in the world, whom I love with all my heart, sir, is in the most dreadful poverty. Do you know where he is, sir? My dear, kind, generous uncle!"—and, kindling as she spoke, and with eyes beaming a bright kindness, and flushing cheeks, and a voice that thrilled to the heart of those two who heard her, Miss Newcome went on to tell of her uncle's and cousin's misfortunes, and of her wish, under God, to relieve them. I see before me now the figure of the noble girl as she speaks; the pleased little old lawyer, bobbing his white head, looking up at her with his twinkling eyes—patting his knees, patting his snuff-box—as he sits before his tapes and his deeds, surrounded by a great background of tin boxes.

"And I understand you want this money paid as coming from the family, and not from Miss Newcome?" says Mr. Luce.

"Coming from the family—exactly"—answers Miss Newcome.

Mr. Luce rose up from his old chair—his worn-out old horse-hair chair—where he had sat for half a century and listened to many a speaker very different from this one. "Mr. Pendennis," he said, "I envy you your journey along with this young lady. I envy you the good news you are going to carry to your friends—and, Miss Newcome, as I am an old—old gentleman who have known

your family these sixty years, and saw your father in his long-clothes, may I tell you how heartily and sincerely I—I love and respect you, my dear? When should you wish Mr. Clive Newcome to have his legacy?"

"I think I should like Mr. Pendennis to have it this instant, Mr. Luce, please," said the young lady—and her veil dropped over her face as she bent her head down, and clasped her hands together for a moment, as if she were praying.

Mr. Luce laughed at her impetuosity; but said that if she was bent upon having the money, it was at her instant service; and, before we left the room, Mr. Luce prepared a letter, addressed to Clive Newcome, Esquire, in which he stated, that amongst the books of the late Mrs. Newcome a paper had only just been found, of which a copy was enclosed, and that the family of the late Sir Brian Newcome, desirous to do honour to the wishes of the late Mrs. Newcome, had placed the sum of 6,000*l.* at the bank of Messrs. H. W——, at the disposal of Mr. Clive Newcome, of whom Mr. Luce had the honour to sign himself the most obedient servant, &c. And, the letter approved and copied, Mr. Luce said Mr. Pendennis might be the postman thereof, if Miss Newcome so willed it: and, with this document in my pocket, I quitted the lawyer's chambers, with my good and beautiful young companion.

Our cab had been waiting several hours in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and I asked Miss Ethel whither I now should conduct her?

"Where is Grey Friars?" she said. "Mayn't I go to see my uncle?"

CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH OLD FRIENDS COME TOGETHER.

E made the ascent of Snowhill, we passed by the miry pens of Smithfield; we travel through the street of St. John, and presently reach the ancient gateway, in Cistercian Square, where lies the old Hospital of Grey Friars. I passed through the gate, my fair young companion on my arm, and made my way to the rooms occupied by Brother Newcome.

As we traversed the court the Poor Brothers were coming from dinner. A couple of score, or more, of old gentlemen in black gowns, issued from the door of their refectory, and separated over the court, betaking themselves to their chambers. Ethel's arm trembled under mine as she looked at one and another, expecting to behold her dear uncle's familiar features. But he was not among the brethren. We went to his chamber, of which the door was open: a female attendant was arranging the room; she told us Colonel Newcome was out for the day, and thus our journey had been made in vain.

Ethel went round the apartment and surveyed its simple decorations; she looked at the pictures of Clive and his boy; the two sabres crossed over the mantel-piece, the Bible laid on the table, by the old latticed window. She walked slowly up to the humble bed, and sat down on a chair near it. No doubt her heart prayed for him who slept there; she turned round where his black Pensioner's cloak was hanging on the wall, and lifted up the homely garment, and kissed it. The servant looked on, admiring, I should think, her melancholy and her gracious beauty. I whispered to the woman that the young lady was the Colonel's niece. "He has a son who comes here, and is very handsome, too," said the attendant.

The two women spoke together for a while. "Oh, miss!" cried

the elder and humbler, evidently astonished at some gratuity which Miss Newcome bestowed upon her, "I didn't want this to be good to him. Everybody here loves him for himself; and I would sit up for him for weeks—that I would."

My companion took a pencil from her bag and wrote "Ethel" on a piece of paper, and laid the paper on the Bible. Darkness had again fallen by this time; feeble lights were twinkling in the chamber windows of the Poor Brethren, as we issued into the courts;—feeble lights illumining a dim, grey, melancholy old scene. Many a career, once bright, was flickering out here in the darkness; many a night was closing in. We went away silently from that quiet place; and in another minute were in the flare and din and tumult of London.

"The Colonel is most likely gone to Clive's," I said. Would not Miss Newcome follow him thither? We consulted whether she should go. She took heart and said "yes." "Drive, cabman, to Howland Street!" The horse was, no doubt, tired, for the journey seemed extraordinarily long: I think neither of us spoke a word on the way.

I ran upstairs to prepare our friends for the visit. Clive, his wife, his father, and his mother-in-law were seated by a dim light in Mrs. Clive's sitting-room. Rosey on the sofa, as usual; the little boy on his grandfather's knees.

I hardly made a bow to the ladies, so eager was I to communicate with Colonel Newcome. "I have just been to your quarters at Grey Friars, sir," said I. "That is ——"

"You have been to the Hospital, sir! You need not be ashamed to mention it, as Colonel Newcome is not ashamed *to go there*," cried out the Campaigner. "Pray speak in your own language, Clive, unless there is something *not fit* for ladies to hear." Clive was growling out to me in German that there had just been a terrible scene, his father having, a quarter of an hour previously, let slip the secret about Grey Friars.

"Say at once, Clive!" the Campaigner cried, rising in her might, and extending a great strong arm over her helpless child, "that Colonel Newcome owns that he has gone to live as a pauper in a hospital! He who has squandered his own money—he who has squandered my money—he who has squandered the money of that darling helpless child—compose yourself, Rosey my love!—has completed the

disgrace of the family, by his present mean and unworthy—yes, I say *mean* and *unworthy* and *degraded* conduct. Oh, my child, my blessed child! to think that your husband's father should have come to a *workhouse!*" Whilst this maternal agony bursts over her, Rosey, on the sofa, bleats and whimpers amongst the faded chintz cushions.

I took Clive's hand, which was cast up to his head striking his forehead, with mad impotent rage, whilst this fiend of a woman lashed his good father. The veins of his great fist were swollen, his whole body was throbbing and trembling with the helpless pain under which he writhed. "Colonel Newcome's friends, ma'am," I said, "think very differently from you; and that he is a better judge than you, or any one else, of his own honour. We all, who loved him in his prosperity, love and respect him more than ever for the manner in which he bears his misfortune. Do you suppose that his noble friend, the Earl of H——, would have counselled him to a step unworthy of a gentleman; that the Prince de Montcontour would applaud his conduct as he does if he did not think it admirable?" I can hardly say with what scorn I used this argument, or what depth of contempt I felt for the woman whom I knew it would influence. "And at this minute," I added, "I have come from visiting the Grey Friars with one of the Colonel's relatives, whose love and respect for him is boundless; who longs to be reconciled to him, and who is waiting below, eager to shake his hand, and embrace Clive's wife."

"Who is that?" says the Colonel, looking gently up, as he pats Boy's head.

"Who is it, Pen?" says Clive. I said in a low voice "Ethel;" and starting up and crying "Ethel! Ethel!" he ran from the room.

Little Mrs. Rosey started up too on her sofa, clutching hold of the table-cover with her lean hand, and the two red spots on her cheeks burning more fiercely than ever. I could see what passion was beating in that poor little heart. Heaven help us! what a resting-place had friends and parents prepared for it!

"Miss Newcome, is it? My darling Rosey, get on your shawl!" cried the Campaigner, a grim smile lighting her face.

"It is Ethel; Ethel is my niece. I used to love her when she was quite a little girl," says the Colonel, patting Boy on the head; "and she is a very good, beautiful little child—a very good child." The torture had been too much for that kind old heart: there were

times when Thomas Newcome passed beyond it. What still maddened Clive, excited his father no more; the pain yonder woman inflicted, only felled and stupefied him.

As the door opened, the little white-headed child trotted forward towards the visitor, and Ethel entered on Clive's arm, who was as haggard and pale as death. Little Boy, looking up at the stately lady, still followed beside her, as she approached her uncle, who remained sitting, his head bent to the ground. His thoughts were elsewhere. Indeed, he was following the child, and about to caress it again.

"Here is a friend, father!" says Clive, laying a hand on the old man's shoulder. "It is I, Ethel, uncle!" the young lady said, taking his hand; and kneeling down between his knees, she flung her arms round him, and kissed him, and wept on his shoulder. His consciousness had quite returned ere an instant was over. He embraced her with the warmth of his old affection, uttering many brief words of love, kindness, and tenderness, such as men speak when strongly moved.

The little boy had come wondering up to the chair whilst this embrace took place, and Clive's tall figure bent over the three. Rosey's eyes were not good to look at, as she stared at the group with a ghastly smile. Mrs. Mackenzie surveyed the scene in haughty state, from behind the sofa cushions. She tried to take one of Rosey's lean hot hands. The poor child tore it away, leaving her ring behind her; lifted her hands to her face: and cried—cried as if her little heart would break. Ah me! what a story was there; what an outburst of pent-up feeling! what a passion of pain! The ring had fallen to the ground; the little boy crept towards it, and picked it up, and came towards his mother, fixing on her his large wondering eyes. "Mamma crying. Mamma's ring!" he said, holding up the circle of gold. With more feeling than I had ever seen her exhibit, she clasped the boy in her wasted arms. Great heaven! what passion, jealousy, grief, despair, were tearing and trying all these hearts, that but for fate might have been happy?

Clive went round, and with the utmost sweetness and tenderness hanging round his child and wife, soothed her with words of consolation, that in truth I scarce heard, being ashamed almost of being present at this sudden scene. No one, however, took notice of the witnesses; and even Mrs. Mackenzie's voice was silent for the

moment. I dare say Clive's words were incoherent; but women have more presence of mind; and now Ethel, with a noble grace which I cannot attempt to describe, going up to Rosey, seated herself by her, spoke of her long grief at the differences between her dearest uncle and herself; of her early days, when he had been as a father to her; of her wish, her hope that Rosey should love her as a sister; and of her belief that better days and happiness were in store for them all. And she spoke to the mother about her boy so beautiful and intelligent, and told her how she had brought up her brother's children, and hoped that this one too would call her Aunt Ethel. She would not stay now, might she come again? Would Rosey come to her with her little boy? Would he kiss her? He did so with a very good grace; but when Ethel at parting embraced the child's mother, Rosey's face wore a smile ghastly to look at, and the lips that touched Ethel's cheeks were quite white.

"I shall come and see you again to-morrow, uncle, may I not? I saw your room to-day, sir, and your housekeeper; such a nice old lady, and your black gown. And you shall put it on to-morrow, and walk with me, and show me the beautiful old buildings of the old hospital. And I shall come and make tea for you, the housekeeper says I may. Will you come down with me to my carriage? No, Mr. Pendennis must come;" and she quitted the room, beckoning me after her. "You will speak to Clive now, won't you?" she said, "and come to me this evening, and tell me all before you go to bed?" I went back, anxious in truth to be the messenger of good tidings to my dear old friends.

Brief as my absence had been, Mrs. Mackenzie had taken advantage of that moment again to outrage Clive and his father, and to announce that Rosey might go to see this Miss Newcome, whom people respected because she was rich, but whom *she* would never visit; no, never! "An insolent, proud, impertinent thing! Does she take me for a housemaid?" Mrs. Mackenzie had inquired. "Am I dust to be trampled beneath her feet? Am I a dog that she can't throw me a word?" Her arms were stretched out, and she was making this inquiry as to her own canine qualities as I re-entered the room, and remembered that Ethel had never once addressed a single word to Mrs. Mackenzie in the course of her visit.

I affected not to perceive the incident, and presently said that I wanted to speak to Clive in his studio. Knowing that I had brought

my friend one or two commissions for drawings, Mrs. Mackenzie was civil to me, and did not object to our colloquies.

"Will you come too, and smoke a pipe, father?" says Clive.

"*Of course* your father intends to stay to *dinner?*" says the Campaigner, with a scornful toss of her head. Clive groaned out as we were on the stair, "that he could not bear this much longer, by heavens he could not."

"Give the Colonel his pipe, Clive," said I. "Now, sir, down with you in the sitters' chair, and smoke the sweetest cheroot you ever smoked in your life! My dear, dear old Clive! you need not bear with the Campaigner any longer; you may go to bed without this nightmare to-night if you like; you may have your father back under your roof again."

"My dear Arthur! I must be back at ten, sir, back at ten, military time; drum beats; no—bell tolls at ten, and gates close;" and he laughed and shook his old head. "Besides, I am to see a young lady, sir; and she is coming to make tea for me, and I must speak to Mrs. Jones to have all things ready—all things ready;" and again the old man laughed as he spoke.

His son looked at him and then at me with eyes full of sad meaning. "How do you mean, Arthur," Clive said, "that he can come and stay with me, and that that woman can go?"

Then feeling in my pocket for Mr. Luce's letter, I grasped my dear Clive by the hand and bade him prepare for good news. I told him how providentially, two days since, Ethel, in the library at Newcome, looking into Orme's "History of India," a book which old Mrs. Newcome had been reading on the night of her death, had discovered a paper, of which the accompanying letter enclosed a copy, and I gave my friend the letter.

He opened it, and read it through. I cannot say that I saw any particular expression of wonder in his countenance, for somehow, all the while Clive perused this document, I was looking at the Colonel's sweet kind face. "It—it is Ethel's doing," said Clive, in a hurried voice. "There was no such letter."

"Upon my honour," I answered, "there was. We came up to London with it last night, a few hours after she had found it. We showed it to Sir Barnes Newcome, who—who could not disown it. We took it to Mr. Luce, who recognized it at once, who was old Mrs. Newcome's man of business, and continues to be the family

lawyer: and the family recognizes the legacy and has paid it, and you may draw for it to-morrow, as you see. What a piece of good luck it is that it did not come before the B. B. C. time. That confounded Bundlecund Bank would have swallowed up this, like all the rest."

"Father! father! do you remember Orme's 'History of India?'" cries Clive.

"Orme's 'History!' of course I do; I could repeat whole pages of it when I was a boy," says the old man, and began forthwith. "'The two battalions advanced against each other cannonading, until the French, coming to a hollow way, imagined that the English would not venture to pass it. But Major Lawrence ordered the sepoys and artillery—the sepoys and artillery to halt and defend the convoy against the Morattoes'—Morattoes Orme calls 'em. Ho! ho! I could repeat whole pages, sir."

"It is the best book that ever was written," calls out Clive. The Colonel said he had not read it, but he was informed Mr. Mill's was a very learned history; he intended to read it. "Eh! there is plenty of time now," said the good Colonel. "I have all day long at Grey Friars,—after chapel, you know. Do you know, sir, when I was a boy I used what they call to tib out and run down to a public-house in Cistercian Lane—the 'Red Cow,' sir,—and buy rum there? I was a terrible wild boy, Clivy. You weren't so, sir, thank heaven! A terrible wild boy, and my poor father flogged me, though I think it was very hard on me. It wasn't the pain, you know: it wasn't the pain, but . . ." Here tears came into his eyes and he dropped his head on his hand, and the cigar fell from it on to the floor, burnt almost out, and scattering white ashes.

Clive looked sadly at me. "He was often so at Boulogne, Arthur," he whispered; "after a scene with that—that woman yonder, his head would go: he never replied to her taunts: he bore her infernal cruelty without an unkind word—Oh! I can pay her back, thank God, I can pay her! But who shall pay her," he said, trembling in every limb, "for what she has made that good man suffer?"

"He turned to his father, who still sat lost in his meditations. "You need never go back to Grey Friars, father!" he cried out.

"Not go back, Clivy? Must go back, boy, to say Adsum when my name is called. 'Newcome!' 'Adsum!' Hey! that is what we used to say—we used to say!"

"You need not go back, except to pack your things, and return

and live with me and Boy," Clive continued, and he told Colonel Newcome rapidly the story of the legacy. The old man seemed hardly to comprehend it. When he did, the news scarcely elated him; when Clive said "they could now pay Mrs. Mackenzie," the Colonel replied, "Quite right, quite right," and added up the sum, principal and interest, in which they were indebted to her—he knew it well enough, the good old man. "Of course we shall pay her, Clivy, when we can!" But in spite of what Clive had said he did not appear to understand the fact, that the debt to Mrs. Mackenzie was now actually to be paid.

As we were talking, a knock came to the studio-door, and that summons was followed by the entrance of the maid, who said to Clive, "If you please, sir, Mrs. Mackenzie says, how long are you a-going to keep the dinner waiting?"

"Come, father, come to dinner!" cries Clive; "and, Pen, you will come too, won't you?" he added; "it may be the last time you dine in such pleasant company. Come along," he whispered hurriedly. "I should like you to be there, it will keep her tongue quiet." As we proceeded to the dining-room, I gave the Colonel my arm; and the good man prattled to me something about Mrs. Mackenzie having taken shares in the Bundlecund Banking Company, and about her not being a woman of business, and fancying we had spent her money. "And I have always felt a wish that Clivy should pay her, and he will pay her, I know he will," says the Colonel; "and then we shall lead a quiet life, Arthur; for, between ourselves, some women are the deuce when they are angry, sir." And again he laughed, as he told me this sly news, and he bowed meekly his gentle old head as we entered the dining-room.

That apartment was occupied by little Boy already seated in his high chair, and by the Campaigner only, who stood at the mantel-piece in a majestic attitude. On parting with her, before we adjourned to Clive's studio, I had made my bow and taken my leave in form, not supposing that I was about to enjoy her hospitality yet once again. My return did not seem to please her. "Does Mr. Pendennis favour us with his company to dinner again, Clive?" she said, turning to her son-in-law. Clive curtly said, "Yes; he had asked Mr. Pendennis to stay."

"You might at least have been *so kind* as to give me notice," says the Campaigner, still majestic, but ironical. "You will have but a

poor meal, Mr. Pendennis; and one such as I am not accustomed to give my guests."

"Cold beef! what the deuce does it matter?" says Clive, beginning to carve the joint, which, hot, had served our yesterday's Christmas table.

"It *does* matter, sir! I am not accustomed to treat my guests in this way. Maria! who has been cutting that beef? Three pounds of that beef have been cut away since one o'clock to-day;" and with flashing eyes, and a finger twinkling all over with rings, she pointed towards the guilty joint.

Whether Maria had been dispensing secret charities, or kept company with an occult policeman partial to roast beef, I do not know; but she looked very much alarmed, and said, "Indeed, and indeed, Mum, she had not touched a morsel of it!—not she."

"Confound the beef!" says Clive, carving on.

"She *has* been cutting it!" cries the Campaigner, bringing her fist down with a thump upon the table. "Mr. Pendennis! you saw the beef yesterday; eighteen pounds it weighed, and this is what comes up of it! As if there was not already ruin enough in the house!"

"D——n the beef!" cries out Clive.

"No! no! Thank God for our good dinner! Benedicti benedicamus, Clivy my boy," says the Colonel, in a tremulous voice.

"Swear on, sir! let the child hear your oaths! Let my blessed child, who is too ill to sit at table and picks her bit of sweetbread on her sofa,—which her poor mother *prepares* for her, Mr. Pendennis,—which I cooked it, and gave it to her with *these hands*,—let *her* hear your curses and blasphemies, Clive Newcome! They are loud enough."

"Do let us have a quiet life," groans out Clive; and for me, I confess, I kept my eyes steadily down upon my plate, nor dared to lift them, until my portion of cold beef had vanished.

No farther outbreak took place, until the appearance of the second course; which consisted, as the ingenious reader may suppose, of the plum-pudding, now in a grilled state, and the remanent mince-pies from yesterday's meal. Maria, I thought, looked particularly guilty, as these delicacies were placed on the table: she set them down hastily, and was for operating an instant retreat.

But the Campaigner shrieked after her, "Who has eaten that pudding? I insist upon knowing who has eaten it. I saw it at two o'clock when I went down to the kitchen and fried a bit for my

darling child, and there's pounds of it gone since then! There were five mince-pies! Mr. Pendennis! you saw yourself there were five went away from table yesterday—where's the other two, Maria? You leave the house this night, you thieving, wicked wretch—and I'll thank you to come back to me afterwards for a character. Thirteen servants have we had in nine months, Mr. Pendennis, and this girl is the worst of them all, and the greatest liar and the greatest thief."

At this charge the outraged Maria stood up in arms, and as the phrase is, gave the Campaigner as good as she got. Go! wouldn't she go? Pay her her wages, and let her go out of that 'ell upon hearth, was Maria's prayer. "It isn't you, sir," she said, turning to Clive. "*You* are good enough, and works hard enough to git the guineas which you give out to pay that Doctor; and she *don't* pay him—and I see five of them in her purse wrapped up in paper, myself I did, and she abuses you to him—and I heard her, and Jane Black, who was here before, told me she heard her. Go! won't I just go, I despises your puddens and pies!" and with a laugh of scorn this rude Maria snapped her black fingers in the immediate vicinity of the Campaigner's nose.

"I will pay her her wages, and she shall go this instant!" says Mrs. Mackenzie, taking her purse out.

"Pay me with them suvverings that you have got in it, wrapped up in paper. See if she haven't, Mr. Newcome," the refractory waiting-woman cried out, and again she laughed a strident laugh.

Mrs. Mackenzie briskly shut her porte-monnaie, and rose up from table, quivering with indignant virtue. "Go!" she exclaimed, "go and pack your trunks this instant! you quit the house this night, and a policeman shall see to your boxes before you leave it!"

Whilst uttering this sentence against the guilty Maria, the Campaigner had intended, no doubt, to replace her purse in her pocket,—a handsome filigree gimcrack of poor Rosey's, one of the relics of former splendours,—but, agitated by Maria's insolence, the trembling hand missed the mark, and the purse fell to the ground.

Maria dashed at the purse in a moment, with a scream of laughter shook its contents upon the table, and sure enough, five little packets wrapped in paper rolled out upon the cloth, besides bank-notes and silver and gold coin. "I'm to go, am I? I'm a thief, am I?" screamed the girl, clapping her hands. "*I* sor 'em yesterday when I

was a-lacing of her; and thought of that pore young man working night and day to get the money;—me a thief, indeed!—I despise you, and *I* give you warning."

"Do you wish to see me any longer insulted by this woman, Clive? Mr. Pendennis, I am shocked that you should witness such horrible vulgarity," cries the Campaigner, turning to her guest. "Does the wretched creature suppose that I—I who have given *thousands*, I who have denied myself *everything*, I who have spent my *all* in support of this house; and Colonel Newcome *knows* whether I have given thousands or not, and *who* has spent them, and *who* has been robbed, I say, and——"

"Here! you! Maria! go about your business," shouted out Clive Newcome, starting up; "go and pack your trunks if you like, and pack this woman's trunks too. Mrs. Mackenzie, I can bear you no more; go in peace, and if you wish to see your daughter she shall come to you; but I will never, so help me God! sleep under the same roof with you; or break the same crust with you; or bear your infernal cruelty; or sit to hear my father insulted; or listen to your wicked pride and folly more. There has not been a day since you thrust your cursed foot into our wretched house, but you have tortured one and all of us. Look here, at the best gentleman, and the kindest heart in all the world, you fiend! and see to what a condition you have brought him! Dearest father! she is going, do you hear? She leaves us, and you will come back to me, won't you? Great God, woman," he gasped out, "do you know what you have made me suffer—what you have done to this good man? Pardon, father, pardon!"—and he sank down by his father's side, sobbing with passionate emotion. The old man even now did not seem to comprehend the scene. When he heard that woman's voice in anger, a sort of stupor came over him.

"I am a *fiend*, am I?" cries the lady. "You hear, Mr. Pendennis, this is the language to which I am accustomed; I am a widow, and I trusted my child and my all to that old man; he robbed me and my darling of almost every farthing we had; and what has been my return for such baseness? I have lived in this house and toiled like a *slave;* I have acted as servant to my blessed child; night after night I have sat with her; and month after month, when *her husband* has been away, I have nursed that poor innocent; and the father having robbed me, the son turns me out of doors!"

A sad thing it was to witness, and a painful proof how frequent were these battles, that, as this one raged, the poor little boy sat almost careless, whilst his bewildered grandfather stroked his golden head! "It is quite clear to me, madam," I said, turning to Mrs. Mackenzie, "that you and your son-in-law are better apart; and I came to tell him to-day of a most fortunate legacy, which has just been left to him, and which will enable him to pay you to-morrow morning every shilling, every shilling which he does NOT owe you."

"I will not leave this house until I am paid every shilling of which I have been robbed," hissed out Mrs. Mackenzie; and she sat down folding her arms across her chest.

"I am sorry," groaned out Clive, wiping the sweat off his brow, "I used a harsh word; I will never sleep under the same roof with you. To-morrow I will pay you what you claim; and the best chance I have of forgiving you the evil which you have done me, is that we should never meet again. Will you give me a bed at your house, Arthur? Father, will you come out and walk? Good night, Mrs. Mackenzie: Pendennis will settle with you in the morning. You will not be here, if you please, when I return; and so God forgive you, and farewell."

Mrs. Mackenzie in a tragic manner dashed aside the hand which poor Clive held out to her, and disappeared from the scene of this dismal dinner. Boy presently fell a-crying: in spite of all the battle and fury, there was sleep in his eyes.

"Maria is too busy, I suppose, to put him to bed," said Clive, with a sad smile; "shall we do it, father? Come, Tommy my son!" and he folded his arms round the child, and walked with him to the upper regions. The old man's eyes lighted up; his scared thoughts returned to him; he followed his two children up the stairs, and saw his grandson in his little bed; and, as we walked home with him, he told me how sweetly Boy said "Our Father," and prayed God bless all those who loved him, as they laid him to rest.

So these three generations had joined in that supplication: the strong man, humbled by trial and grief, whose loyal heart was yet full of love;—the child, of the sweet age of those little ones whom the Blessed Speaker of the prayer first bade to come unto Him;—and the old man, whose heart was well nigh as tender and as innocent; and whose day was approaching, when he should be drawn to the bosom of the Eternal Pity.

How 'Boy' said 'Our Father'.

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CHAPTER XLII.

HICH THE COLONEL SAYS "ADSUM" WHEN HIS NAME IS CALLED.

HE vow which Clive had uttered, never to share bread with his mother-in-law, or sleep under the same roof with her, was broken on the very next day. A stronger will than the young man's intervened, and he had to confess the impotence of his wrath before that superior power. In the forenoon of the day following that unlucky dinner, I went ny friend to the banking-house whither Mr. Luce's letter directed id carried away with me the principal sum, in which the Camer said Colonel Newcome was indebted to her, with the interest ately computed and reimbursed. Clive went off with a pocket- money to the dear old Poor Brother of Grey Friars; and he ised to return with his father, and dine with my wife in Queen e. I had received a letter from Laura by the morning's post, ncing her return by the express-train from Newcome, and ng that a spare bed-room should be got ready for a friend who panied her.

n reaching Howland Street, Clive's door was opened, rather

to my surprise, by the rebellious maid-servant who had received her dismissal on the previous night; and the Doctor's carriage drove up as she was still speaking to me. The polite practitioner sped upstairs to Mrs. Newcome's apartment. Mrs. Mackenzie, in a robe-de-chambre and cap very different from yesterday's, came out eagerly to meet the physician on the landing. Ere they had been a quarter of an hour together, arrived a cab, which discharged an elderly person with her band-box and bundles; I had no difficulty in recognizing a professional nurse in the new-comer. She too disappeared into the sick-room, and left me sitting in the neighbouring chamber, the scene of the last night's quarrel.

Hither presently came to me Maria, the maid. She said she had not the heart to go away now she was wanted; that they had passed a sad night, and that no one had been to bed. Master Tommy was below, and the landlady taking care of him: the landlord had gone out for the nurse. Mrs. Clive had been taken bad after Mr. Clive went away the night before. Mrs. Mackenzie had gone to the poor young thing, and there she went on, crying, and screaming, and stamping, as she used to do in her tantrums, which was most cruel of her, and made Mrs. Clive so ill. And presently the young lady began: my informant told me. She came screaming into the sitting-room, her hair over her shoulders, calling out she was deserted, deserted, and would like to die. She was like a mad woman for some time. She had fit after fit of hysterics: and there was her mother, kneeling, and crying, and calling out to her darling child to calm herself;—which it was all her own doing, and she had much better have held her own tongue, remarked the resolute Maria. I understood only too well from the girl's account what had happened, and that Clive, if resolved to part with his mother-in-law, should not have left her, even for twelve hours, in possession of his house. The wretched woman, whose Self was always predominant, and who, though she loved her daughter after her own fashion, never forgot her own vanity or passion, had improved the occasion of Clive's absence: worked upon her child's weakness, jealousy, ill-health, and driven her, no doubt, into the fever which yonder physician was called to quell.

The Doctor presently enters to write a prescription, followed by Clive's mother-in-law, who had cast Rosey's fine Cashmere shawl over her shoulders, to hide her disarray. "You here still, Mr. Pendennis!"

she exclaims. She knew I was there. Had not she changed her dress in order to receive me?

"I have to speak to you for two minutes on important business, and then I shall go," I replied gravely.

"Oh, sir! to what a scene you have come! To what a state has Clive's conduct last night driven my darling child!"

As the odious woman spoke so, the Doctor's keen eyes, looking up from the prescription, caught mine. "I declare before heaven, madam," I said hotly, "I believe you yourself are the cause of your daughter's present illness, as you have been of the misery of my friends."

"Is this, sir," she was breaking out, "is this language to be used to——?"

"Madam, will you be silent?" I said. "I am come to bid you farewell on the part of those whom your temper has driven into infernal torture. I am come to pay you every halfpenny of the sum which my friends do not owe you, but which they restore. Here is the account, and here is the money to settle it. And I take this gentleman to witness, to whom, no doubt, you have imparted what you call your wrongs" (the Doctor smiled, and shrugged his shoulders) "that now you are paid."

"A widow—a poor, lonely, insulted widow!" cries the Campaigner, with trembling hands, taking possession of the notes.

"And I wish to know," I continued, "when my friend's house will be free to him, and he can return in peace?"

Here Rosey's voice was heard from the inner apartment, screaming, "Mamma, mamma!"

"I go to my child, sir," she said. "If Captain Mackenzie had been alive, you would not have *dared* to insult me so." And carrying off her money, she left us.

"Cannot she be got out of the house?" I said to the Doctor. "My friend will never return until she leaves it. It is my belief she is the cause of her daughter's present illness."

"Not altogether, my dear sir. Mrs. Newcome was in a very, very delicate state of health. Her mother is a lady of impetuous temper, who expresses herself very strongly—too strongly, I own. In consequence of unpleasant family discussions, which no physician can prevent, Mrs. Newcome has been wrought up to a state of—of agitation. Her fever is, in fact, at present, very high. You know

her condition. I am apprehensive of ulterior consequences. I have recommended an excellent and experienced nurse to her. Mr. Smith, the medical man at the corner, is a most able practitioner. I shall myself call again in a few hours, and I trust that, after the event which I apprehend, everything will go well."

"Cannot Mrs. Mackenzie leave the house, sir?" I asked.

"Her daughter cries out for her at every moment. Mrs. Mackenzie is certainly not a judicious nurse, but in Mrs. Newcome's present state I cannot take upon myself to separate them. Mr. Newcome may return, and I do think and believe that his presence may tend to impose silence and restore tranquillity."

I had to go back to Clive with these gloomy tidings. The poor fellow must put up a bed in his studio, and there await the issue of his wife's illness. I saw Thomas Newcome could not sleep under his son's roof that night. That dear meeting, which both so desired, was delayed, who could say for how long?

"The Colonel may come to us," I thought; "our old house is big enough." I guessed who was the friend coming in my wife's company; and pleased myself by thinking that two friends so dear should meet in our home. Bent upon these plans, I repaired to Grey Friars, and to Thomas Newcome's chamber there.

Bayham opened the door when I knocked, and came towards me with a finger on his lip, and a sad, sad countenance. He closed the door gently behind him, and led me into the court. "Clive is with him, and Miss Newcome. He is very ill. He does not know them," said Bayham with a sob. "He calls out for both of them: they are sitting there, and he does not know them."

In a brief narrative, broken by more honest tears, Fred. Bayham, as we paced up and down the court, told me what had happened. The old man must have passed a sleepless night, for on going to his chamber in the morning, his attendant found him dressed in his chair, and his bed undisturbed. He must have sat all through the bitter night without a fire; but his hands were burning hot, and he rambled in his talk. He spoke of some one coming to drink tea with him, pointed to the fire, and asked why it was not made; he would not go to bed, though the nurse pressed him. The bell began to ring for morning chapel; he got up and went towards his gown, groping towards it as though he could hardly see, and put it over his shoulders, and would go out, but he would have fallen in the court if

the good nurse had not given him her arm; and the physician of the hospital, passing fortunately at this moment, who had always been a great friend of Colonel Newcome's, insisted upon leading him back to his room again, and got him to bed. "When the bell stopped, he wanted to rise once more; he fancied he was a boy at school again," said the nurse, "and that he was going in to Dr. Raine, who was schoolmaster here ever so many years ago." So it was, that when happier days seemed to be dawning for the good man, that reprieve came too late. Grief, and years, and humiliation, and care, and cruelty had been too strong for him, and Thomas Newcome was stricken down.

Bayham's story told, I entered the room, over which the twilight was falling, and saw the figures of Clive and Ethel seated at each end of the bed. The poor old man within it was calling incoherent sentences. I had to call Clive from the present grief before him, with intelligence of further sickness awaiting him at home. Our poor patient did not heed what I said to his son. "You must go home to Rosey," Ethel said. "She will be sure to ask for her husband, and forgiveness is best, dear Clive. I will stay with uncle. I will never leave him. Please God, he will be better in the morning when you come back." So Clive's duty called him to his own sad home; and, the bearer of dismal tidings, I returned to mine. The fires were lit there, and the table spread; and kind hearts were waiting to welcome the friend who never more was to enter my door.

It may be imagined that the intelligence which I brought alarmed and afflicted my wife, and Madame de Florac, our guest. Laura immediately went away to Rosey's house to offer her services if needed. The accounts which she brought thence were very bad: Clive came to her for a minute or two, but Mrs. Mackenzie could not see her. Should she not bring the little boy home to her children? Laura asked; and Clive thankfully accepted that offer. The little man slept in our nursery that night, and was at play with our young ones on the morrow—happy and unconscious of the fate impending over his home.

Yet two more days passed, and I had to take two advertisements to *The Times* newspaper on the part of poor Clive. Among the announcements of Births was printed, "On the 28th, in Howland

Street, Mrs. Clive Newcome of a son still-born." And a little lower, in the third division of the same column, appeared the words, "On the 29th, in Howland Street, aged 26, Rosalind, wife of Clive Newcome, Esq." So, one day, shall the names of all of us be written there; to be deplored by how many?—to be remembered how long?—to occasion what tears, praises, sympathy, censure?—yet for a day or two, while the busy world has time to recollect us who have passed beyond it. So this poor little flower had bloomed for its little day, and pined, and withered, and perished. There was only one friend by Clive's side following the humble procession which laid poor Rosey and her child out of sight of a world that had been but unkind to her. Not many tears were there to water her lonely little grave. A grief that was akin to shame and remorse humbled him as he knelt over her. Poor little harmless lady! no more childish triumphs and vanities, no more hidden griefs are you to enjoy or suffer; and earth closes over your simple pleasures and tears! The snow was falling and whitening the coffin as they lowered it into the ground. It was at the same cemetery in which Lady Kew was buried. I dare say the same clergyman read the same service over the two graves, as he will read it for you or any of us to-morrow, and until his own turn comes. Come away from the place, poor Clive! Come sit with your orphan little boy, and bear him on your knee, and hug him to your heart. He seems yours now, and all a father's love may pour out upon him. Until this hour, Fate uncontrollable and homely tyranny had separated him from you.

It was touching to see the eagerness and tenderness with which the great strong man now assumed the guardianship of the child, and endowed him with his entire wealth of affection. The little boy now ran to Clive whenever he came in, and sat for hours prattling to him. He would take the boy out to walk, and from our windows we could see Clive's black figure striding over the snow in St. James's Park, the little man trotting beside him, or perched on his father's shoulder. My wife and I looked at them one morning as they were making their way towards the City. "He has inherited that loving heart from his father," Laura said; "and he is paying over the whole property to his son."

Clive, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the Colonel still lay ill. After some days the fever

which had attacked him left him; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fire-side. The season was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious; it was considered unadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr. Goodenough, came to him; he hoped too: but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the Colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bed-side; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bed-clothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used to call him, "Codd Colonel." "Tell little F——, that Codd Colonel wants to see him; and the little gown-boy was brought to him; and the Colonel would listen to him for hours; and hear all about his lessons and his play; and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine, and his own early school-days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls, —God's blessing on all honest boys, say I,—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy

said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

So, weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time, his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again,—a youth all love and hope,—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble care-worn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it; no guile tainted it; only peace and good-will dwelt in it.

Rosey's death had seemed to shock him for a while when the unconscious little boy spoke of it. Before that circumstance, Clive had even forbore to wear mourning, lest the news should agitate his father. The Colonel remained silent and was very much disturbed all that day, but he never appeared to comprehend the fact quite; and, once or twice afterwards, asked, Why she did not come to see him? She was prevented, he supposed—she was prevented, he said, with a look of terror: he never once otherwise alluded to that unlucky tyrant of his household, who had made his last years so unhappy.

The circumstance of Clive's legacy he never understood: but more than once spoke of Barnes to Ethel, and sent his compliments to him, and said he should like to shake him by the hand. Barnes Newcome never once offered to touch that honoured hand, though his sister bore her uncle's message to him. They came often from Bryanstone Square; Mrs. Hobson even offered to sit with the Colonel, and read to him, and brought him books for his improvement. But her presence disturbed him; he cared not for her books; the two nurses whom he loved faithfully watched him; and my wife and I were admitted to him sometimes, both of whom he honoured with regard and recognition. As for F. B., in order to be near his Colonel, did not that good fellow take up his lodging in Cistercian Lane, at the "Red Cow?" He is one whose errors, let us hope, shall be pardoned, *quia multum amavit.* I am sure he felt ten times more joy at

hearing of Clive's legacy, than if thousands had been bequeathed to himself. May good health and good fortune speed him!

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise. Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*, little white-haired gown-boy! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindustanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, "Toujours, toujours!" But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him; the nurse came to us, who were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. "He is very bad, he wanders a great deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady," she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while: then again he would sigh and be still: once more I heard him say hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and then with a heartrending voice he

called out, "Léonore, Léonore!" She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

Two years ago, walking with my children in some pleasant fields, near to Berne, in Switzerland, I strayed from them into a little wood; and, coming out of it presently, told them how the story had been revealed to me somehow, which for three-and-twenty months the reader has been pleased to follow. As I write the last line with a rather sad heart, Pendennis and Laura, and Ethel and Clive, fade away into Fable-land. I hardly know whether they are not true; whether they do not live near us somewhere. They were alive, and I heard their voices; but five minutes since was touched by their grief. And have we parted with them here on a sudden, and without so much as a shake of the hand? Is yonder line (——) which I drew with my own pen, a barrier between me and Hades as it were, across which I can see those figures retreating and only dimly glimmering? Before taking leave of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, might he not have told us whether Miss Ethel married anybody finally? It was provoking that he should retire to the shades without answering that sentimental question.

But though he has disappeared as irrevocably as Eurydice, these minor questions may settle the major one above mentioned. How could Pendennis have got all that information about Ethel's goings on at Baden, and with Lord Kew, unless she had told somebody—her husband, for instance, who, having made Pendennis an early confidant in his amour, gave him the whole story? "Clive," Pendennis writes expressly, "is travelling abroad with his wife." Who is that wife? By a most monstrous blunder, Mr. Pendennis killed Lord Farintosh's mother at one page and brought her to life again at another; but

Rosey, who is so lately consigned to Kensal Green, it is not surely with *her* that Clive is travelling, for then Mrs. Mackenzie would probably be with them to a live certainty, and the tour would be by no means pleasant. How could Pendennis have got all those private letters, &c., but that the Colonel kept them in a teak box, which Clive inherited and made over to his friend? My belief then is, that in Fable-land somewhere Ethel and Clive are living most comfortably together: that she is immensely fond of his little boy, and a great deal happier now than they would have been had they married at first, when they took a liking to each other as young people. That picture of J. J.'s of Mrs. Clive Newcome (in the Crystal Palace Exhibition in Fable-land,) is certainly not in the least like Rosey, who we read was fair; but it represents a tall, handsome, dark lady, who must be Mrs. Ethel.

Again, why did Pendennis introduce J. J. with such a flourish, giving us, as it were, an overture, and no piece to follow it? J. J.'s history, let me confidentially state, has been revealed to me too, and may be told some of these fine summer months, or Christmas evenings, when the kind reader has leisure to hear.

What about Sir Barnes Newcome ultimately? My impression is that he is married again, and it is my fervent hope that his present wife bullies him. Mrs. Mackenzie cannot have the face to keep that money which Clive paid over to her, beyond her lifetime; and will certainly leave it and her savings to little Tommy. I should not be surprised if Madame de Montcontour left a smart legacy to the Pendennis children; and Lord Kew stood godfather in case—in case Mr. and Mrs. Clive wanted such an article. But have they any children? I, for my part, should like her best without, and entirely devoted to little Tommy. But for you, dear friend, it is as you like. You may settle your Fable-land in your own fashion. Anything you like happens in Fable-land. Wicked folks die àpropos (for instance, that death of Lady Kew was most artful, for if she had not died, don't you see that Ethel would have married Lord Farintosh the next week?)—annoying folks are got out of the way; the poor are rewarded—the upstarts are set down in Fable-land,—the frog bursts with wicked rage, the fox is caught in his trap, the lamb is rescued from the wolf, and so forth, just in the nick of time. And the poet of Fable-land rewards and punishes absolutely. He splendidly deals out bags of sovereigns, which won't buy anything; belabours wicked

backs with awful blows, which do not hurt; endows heroines with preternatural beauty, and creates heroes, who, if ugly sometimes, yet possess a thousand good qualities, and usually end by being immensely rich; makes the hero and heroine happy at last, and happy ever after. Ah, happy, harmless Fable-land, where these things are! Friendly reader! may you and the author meet there on some future day! He hopes so; as he yet keeps a lingering hold of your hand, and bids you farewell with a kind heart.

PARIS, 28 JUNE, 1855.

London: Printed by SMITH, ELDER & Co., Old Bailey, E.C.

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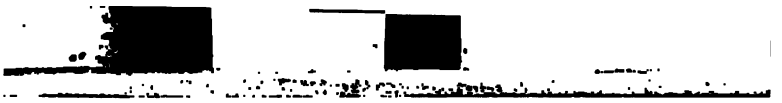
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